INDICATIONS.

SHOWERS TONIGHT OR SUNDAY; COOLER.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—ALL THE NEWS OF THE WORLD.

A SUGGESTION.

THAT'S BUT AN EMPTY PURSE WHICH IS FULL OF OTHER MEN'S MONEY.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY EVENING, FORT WAYNE'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER AUGUST 13, 1910. 28 PAGES—5 CENTS.

MAYOR GAYNOR IS MAKING PROGRESS

In Best State at Any Time Since Bullet Laid Him Low.

HAS GOOD NIGHT OF SOUND SLEEP

Bulletin by Doctors is of Sanguine Purport and Well Borne Out.

New York, Aug. 13.—The afternoon bulletin on Mayor Gaynor's condition was as follows:

"The mayor passed a comfortable morning and has taken sufficient nourishment. He is steadily gaining in strength. His temperature, pulse and respiration are satisfactory.

"W. J. ARLITZ, M. D.
"C. N. DOWD, M. D."

New York, Aug. 13.—Mayor Wm. J. Gaynor awoke today from the most refreshing and longest night's sleep that he has had since he was shot in the neck by James J. Gallagher last Tuesday, with every indication that he was making steady progress toward recovery.

This was the word brought from the mayor's bedside by his secretary, Robert Adamson, who reported the patient cheerful and talkative and displaying an increased appetite.

The following bulletin as to Mayor Gaynor's condition was given out:

"5:15 o'clock a. m.—Mayor Gaynor passed a good night. He is cheerful and his condition is very satisfactory.

"ARLITZ.
"STEWART."

Additional Information.

One of the hospital physicians added the following to the information contained in the morning bulletin:

"The mayor's condition is the best today that it has been since the shooting. He speaks well and is cheerful. There is nothing to cause alarm. Two weeks is set as the period which he must remain in the hospital.

"No whisky or liquor has been administered to the mayor since he was admitted to the hospital. He was offered a glass of champagne yesterday but declined it.

"The bullet is lodged in the tissues and easily accessible. It could be extracted in five minutes if necessary, but the operation is regarded as unnecessary at present and would only add a new channel of possible infection.

"The wound has been dressed only with chloride of mercury. No antiseptics have been introduced into the wound."

To Quiet Wild Rumors.

Presumably the bulletin at 6:15 was issued to quiet some of the most alarming rumors that were in circulation in the early morning hours, some reports having the mayor in a sinking condition while just before dawn there was a widespread rumor that he was dead. St. Mary's hospital in Hoboken, where the injured executive lies, was besieged with inquiries as to the truth of these rumors which were promptly and emphatically denied, all inquirers being informed that there was no truth whatever in any of the rumors.

Another Bulletin.

The following official bulletin was issued shortly before 9 o'clock:

"The mayor's condition is gratifying. He slept eight hours last night.

"WM. J. ARLITZ, M. D.
"GEORGE D. STEWART, M. D."

It is learned this morning that the mayor's temperature is 100 1-5.

As a matter of fact Secretary Adamson, when he came from the mayor's chamber shortly after 8 o'clock, had the most favorable morning report yet to make in the mayor's condition. He said that of the eight hours' sleep the patient had had during the night, the greater portion was in a continuous stretch from midnight until 6:15 o'clock.

No Narcotics or Stimulants.

A little earlier one of the hospital physicians in an informal talk had said that no morphine or stimulants had been employed in the mayor's case, adding that when the patient

[Continued on Page Two.]

HIGH WINDS DELAY GREAT AVIATION CONTEST

French Races in Big Cross Country Flight Rest During Gales.

Mezieres, France, Aug. 13.—A high wind today retarded the start of the third lap of the cross country aeroplane race from Douai to Paris, a distance of 130 kilometers (80.73 miles.) The contest is for a prize of $20,000 offered for the aviator who covers in the shortest elapsed time the 488 miles from Paris to Troyes, Nancy, Mezieres, Charlesville, Douai, Amens and back to Paris in six stages.

M. Le Blanc and Auburn, who alone of the eight starters remain qualified to continue the race, have decided to await calmer airs.

M. LeGlaneux, who is continuing in a competition for local prizes, went aloft today, but was forced to land at Chilly.

UNCLE JOE HAS LITTLE TO SAY

Willing to Stand by What He Did in Congress Even If Canned.

DODGES STORY OF BEING ON THE LIST

Beverly Dispatch Says Aldrich, Cannon and Ballinger Must Go.

Danville, Ill., Aug. 13.—Speaker Cannon smiled when shown today what purported to be a dispatch from Beverly, Mass., which stated that Speaker Cannon, Senator Aldrich and Secretary Ballinger were to be eliminated from republican politics. Mr. Cannon was asked what, if anything, he had to say touching the same. After reading the dispatch, he replied:

"Acting in concert with the republican majority in congress, I contributed what I could toward the enactment of the legislation and the president approved it. The democratic minority in congress reinforced by a small group of men under the leadership of LaFollette, Cummings, Bristow and others, opposed the legislation.

"That is the privilege of the democratic party and its allies. But I am quite willing to abide by the vote of the majority of the people in November next."

ROOSEVELT IS SILENT.

Oyster Bay, Aug. 13.—Ex-President Roosevelt had no comment to make today on dispatches from Beverly, Mass., to the effect that President Taft had decided on a re-adjustment of conditions within the inner sphere of the republican party. He was interested greatly in the report that Senator Aldrich and Speaker Cannon would be relegated to a lesser position in the councils of the party, that Secretary Ballinger would retire on Sept. 15 and that Senator Crane would assume a more important role in his relations with the administration.

Col. Roosevelt refused consistently, however, to comment in any way on the Taft administration and he would say nothing today in regard to the new alignment which the president is said to have decided upon.

Gifford Pinchot, of Ne wYork, is expected at Sagamore Hill late today, to spend the night. Mr. Pinchot was at Sagamore Hill over Wednesday and did not finish his talk with Col. Roosevelt.

OHIO POLITICS UP.

Beverly, Mass., Aug. 13.—Ohio politics were again in evidence in Beverly today. Senator Dick, who came here in anticipation of a conference with Warren G. Harding, the gubernatorial candidate of the Ohio republicans, and Nicholas Longworth, spent the morning at the executive offices.

NOT MENTIONED TO HITCHOCK.

Washington, Aug. 13.—Postmaster General Hitchock who returned from Beverly early today said that the report that the president had decided to request the resignation of Secretary Ballinger and eliminate Speaker Cannon and Senators Hale and Aldrich from the counsels of the party was not mentioned during his conference with the president.

Mr. Hitchock said he would leave Washington within a few days for the west going as far as California. He expects to be gone a month.

THE BEVERLY DISPATCH.

(Special to The Chicago Tribune.)

Beverly, Mass., Aug. 13.—If the plans of the new leaders of the republican party bear fruit, and the leaders think they will, Speaker Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois, will not again wield the gavel in the house of representatives. He is marked for political destruction.

If other plans of the same leaders do not fail R. A. Ballinger, secretary of the interior, will retire from President Taft's cabinet shortly after the congressional investigating committee reports next month. He is marked for destruction, and the end, it was said here last night on good authority, already is in sight.

It also became plain, as heretofore expected, that Nelson W. Aldrich will not again be a candidate for the senate from Rhode Island. He, too, is set down by the new leaders of the party as one who must go.

The word went forth some time ago that Mr. Aldrich must not run again. Last night it was made known he would not run. He told the president so.

Trimming the Republican Ship.

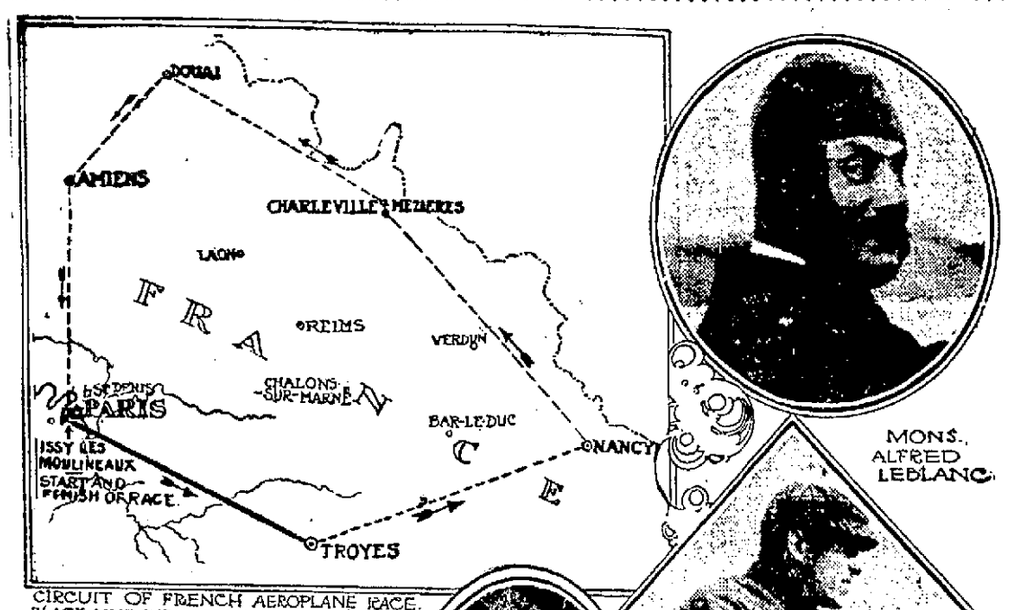
In the retirement of Mr. Ballinger, the elimination of Speaker Cannon, and the withdrawal of Senator Aldrich from public life, the leaders feel they have trimmed the republican ship for its voyage toward the fall elections. They think that from the shoulder of the president three burdens have been removed.

Some go so far as to say that in no other way could they have faced the coming fight with any chance of success. They do not say Mr. Taft has been responsible for all these acts, but they point with pride to the good effect they will have upon the country.

It is understood in Beverly that in Mr. Ballinger, Speaker Cannon and Senator Aldrich the insurgents found more material for their battles with the regulars than in anything the Taft administration has done or has failed to do. It is said in some quarters that the discouraging results in Kansas and Iowa are to be attributed to the fact the insurgents harped much upon the connection betwen the administration and these three men.

[Continued on Page Two.]

FRENCH AVIATORS AND MAP SHOWING ROUTE OF GREAT RACE NOW IN PROGRESS.



CIRCUIT OF FRENCH AEROPLANE RACE. BLACK LINE INDICATES FIRST DAYS FLIGHT

MONS. AUBRUN

MONS. HENRI DREGI

MONS. ALFRED LEBLANC

MR. HUBERT LATHAM.

COMING WITH PAPER TO TAKE BACK CRIPPEN

Scotland Yard Man is Due With Documents for Alleged Murderer.

Father Point, Quebec, Aug. 13.—Chief Inspector Dew, of Scotland yard, who a week ago Sunday boarded the steamer Montrose off here and caused the arrest Dr. Hawley Harvey Crippen and Ethel Clare Leneve in their flight from London, today again made his appearance here in company with Chief Constable Charles Gauvreau to await the arrival of the Canadian Pacific railway liner Lake Manitoba, due here about 4 o'clock this afternoon.

Sergeant Mitchell, of Scotland yard, is on the Lake Manitoba and is bringing from London the documents in the Crippen-Leneve case necessary to the removal of the prisoners to England to face the accusation that Dr. Crippen murdered a woman believed to be his wife, the former Belle Elmore, in their London home.

MAINE SAVINGS BANK CLOSED.

Treasurer Puts Fine Climax on Fifty Years' of Service.

Biddeford, Maine, Aug. 13.—A decided sensation was created in Biddeford and Saco today when it was officially announced that the York County Savings bank of the city had closed its doors because of alleged irregularities in the accounts of Richmond H. Ingersoll, for fifty years treasurer of the institution and one of the leading citizens of Biddeford. The bank is in the hands of State Bank Examiner Wm. B. Skellton, of Lewiston, who with President C. H. Prescott, and the trustees has been examining the books for several days. Up to this afternoon no legal proceedings had been taken outside of the formalities of the closing the institution.

BLOODY FIGHT IN KENTUCKY.

Lexington, Ky., Aug. 13.—Two persons were probably fatally hurt and several others severely injured in a free for all fight between the McNabb and Rose families and several friends in Wolfe county, according to reports which reached here today. Roy McNabb was shot and probably fatally wounded, while Roe Rose was so badly beaten that his recovery is doubted. The fight occurred on the public road, where the belligerents who had an old grudge, had met.

BURIAL OF JOE GANS.

Baltimore, Aug. 13.—Funeral services over the body of Joe Gans, former champion lightweight boxer, who died last Wednesday of consumption, were held at Whatcoat colored M. E. church this afternoon. The body lay in state at the church all forenoon and several thousand persons, both white and colored, passed by the casket for a last look upon the face of the dead pugilist. Burial was at Mt. Auburn cemetery.

LOOKING FOR EVERT JACOBY.

An inquiry for Evert Patterson, alias Evert Jacoby, was received today by Dr. E. M. Van Buskirk, of the county board of health, from Mrs. Evert Jacoby, of 2276 Schiller Place, St. Louis, Mo. Mrs. Jacoby said that the party she seeks was born in this city in March, 1896, and that eight or nine years ago he was supposed to be in an orphans' home here. Dr. Van Buskirk failed to find any trace of the missing youth, however.

MR. LYON HAD HIS PART IN AFFAIR

Republican Head of Texas Was Retained in the McMurray Deal.

PART HE PLAYED WAS NOT WRONG

Wanted It Understood He Was Not Out for Any Tainted Money.

Sulphur, Okla., Aug. 13.—What part Cecil A. Lyon, national committeeman of Texas, took in the activity at Washington for the approval of the old tribal McCurray contracts for the sale of Indian lands was described by Mr. Lyon in the hearing before the congressional investigating committee today. These contracts were disapproved by President Roosevelt in 1908. The new contracts which are the cause of the present investigation Mr. Lyon said he had no interest in.

Asked if he was requested to join in the old contracts because of his political influence and acquaintance with President Roosevelt Mr. Lyon said:

"It was entirely possible."

In 1905 said Mr. Lyon he joined with J. F. McCurray's law firm in the contracts by which a ten per cent attorneys fee was to be obtained in the sale of the lands.

Lyon Tells Story.

Mr. Lyon went to Washington and in company with Francis A. Leupp, commissioner of Indian affairs, discussed the subject with President Roosevelt. There was some discussion of making the Indian stockholders in the land but this plan was not gone into. "Was it possible that your connection with the president and your political influence induced McMurray to get you to join him?" asked Chairman Burke.

"It is possible, but I flatter myself that it was partly my business ability."

Mr. Lyon continued: "I told Secretary Garfield that my employment in the matter was to be open and above board and if there was anything not proper about the contracts I would have nothing to do with them."

Mr. Lyon testified he made an effort to have investigated certain indictments against the McMurray law firm.

The indictments had been returned in connection with Indian affairs. It was reported to him, Mr. Lyon said, that the indictments were unjust.

Not Sure on This Point.

"Did you enter into the Indian land contract deal with McMurray prior to or after the indictments were dismissed?"

"I think afterward."

"I took up the McMurray contracts purely as a business deal," said Lyon, "after they were disapproved I had nothing further to do with the matter. I have had absolutely nothing to do with the present contracts that McMurray has."

"On the floor of the house of representatives in the last session Representative A. P. Murphy, of Missouri, unjustly attacked me by saying McMurray in lobbying for the present contracts was ably assisted by myself. That statement by Mr. Murphy was made either in ignorance or

[Continued on Page Two.]

PACKERS BURN ALL STENOGRAPHIC NOTEBOOKS

Interesting Turn of Contempt Sort in the Chicago Case.

Chicago, Aug. 13.—That the stenographers' note books of Armour company wanted by the federal grand jury which is investigating the so-called "Beef trust," were destroyed the day before the grand jury asked that they be produced will be the plea of representatives of the companies when they face Judge Landis on Monday, it was learned today.

The destruction of the books which the jurors believed would show price fixing agreements will be admitted, but Attorney Urion, one of the men cited into court, will testify that the old books were destroyed to make room for new ones.

FORT WAYNE WOMEN THROWN INTO WATER

Mrs. Ted Errick and Miss Margery Errick Have Narrow Escape.

(Special to The Sentinel.)

Hamilton, Ind., Aug. 13.—Mrs. "Ted" Errick and Miss Margery Errick, both of Fort Wayne, were thrown from a row boat at Fox lake, about 11 o'clock this forenoon and were rescued by Alfred Harerty, of this city, who was on the lake at the time in a motor boat.

The young women were in the water for five minutes, but managed to keep from sinking until they were rescued. The boat in which they were rowing rounded a curve suddenly and upset. They were unable to cling to the upturned boat by the fact that the bottom was of tin and they could not hold to it.

Further than a scare and a good wetting there were no serious results, although reports from the lake are to the effect that speedy rescue saved their lives.

An exaggerated report to the effect that both young women had been drowned reached here this morning and their friends were greatly alarmed until a telephone message brought the information that they had been rescued and would suffer no ill effects from the accident.

FOREIGN CROPS SHORT.

Federal Government Report Show They Will Not Be Abundant.

Washington, Aug. 13.—Foreign crop condition reports as gathered by the department of agriculture and published in the Crop Reporter indicates that the crops abroad will not be so abundant as had been anticipated. The government's report says:

"The results of cereal harvests in parts of the south and recent climatic disturbances in the center and north of Europe indicate that the early prospect for an unprecedented abundant year on the continent as a whole is not likely to attain full realization. Cutting is practically over in the latitudes within which lie Spain, Southern France, Bulgaria, Italy and Roumania. In Spain results, though not up to expectations in the case of all crops, are on the whole a fair average."

GENERAL STRIKE IN COAL MINES

Universal Suspension is Urged as Means to End Disagreements.

EASTERNERS PUT UP ROAR AT TAXES

Indiana Men Loyal to the Lewis Administration and Will Pay.

Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 13.—Urging a general suspension of mine work as a means of settling the strikes in the various districts, by several delegates was the new development in the special National United Mine Workers convention today.

Delegate William Green, of Ohio opened the attack on President Lewis and the international organization today by declaring that the miners of Ohio did not propose to pay funds into the treasury and know nothing of their expenditure.

Indiana is Loyal.

While eastern delegates stated their locals demanded that the international board have nothing to do with the assessment for the strikers, the Indiana delegation almost to a man voiced its faith in the international organization and offered to meet any assessment in reason for the relief of the strikers. The principal business today was the naming of the special committee of 23 members headed by John Fahy, of Pennsylvania to take up the various questions and especially the attitude that should be adopted toward the strike in Illinois.

Indiana Miner to the Defense.

Roy Hudson, of Terre Haute, for district No. 11, the bituminous coal region in Indiana, turned from the attack on the international organization and declared the miners of Indiana had faith in the national officers and would pay any reasonable assessment, if it was to be disbursed through the international executive board. He declared the Terre Haute local had refused to make a loan to the Illinois miners direct. Indiana can collect any reasonable assessment," declared W. D Vanhorn, president of the Indiana district. "We have loaned the international board $25,000 and will double that amount in a few days."

Delegate Wallace, of Farmerburg, stated that his union would meet any assessment if the Illinois strike was recognized and the miners of that district be given their share of the benefit.

Two Indiana men were named on the special committee of twenty-three members to investigate the questions relating to the dispute between the Illinois miners and the international authorities. The men are: James Holden for the block coal miners, and George Price for the bituminous workers.

Squabbles between the leaders in the special national convention of the mine workers are beginning to draw crowds to the convention hall and many women are present in the galleries.

ALLIED GRAFTS GET OWNERSHIP OF LABEL

Typographical Union Puts Down Law for Several Printing Trades.

Minneapolis, Aug. 13.—The International Typographical union before it adjourned today passed a law giving ownership in the allied printing trades label to the Brotherhood of Bookbinders, the International Pressmen and Assistants, the Stereotypers and the Photo Engravers' unions. Tentative plans were made for the organization for a new Label association to which all rights to the label will be assigned if the other organizations will agree to accept plans. A closer affiliation between the allied printing trades will be presented to the other unions at a conference to be held later. The proposition for equal representation on the joint conference board was voted down.

The convention also decided that a flat rate of $1 per month per member for dues, recommended by the laws committee, shall be put to a referendum vote. A referendum vote will also be taken on a graded mortuary fund as follows:

To members of one year or less in good standing fifty dollars; to two years $100; to three years $150; to five years $200; over five years $2.50.

EARTH SHOCKS CONTINUE.

San Jose, Cal., Aug. 13.—Observer Newlin, in charge of the seismograph at Santa Clara college reports the recording of seismic distrubances at 5 o'clock this morning and at 10:30 the instrument was still giving records at intervals. Until the disturbances ceases the observer cannot give out a complete record.

CONCLAVE AT AN END.

Chicago, Aug. 13.—The 31st triennial conclave of the grand encampment of the Knights Templar, which began here last Sunday came to an official close today.

COLUMBUS TORN BY BIG STRIKE

Mutiny of Policemen Has Disclosed the Situation to be Acute.

BALKY COPPERS TO BE SUSPENDED

Traction Strike Develops a Situation That is Near Anarchy.

Columbus, O., Aug. 13.—The city today is probably more excited than at any time since the present strike of the union street car motormen and conductors began four weeks ago tomorrow, for recognition of their union. The attitude of the thirty-two regular policemen of Columbus in openly defying the order of Mayor Marshall to man the cars of the Columbus Street Railway company last night is being discussed on every corner and sides are being taken by nearly every one.

The 10,000 union men in the city are much worked up. It is admitted that a state of practical anarchy exists in Columbus at night when women and children are shot and stone throwing and mob throwing are on the increase.

Will Be Suspended.

According to the announcement of Mayor Marshall early today the thirty-two mutineers on the police force will be suspended some time today. His attitude in not discharging them the moment they refused to go on the cars is condemned by many. Instead of doing that, he pleaded with the police to obey his orders and go on the cars. Importation of detectives to ferret out the stone throwers has added to the excitement and much apprehension is felt today, as to the developments to night.

Girl's Wound Serious.

Little Helen Kelley, who was shot by an unknown person last night, is resting easy today, but her wound is serious, she having been shot through the left shoulder at the base of the neck. Mrs. Katharine Kelly and Mrs. Charles Hart, who were wounded, will be out in a day or two. Sensational reports that other police will mutiny tonight have not been confirmed. Gov. Harmon is being urged today to call out the troops again, but has taken no action and will not probably until he sees if the rioting is continued tonight and tomorrow night. Neither has he heeded the requests for a special session of the legislature to pass a compulsory arbitration law.

Mayor Calls for Volunteers.

Mayor Marshall today issued a call for volunteers to aid in stopping lawlessness.

"I have done all within my power to restore and preserve peace and will continue to do so until the end. I have called for special police in unlimited numbers. I called upon the governor for troops and they were furnished. Since the withdrawal of the troops all has been done that could be done with the means at hand. If it is found necessary I will call for troops again.

"The time has now come for patriotic citizens to volunteer their service to suppress lawlessness in this city. There are not less than 40,000 men in Columbus and I sincerely trust that 2,000 will at once report and volunteer their services."

MEASURES TAKEN TO BAR CHOLERE OUT OF AMERICA

Federal Government Acts in Defense Against Russian Scourge.

Washington, Aug. 13.—Rigorous measures have been taken by United States representatives abroad to prevent the introduction into this country of cholera through the United States ports. At the instance of the public health survey at Washington, the United States consular offices at Hamburg, Bremen, Antwerp and Rotterdam and other ports are working under cabled instructions which require them to detain steerage passengers from cholera infected districts in Russia and to disinfect baggage prior to embarkation for the United States. The latest reports on the Russian plague received here say that at Rostoff-on-Don during the week ended July 30, there were 203 cases and 97 deaths. Since the outbreak there have been 2,198 cases and 984 deaths. At Odessa there were reported between July 4 and 9 twenty-five new cases of cholera and ten deaths.

THE WEATHER.

Washington, Aug. 13.—Indiana—Unsettled weather with showers tonight or Sunday; cooler Sunday, moderate south winds shifting to north Sunday.

Ohio—Increasing cloudiness followed by showers late tonight or Sunday; cooler Sunday; moderate south winds becoming variable.

Lower Michigan—Unsettled weather with showers tonight and Sunday; cooler Sunday and in north portion tonight; moderate south winds shifting to north late tonight or Sunday.

Illinois—Partly cloudy with probably showers in extreme north portion tonight or Sunday; cooler Sunday in north portion.

SOME SNAPSHOTTED INCIDENTS IN THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF MAYOR GAYNOR OF NEW YORK

THOMAS L. GAYNOR, THE MAYOR'S BROTHER.

ROBERT ADAMSON GIVING STATEMENT TO REPORTERS.

COMMISSIONER EDWARDS LEAVING THE HOSPITAL.

SCENE IN FRONT OF ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL YESTERDAY AFTERNOON.

MAYOR GAYNOR IS MAKING PROGRESS

[Continued from Page One.]

was offered a glass of champagne yesterday he declined it. Secretary Adamson in substance confirmed this declaration. He said that a day or two ago it was thought advisable to give the mayor a mild sleeping draught, the attendants concealing it in a cup of beef tea. The mayor noted the bitter taste of the tea and when told what it contained mildly chided those about him for not giving him the sedative openly if they believed he needed one.

This morning the mayor was both hungry and talkative. His appetite was met with the most substantial breakfast he has yet had.

Anxious About Smith's Dog.

He inquired of his secretary how things were going in the executive office, asked after Commissioner "Bill" Edwards and again inquired about "Mel" Smith's dog, a little animal which had been run down by an automobile at St. James, the mayor's country home some three weeks ago. Mayor Gaynor expressed particular sympathy for the dog because, he said, the little animal's injury was right behind the ear "where he couldn't even lick it."

Dr. Arlitz talked in a sanguine strain when he came from the sick room at 9:30 o'clock. He said that Mayor Gaynor's pulse and respiration were the same as yesterday, practically normal, and that the temperature had dropped to 100 degrees. There were absolutely no signs of blood poisoning, the physician said, and the wound, which was now being dressed twice daily, presented an excellent appearance. "I am in a decidedly optimistic frame of mind about the case," Dr. Arlitz concluded.

Rufus Gaynor, son of mayor, indicated today that his father does not wish to prosecute James J. Gallagher, the would-be assassin himself. Young Gaynor intimated that his father was of the belief that his assailant was probably insane.

UNCLE JOE HAS LITTLE TO SAY

[Continued from Page One.]

With the active participation of the three in public affairs at an end the new party leaders say the insurgents will have not a leg left to stand upon and the democrats will lose ground immediately.

All Object to Elimination.

Neither Secretary Ballinger, Senator Aldrich, nor Speaker Cannon found his elimination to his taste, it is said here. The senator announced his retirement months ago, but for a time there was a feeling he might run again if pressed to do so. This is what the west thought, according to information that came to Beverly. And on that fact the west pondered much, not to the advantage of the republican party.

Secretary Ballinger always has declared he would not retire. But both he and Senator Aldrich were persuaded, so the story goes, to sacrifice themselves for the good of the party.

Mr. Ballinger has lost all of his personal fortune in defending himself from the attacks made upon him. It is said one attorney's fee alone in the congressional investigation cost him $10,000. If the secretary is to recover these losses, it is declared he must soon resume the lucrative practice of law which he left in his home state to take up the arduous duties of head of the interior department.

His retirement is fixed for Sept. 15. The congressional committee will have reported by that time, and the date is sufficiently early to take the so-called Ballinger issue out of the campaign.

Blame Cannon for Kansas.

Speaker Cannon by his speeches in Kansas, some of those in touch with affairs declare, did much to help the insurgents gain their victory. That fact perhaps was the last straw that determined those who are attempting the rejuvenation of the party to tell Mr. Cannon, if he did not know it already, that he must not run for speaker again. It is said on behalf of "Uncle Joe" he already has told close friends that he was not to be considered in the contest for the speakership should the next house go republican.

Representative McKinley, of Illinois, a close friend of Mr. Cannon, and chairman of the republican congressional campaign committee, was asked here the other day if he thought "Uncle Joe" could be elected to the chair again.

"I have not heard that he will be a candidate," was the significant reply.

The Cannon situation as a thing of the future is a little difficult to handle. Once it is known that the president would like to see a change, however, it is believed all doubt as to the result would be removed.

That Beverly is being made the headquarters of the movement to set the republican house in order is now generally admitted. The various moves are being made quietly, but effectively.

Believe Move Means Victory.

If the new leaders prevail the country will know long before the election in November that the administration is done with Ballinger, Aldrich and Cannon. They believe such knowledge means victory, a republican house next year and republican success in 1912.

Postmaster General Hitchcock, the real head of the republican national committee, has been to Beverly twice in the last few days. Representative John W. Weeks, of Massachusetts, who was on scout through the west, reported yesterday, and Senator Winthrop Murray Crane drops into Beverly frequently.

In the political moves that he will make in future, as in some that he has made in the past, the president will use Senator Crane and Mr. Hitchcock, as well as Mr. McKinley and C. D. Norton, secretary to the president.

Mr. Crane went west to talk to Ballinger about his retirement, and it was he and Mr. Norton who finally persuaded Senator Aldrich to make his statement in regard to the rubber trust. Also they got a promise from Mr. Aldrich to make a speech in the west in the fall explaining the cotton schedules of the Aldrich law.

Hitchcock's Position Assured.

There have been many rumors of late that Mr. Hitchcock himself was in become the subject of an elimination process. This, according to the way things looked last night, is improbable. He has been selected to obtain harmony in New York state.

If Mr. Crane and the others are left in control of the situation in the north Mr. Hitchcock can be counted upon to do his share toward bringing about success in the south. Yesterday he brought to the president Representative Austin, Lee Brock, Judge McHenderson and Newell Sanders, all of Tennessee.

The recent defeat of the Patterson forces in the Tennessee primaries has given the president's friends grounds for thinking there is more than a fighting chance to win the state.

After the political conference Mr. Taft discussed postal savings banks with Mr. Hitchcock and Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh.

Senator Aldrich would not discuss his call on the president yesterday other than to say that it was incidental to a cruise along the New England coast, which will extend as far east as Bar Harbor. He came on the yacht O-We-Ha.

The senator talked with the president regarding his rubber statement, and Mr. Taft listened with great interest. Mr. Aldrich also told Mr. Taft of his plan to make a tariff speech during the fall.

NOTICE!

All members of local 469, Painters, are requested to attend the funeral of Oscar E. Wedell, Sunday afternoon at 1 o'clock at the hall.

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CAPITAL OF JAPAN IS MENACED BY FLOODS

Thousands Homeless and a Part of City in Peril of Inundation.

Tokio, Aug. 13.—The waters of the river Sumida are still rising and the Honjo and Fukadawa words of Tokio are nearly completely submerged. Tens of thousands of persons are homeless and starving. One of the three more important embankments guarding Tokio has broken. Should the second and third dykes break half the capital would be submerged.

The threatened embankments are now being guarded by troops. At 6 o'clock this evening the steady rise of the water was still apparent. Owing to the inundation of the buildings the Fukagawa gas and electric lights are failing.

Thousands Sheltered in Temples.

Thousands of homeless persons are being sheltered in the temples and school houses, at which relief stations the most deplorable sights were witnessed. The victims of the flood are wholly dependent upon public relief. Thousands more have been unable to find shelter, owing to the insufficiency of boats to convey them to places of safety, and they are exposed to the rain and hunger. Every available boat is being employed in the work of rescue and to convey food where it is most needed. The question of feeding the stricken people is causing apprehension. The vegetable and fish supplies are failing and the stock of biscuits already is nearly exhausted. There is no fear, however, for the supply of rice.

Climax is Expected Tonight.

The water of the Sumida river is almost washing the bottoms of the bridges. The climax of the inundation is expected tonight. The mountain flood in the neighborhood of Karuizawa has destroyed the Mikasa hotel. Many foreigners were stopping there but fortunately no fatalities have been reported so far.

B. V. D. union suits at half price, or 50c.
PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

Mrs. Charles Doebler has returned from a visit of several weeks in Buffalo, N. Y., and is the guest of her mother, Mrs. H. N. Ward. Miss Annie Ward accompanied Mrs. R. A. Magee to Wawasee this afternoon for a short visit.

All suspenders half price.
PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Carter and son, Walter, have returned from Chicago after a week's stay in the city.

CENSUS BULLETINS.

Washington, Aug. 13.—The population of McAlester, Okla., is 12,954 as compared with 3,141 in 1907.

The population of Middletown, Ohio, is 12,152 as compared with 9,215 in 1900.

THE DEATHS.

JACOBS.

Mr. and Mrs. Alpha A. Jacobs, 1611 Boon street, lost their one month and 29 days old son, George Ralph, at 3:35 o'clock this morning, death resulting from exhaustion. The father is employed at the Standard Oil works. The parents, one brother and four sisters survive.

Funeral Monday morning at 10 o'clock from the residence.

REHL.

The ten-days-old son of Mr. and Mrs. William Rehl, 1504 East Lewis street, died this afternoon.

Remains shipped to Napoleon, O., Sunday at noon.

FUNERAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Gross.—The remains of Della Gross, aged 20 years, who died Friday afternoon at St. Joseph's hospital, will be shipped on Sunday morning to Columbit City and the funeral services will be held from the Aberhard church near by. The young woman was a member of the United Brethren church at Columbia City. Besides the parents, there are surviving five brothers and three sisters—John H., Fred, William, Joseph and Grover Gross, Mrs. Esther Creager, Mrs. Eva Vance and Mrs. Stella White.

Vogeding.—The funeral services for Miss Lillian Vogeding will be held Sunday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock from the residence, 2233 Oliver street, and at 2 o'clock from the St. Peter's Catholic church.

Schuerger—Funeral services of Frederick Schuerger will be held Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the residence, 1331 Zollars avenue, and at 2:30 o'clock from St. John's Lutheran church.

Wedell.—The funeral of Edward Wedell will be held Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the undertaking parlors of Getz and Cahill.

MR. LYON HAD HIS PART IN AFFAIR

[Continued from Page One.]

through a desire to misrepresent. I have done nothing for the contracts under investigation."

Scope of Further Inquiry.

It is probable the committee will require another week to complete the gathering of evidence. The report to congress will then be formulated. This report will deal with two subjects. The first of these will be the charges of Senator T. P. Gore that he was offered a $25,000 bribe to withdraw his opposition to the McMurray contracts which provided for the sale of the $50,000,000 to $60,000,000 worth of Indian lands on a ten per cent contingent fee basis to a private attorney. The other features of the report will be in the form of a recommendation to congress for legislation to prevent any further conditions similar to those which brought about the present investigation. It is the belief here that the government hereafter will take a more arbitrary hand in enforcing its treaty with the Indians.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cook and daughters and son, of Bellevue, Ohio, left this morning for that city, after visiting the families of L. P. Hurlburd, M. J. Maroney and Joseph Haley. They made the trip in an automobile.

FARRAR WANTED HIS HORSES OR THE MONEY

Settlement Reached After Attachment Had Issued —Courts.

George W. Farrar entered suit in the superior court today and secured an attachment against Liman D. Burnett to recover sixteen horses that had been left with the latter for sale. The amount demanded was $1,718.50 and the allegation was made that the stock had been left for sale and that Farrar had not received his money.

A deputy sheriff went to the sale barns with the attachment, but a settlement was reached and the paper were not served. Thomas and Townsend filed the suit.

Wife Got Divorce.

In the divorce suit of Goldie May Snyder against Lewis D. Snyder the wife was granted a decree in the superior court today. She was also given her maiden name of Adams. The wife charged that her husband threatened to shoot her and her family and accused her wrongfully of infidelity.

Husband Secured the Divorce.

In the suit of Mary Clem against Daniel Clem the husband was awarded a decree of divorce on his cross-complaint and given the custody of their child.

Children's fancy knickerbocker suits at half price.
PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

A FOURTH LIEUTENANT.

At a meeting of the men of Battery B on next Monday night, a second lieutenant will be chosen from among Sergeants Horton, Britzenhofe and Ludwig. There are now three lieutenants of the battery, but the government officials have issued orders that there shall be four and the election next Monday is the consequence.

Children's rompers half price.
PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

MAY GET AN OPENING.

Street Car Company Hopes to Get Under Tracks.

A consultation between the city officials, officers of the Fort Wayne and Wabash Valley Traction company and Trippeer and Son was held in the office of City Attorney H. G. Hogan at which the traction company submitted a proposition by which it expects to get a temporary track under Calhoun street at the Pennsylvania crossing within a week. The company offered to haul out all of the dirt if the contractors will change the sewer loading along the east side of the tunnel and, as the proposition was satisfactory to the city and considered a liberal concession from the traction company it was hoped that an agreement could be reached.

Fancy vests at half price.
PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

THREE LIVES TAKEN WHEN TRAIN HITS AUTOMOBILE

Logansport Party Drives in Front of Engine Near Rochester.

Logansport, Ind., Aug. 13.—Three people, one of them an Indianapolis young woman, were killed, and three others were hurt when an automobile belonging to John G. Keip, manager of the Columbia Brewery here, was struck by a fast Chicago & Erie passenger train one-half mile east of Rochester yesterday afternoon at 5:45 o'clock.

The dead:

MISS ANNA WAGNER, 12 years old, Indianapolis.

MRS. JOHN ECKERT, 45 years old, Logansport.

CHARLES LAMBERT, 40 years old, chauffeur, Logansport.

The injured:

Mrs. John Keip, Logansport.

Carl Bucher, Logansport.

Miss Louise Eckert, Logansport.

The party was en route to Lake Manitou, near Rochester, when the accident occurred. At the Rowley crossing there is a deep cut, obstructing the driver's view of the approaching train, which was traveling at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

Auto Cut in Two.

The auto drove on to the railroad through a deep cut, the embankments of which shut out a view of the track and makes hearing difficult. The big train struck the auto square, cutting it in two. Mrs. Eckert, Chauffeur Lambert and Miss Wagner were instantly killed.

None of the occupants had time to jump. The two escaping with slight injuries were thrown free of the wreckage. The rest were pulled from the wrecked car by the Erie trainmen, fearfully mangled. Mrs. Keip suffered a fractured skull, a scalp wound, a broken leg and internal injuries that make her recovery doubtful.

The injured were rushed to the Woodlawn hospital at Rochester, where Drs. Slonaker and Shaver are attending them. An automobile party consisting of E. W. Crouse and Charles Yarlott, both of this city, were back of the ill-fated automobile and assisted in rescuing the victims from the wreckage. Their machine was used to convey the injured to the hospital.

The dead chauffeur leaves a wife and family.

Automobile dusters half price.
PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

BY SCOTTISH RITE MEN.

Baltimore Knights Templar Were Entertained Friday.

One hundred and sixty Knights Templar of Beauseant Temple, No. 8, Baltimore, Md., and their ladies were the guests for several hours Friday evening of the local Scottish Rite lodge. The Baltimore guests arrived at 5:30 o'clock in the afternoon and after a tour of the city in automobiles, were taken to the Scottish Rite Cathedral, where refreshments were served and a few informal addresses listened to. William Geake welcomed the guests and this welcome was responded to by Grand Master General Thomas J. Shryock, one of the most prominent Masons in the country. The visitors left the city at 7:30 o'clock.

CITY BREVITIES.

Charles W. Terriss, a member of the former stock company at the Majestic theater in this city, who is coming back to join the company for producing "The Light Eternal," has been spending the summer in London, England and Paris. Mr. Terriss also went to Oberammergau to see the Passion play which he describes as wonderful with the finest acting he has ever seen.

Sol D. Bayless lodge, No. 359, will confer the Follow Craft degree upon a class of candidates next Monday evening.

Charles Heischmann and William Toll have returned from Niagara Falls, where they have been spending several weeks.

Anthony Wayne chapter of the American Women's league will give a lawn social on the evening of August 20th on Broadway, near the Wabash depot.

GENERAL A. J. WARNER DEAD.

Eminent Statesman and Soldier of Ohio Passes Away.

Marietta, Ohio, Aug. 13.—Gen. A. J. Warner, one of the most prominent men of the country died here today of the infirmities of old age. He was born at Wales, N. Y., in 1824 and served in the civil war, where he was breveted brigadier general for gallant services. He was severely wounded at Antietam. He was a member of congress from 1879 to 1881 and from 1883 to 1887.

BIFOCALS

Two lens eyeglasses—one lens for reading and writing—one for seeing about you.

MEIGS BIFOCALS

Excel. The latest in our bifocals is the joining of the upper and lower lens so cleverly that the line of meeting is

INVISIBLE

Satisfaction is guaranteed.
No charge for examining eyes.

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EYESIGHT SPECIALIST
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TAKE A KODACK WITH YOU

The Jones Kodak Store

Will show you the full line, $1.00 to $111.00. Pictures finished.

Instructions Free
112 W. Wayne St.
Fort Wayne.

Keep Cool

Summer's too hot to worry over any trifles.

If you have a small debt that is crowding you let us attend to it.

We will loan you on your household goods, piano, teams, fixtures or other personal property of value without removal.

If you owe a balance to any other loan firm or furniture store we will advance you the money to pay them off.

$1.20 per week for 50 weeks pays a $50.00 loan.

All amounts in proportion.

Reliable Private

Fort Wayne Loan Co.

Established 1898.
Room 2, 2d Floor, 706 Calhoun St.
Home Phone 833.
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.

Week with the Players

MAJESTIC THEATER

* This Evening—"Tracked Around the World."
* Monday Matinee and Night—"Uncle Tom's Cabin."
* Next Saturday, Matinee and Night Hugh B. Koch in "The Port of Missing Men."

TRACKED AROUND THE WORLD" THIS EVENING.

Al Woods' big melodramatic detective story, "Tracked Around the World," will be offered tonight at the Majestic theater by the Imperial Stock company. This big melodrama was one of Mr. Woods' greatest successes and received unlimited praise from both press and public from coast to coast. It will be given an elaborate production tonight by the Imperial players and will be staged with the company's special scenery, in four acts and many scenes. It is one of those fast going, sensational melodramas, filled with thrilling and startling innovations, comedy and a beautiful love story running throughout the piece. In the second act the famous "Palace of Mirth," at Paris, France, will be shown, at which place the most sensational and exciting fight ever offered in melodrama takes place. The plot of the play relates to the murder of a United States senator and the theft of government papers and the tracking of the criminals, who are headed by the outlaw queen, "Queen of Diamonds." Entire change of vaudeville olio tonight.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" HAS A GREAT RECORD.

Famous Old Play Has Heard Praises, Not Only of America, But the Whole World.

Martin's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the attraction at the Majestic Monday, matinee and night, like wine, grows better with age. From its first production at the Troy, N. Y., museum, June 18, 1852, up to the present time, it has been one of the best drawing cards known. Instead of falling off, the patronage has increased to such an extent that the theaters are too small to accommodate the crowds. Not only have American theatergoers supported the drama, but those of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales have sung loud their praise.

While the drama bears the distinction of being the greatest ever written, it has also been most shamefully abused. Museums have presented it at the rate of ten times a day, one-night stand companies have butchered it and humorists have used it as a foundation for short stories. But in spite of all it has proved that a "good thing cannot be downed." Mr. Al W. Martin was the first manager to realize that a revival of the play, if properly mounted and carefully presented, would renew its former success and placed the production on a scale of magnificence which has never been equaled. Many managers have copied from the Martin production, but have failed in reaching its standard owing to the lack of managerial sand to invest their capital.

The company numbers over thirty people and every piece of scenery required to dress the play is carried. Bloodhounds are essential in the production, perhaps as much so as the ever-pleasing Lawyer Marks. In the Al W. Martin revival are used six man-eating bloodhounds. There are also carried for the production a car load, of Shetland ponies, horses, donkeys, burros, etc.

The lovers of song and dance will have an opportunity of being entertained, as well as the admirer of the drama. Twenty negroes are employed by Mr. Martin to assist in filling out the pictures and during the great levee scene they introduce many novel dances, cake walks and "shines" familiar only to that race. Perhaps the most important dance being the "S'wanee Swing," a new creation. It is most amusing and must be witnessed to be appreciated.

"THE PORT OF MISSING MEN."

New Book Play the Attraction for Next Saturday.

"The Port of Missing Men," by Meredith Nicholson, which comes to the Majestic next Saturday, matinee and night, is aptly styled a delightful romance. It involves Austrian diplomatic circles, Washington political life, a quaint out-of-the-way summer resort among the Virginia mountains; a senator, his soldier son, and his charming daughter, two Austrian scoundrels and a stalwart young man with a sound head and a tender heart—whose connection with the Austrian succession carries him into perilous paths, and bids fair to lose him the hand of the senator's daughter. A set of conspirators undertakes assassination as a means of placing a most undesirable person upon the throne of Austria. They would have been successful if a ranchman from the Dakotas had not interfered to keep Austria from overthrow, and he does it single handed. Just who and what he is the auditor has to guess until nearly the final curtain, when all comes out nicely and quickly.

MRS. FISKE.

The crowded list of passengers rushing to Europe did not contain the name of Mrs. Fiske this summer nor will she see her beautiful cabin in the Adirondacks for many months to come. Her vacation is announced. It will, as often before, consist of a tour of the western and Pacific coast cities.

She will be seen again this season in "Becky Sharp," Langdon Mitchell's dramatization of Thackeray's novel "Vanity Fair," which by a majority of her admirers is considered Mrs. Fiske's masterpiece.

It is a remarkable characteristic of this great actress whom Amy Leslie, critic of the Chicago News, once characterized as "Fine and sheer as a mist of lace," that with all her seeming physical weakness she is the most incessant toiler in the public eye today. A vacation or rest of any sort seems incomprehensible to her. No locality, no climate, no time of the year seems to daunt her, she is always doing; trying for better things. And throughout her career it has always been so. During the few weeks now and then spent in the Adirondacks or in the Rockies of British Columbia there has always been a manuscript tucked under her arm. Her only rest is in nature and yet in nature she has done her best work. Before commencing rehearsals of "Becky Sharp" she took the manuscript of the play out of the hands of Langdon Mitchell and went into the Adirondacks. The results of her two weeks "rest" in the mountains are now a part of the history of the American stage.

FROM SICKNESS TO "EXCELLENT HEALTH."

So says Mrs. Chas. Lyon, Peoria, Ill.: "I found in your Foley Kidney Pills a prompt and speedy cure for backache and kidney trouble which bothered me for many months. I am now enjoying excellent health which I owe to Foley Kidney Pills. Dreier Bros.

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during August.
7-16-sat-tf. KEIL & KEIL.

Enter your baby for the Baby Show at the D. & N. drug store. Daily 2 to 5, and 7 to 9. 12,13,15,16

Miss Eugenie Blair in "The Light Eternal."

WILL REHEARSE GREAT PRODUCTION TWO WEEKS.

"The Light Eternal" Company is Assembled and Now Hard at Work on the Big Religious Drama That Soon Will Give Opening Presentation in This City at the Majestic.

The rehearsals of the principals of "The Light Eternal," the big religious drama-Manager Rice of the Majestic theater, is sending on the road this season, were begun on Thursday on the Majestic stage and will continue for two weeks or until the opening date, August 24. There are fifteen principals—ten men and five women, to which will be added an ensemble of twenty minor members that will appear on the program as "soldiers, senators and civilians." This section of the company will be rehearsed separately during the coming week and the first three days of the week to follow will be devoted to blending their work into the big dramatic scenes of the principals. All told, counting the stage carpenters, property men, electricians and the business staff "The Light Eternal" organization will number some forty people, and will be one of the largest dramatic companies on tour.

The assembling of a company of this kind is in itself no little task, and the widely different points from which the members have journeyed to Ft. Wayne will serve to show something of the nomadic nature of actor folk as well as the wide field covered in securing desirable people. Miss Eugenie Blair, the leading woman, came from Old Point Comfort, Va., where she has been spending the summer with friends. Mr. George A. Lessey, leading man, and Mr. John Milton, who will be seen in a role known to the stage as the "heavy," came direct from New York City; Sydney Seaward from Winnepeg, Manitoba; Jack Rigney from Goshen, Ind.; Robert W. Faber from Nashville; May Abbey from Syracuse; Rose Watson from Chicago; Bessie Bennett and Margaret MacDonald from Winslow, Ill.; Sherman McVeim from Chicago, and Maurice Hart from St. Louis. John A. Preston, who for the past two years has lived in Fort Wayne and is well known as a member of "Our Own" Stock company, is the only member of the company who did not indulge in a long railroad ride to begin rehearsals, while on the other hand Charles Terrace, the only principal not on hand, only sailed from Liverpool on last Tuesday, after having attended the Passion play at Oberammergau, Bavaria.

The first three days rehearsals proved sufficient for the members of the company to learn their respective parts and to become in a general way familiar with what people of the stage call the "business" of the play, and the remaining week and a half will be devoted to the perfecting of detail. The rehearsal and staging of a play of the type of "The Light Eternal" is a long hard task—virtually an endless grind from the moment the company is assembled until the first performance is given. Twice each day, morning and afternoon, must the entire play be gone through. Every word, every move and every look must be carefully weighed and studied, blended to suit the tone and action of the various other characters, and when decided upon it must be rehearsed possibly a hundred times to attain perfect harmony and unison. Miss Blair, who is an adept at stage direction and who has had a wide experience in plays of this class, is supervising the rehearsals, assisted by Mr. Preston who will be the stage manager of the company on the road.

Manager Rice is especially well pleased with the cast, and considers himself especially fortunate in getting together a company so well suited to his purpose. In this connection his many years of road experience with traveling companies, and his close study of the many actors and actresses playing the Majestic has served him to advantage. It would be hard to imagine a finer looking lot of men than those engaged for the principal roles. Not one of them is less than six feet tall, nor weighs less than 190 pounds—and what is more to the point, every one of them is an actor of known ability and high standing in the profession. Mr. Lessey comes to the organization direct from the Charles Frohman management and prior to that was leading man with Amelia Bingham. Mr. Milton's early stage training was had during six years with the late Thomas Keene, followed by important roles with Virginia Harned, Robert Mantell and other equally prominent stars. Mr. Rigney, who, by the way is a graduate of Notre Dame, has played the title role in "Parsifal" for the past two seasons. Mr. Seaward comes from the Winnepeg Theater Stock company, one of the best stock organizations either in Canada or the United States. Mr. Preston is too well known to local theater-goers to require introduction—and so on through the entire list of both men and women—they are of the highest types of dramatic people available.

After six weeks constant work the scenic equipment of the play is declared to be finished and ready for the road, the artists leaving Fort Wayne for Chicago the middle of the week. With the perfection of small details in the matter of production and the addition of the personal baggage of the company members and some eight or ten wardrobe trunks packed with armor for the soldiers, the equipment has grown to what Mr. Rice terms an "alarming size." It will require at least eight big scene trucks to haul the effects to and from the theaters and two sixty-foot baggage cars will be used in transportation from town to town.

The company will open its season at the Majestic on Aug. 24th, remaining here for three days; then to Grand Rapids for four days; Springfield, Ill., three days; Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Kansas City and St. Louis for a week each, and then into Chicago for an indefinite stay.

In discussing the prospects of the play yesterday Miss Blair had the following to say: "I have had the manuscript for the past three weeks. I have studied it carefully before my arrival in Fort Wayne and was familiar with every line, every situation and climax and was very sanguine of its success. Since arriving here we have had three days' rehersal. I have had an opportunity to study the company engaged and to see the magnificent scenic equipment and wardrobe Mr. Rice has provided—and in my opinion "The Light Eternal" should prove one of the most phenomenal successes the stage has ever known; and in this I do not except 'Ben Hur' or an other religious drama. With my own part, that of the Princess Artemia, I am simply delighted. I have played emotional roles for several years in 'Zaza,' 'Iris,' 'The Woman in the Case,' 'The Kreutzer Sonate' and similar plays, but I have not found a role in any of them that affords the wonderful opportunities of this Roman princess."

BABY DAY AT ROBISON PARK

Judging from the large number of entries which have been received for the grand prize baby show and decorated carriage parade to be held at Robison park on August 17, it will be one of the most successful events of the kind ever given at the park. Entry blanks can be had for the asking at the information booth at Robison park or at any drug store in this city.

Thirty prizes, aggregating in value $350, will be awarded, to say nothing of the hundreds of dolls and toys that will be given away. The grand prize, a choice of a new latest model high drop head sewing machine, goes to the mother who has the handsomest baby. A mother can enter her child in as many classes as she likes and in the decorated carriage parade as well, thus giving a wide range of opportunity to take a handsome trophy.

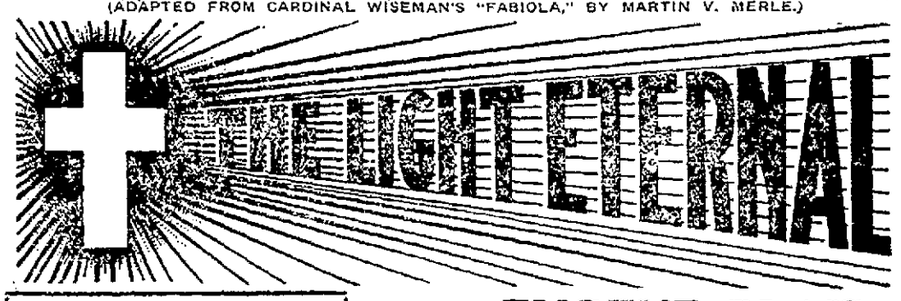
Obtain an entry blank which gives full information of the event, which is open to all. Every arrangement will be made for the comfort and convenience of mothers and children on "Baby Day."

FOR QUICK RELEIF FROM HAY FEVER

Asthma and summer bronchitis, take Foley's Honey and Tar. It quickly relieves the discomfort and suffering and the annoying symptoms disappear. It soothes and heals the inflamed air passages of the head, throat and bronchial tubes. It contains no opiates and no harmful drugs. Refuse substitutes. Dreier Bros.

Mamma, take me to the playground at Robison park. 8-5-to sp 1

MAJESTIC 3 DAYS, STARTING Wednesday Aug. 24
First Time at Popular Prices—Night, 15, 25, 35, 50, 75. Boxes $1.
MATINEE FRIDAY. 15, 25, 35c. Boxes, 50c.
The Spectacular and Inspiring Romance of Christian Martyrdom.
(ADAPTED FROM CARDINAL WISEMAN'S "FABIOLA," BY MARTIN V. MERLE.)



"When I compare it with religious plays I have already witnessed and criticised, notably 'Ben Hur,' 'Quo Vadis' and 'The Shepherd King' I feel that from a Christian standpoint 'The Light Eternal' is to be preferred to any of them."—Rev. Thomas P. Hughes, D. D., LL. D., author of "The Stage from a Clergyman's Standpoint."

WITH EUGENE BLAIR
And the Greatest Cast Ever Assembled—35 People.
HENRY MILLER'S MAMMOTH NEW YORK PRODUCTION, SUMPTUOUS COSTUME EQUIPMENT.

Majestic Theatre
MATINEE TODAY
10 and 20 CENTS.
"Queen of the White Slaves"
JOHN A. HIMMELEIN'S POPULAR
IMPERIAL STOCK CO.
This Evening, "Tracked Around the World."
POPULAR PRICES—10, 20, 30.

MONDAY, AUG. 15
Special Matinee, 10 and 20 Cents.
THE ORIGINAL AL. W. MARTIN'S BIG $30,000 PRODUCTION
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN
50—PEOPLE—50
20—COLORED PEOPLE—20
From the Cotton Belt.
10—BLOODHOUNDS—10
2—Quartets, Male and Female—2
GRAND STREET PARADE
Evening Prices.....10-20-30-50c
SEATS ON SALE.

5c—AIRDOME—5c
MOVING PICTURES AND ILLUSTRATED SONGS
Change of Pictures Twice a Week.

NOT BRUTAL FORCE—BUT SKILL AND KNOWLEDGE
Our work is tempered by our skill and our knowledge. We take the easiest, the simplest and the least painful way. Plates $8-$10.
DR. MOMMER.
814 Calhoun St., over Star Shoe Store

Catarrh Treatment $1.00 a Week
820 HARRISON ST.
Catarrh wrecks voice and complexions, destroys the hearing, sight and smell, maims and weakens, starts consumption, and dire asthma's strangling spell.

LAKESIDE — We offer home known as the Mason Long property at a low figure today. Above is only one of many city property bargains listed.
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Now in Its New Home Facing the Lake Front Park
The finest building of its kind in existence. Housing the largest and most thoroughly equipped of all institutions of Musical Learning. Containing Music Hall and Theater, offering students unsurpassed facilities for practical training and public appearance.
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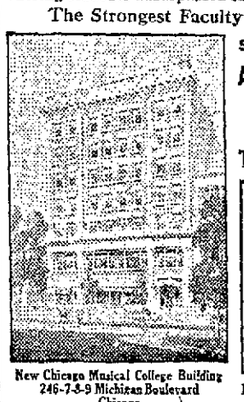

To DR. F. ZIEGFELD, President: It gives me pleasure to inform you that the Board of Directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company, in recognition of the services rendered by the pupils of the Chicago Musical College to us during our last season's stay in Chicago in connection with our "Parsifal" performances, have awarded the opera school of the Chicago Musical College two free scholarships, for which I beg to enclose check for $1,000.
I am very glad to add my personal acknowledgment of the good work you have done towards the development of music in your city, and assure you of our good wishes.
Yours very truly,
ANDREAS DIPPEL, Administrative Director.
New Chicago Musical College Building 246-7-8-9 Michigan Boulevard Chicago
Founded 1867 45th Season Begins Sept. 12th.
DR. F. ZIEGFELD, Pres.
NOTE—Applications for all (47 free and 150 partial) Scholarships will be received until Sept. 1st.
ILLUSTRATED CATALOG MAILED FREE

Robinson Park Aug. 17th—If Stormy, Next Fair Day
GRAND PRIZE BABY SHOW
—AND—
Decorated Baby Carriage Parade
$350.00 In Handsome Prizes
First prize to most beautiful baby, Singer or Wheeler & Wilson sewing machine.
25 Beautiful and Useful Prizes
A baby show information bureau at park and at the D. & N. drug store. Blanks at all city drug stores. Entry blanks free to all. Special baby carriage cars free. Mrs. B. P. Austin will be at the D. & N. drug store to receive entries daily from 2 to 5 and from 7 to 9

Chickering Bros. McPhail, Raymond, Crown and Player.
PIANOS
F. C. SPIEGEL PIANO COMPANY
High Grade, Low Prices.
203 W. Berry.
COME IN—HEAR and SEE

ROBISON PARK
Baby Show
—and—
DECORATED CARRIAGE PARADE
$350.00—In Prizes—$350.00
ROBISON PARK, WEDNESDAY, AUG. 17th.

Scene from "Tracked Around the World," at the Majestic Theater This Evening.

Scene from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the Majestic, Monday Matinee and Night.

Special Prices for Watches

ELGIN, 20 YEAR GUARANTEE

$10 $11 $12

Those dainty 3-000 Ladies size for $12; never sold for less than $15.

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807-809 Calhoun St.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel

EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY

By E. A. K. HACKETT.

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VOL. LXXII.....NO. 12

OUR TELEPHONES.

Editorial Rooms.....650
Counting Rooms.....173

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1910.

TONIGHT.

Amusements—Imperial Stock company at Majestic theater; motion pictures at Airdome, Lyric, Star, Gaiety, Pearl, Fairy, Star, Casino, Hippodrome and Robison Park theater.

Unions—Brewery Workmen; Iron, Tin and Steel Workers, No. 17.

Fraternities—Ladies of Maccabees, Hive No. 27; Minerva Council, D. of P.; Pythian Sisters; Old Fort Lodge Carmen.

What's this—Cannon, Aldrich and Ballinger chalkmarked for the scrap heap? Insurgency or the fear of it appears to have seated itself in the amplitudinous bosom at Beverly.

Expedition that attempted the ascent of Mt. McKinley in search of Doc Cook's proofs of having reached the top of that peak reports that it found traces of him along the hillside. That's some encouraging. It is so easy to strain suspicion where some men are involved.

It now appears that not $5,000,000, but $5,000,000 would have been the amount to be taken down by McMurray if all his contracts with the Oklahoma Indians had gone through by congressional approval. A vast good thing the sale of those Oklahoma ...s was going to be and would have ...ad not Senator Tom Gore ex-

...out by the federal bureau ...hat the average Ameri... eighty-two pounds of ...ar. And he buys most of ...r trust, which needs the ...ddly that it has to get a ...rofits by beating the gov... of its tariff duties. The ... American eating his eighty-two pounds of sugar per annum should reflect how much he is helping a worthy trust by being somewhat extravagant in pampering his sweet tooth.

The miscreant who attempted to kill the mayor of New York has the consolation of hearing that his victim will be fully restored to health and vigor and be in due time little the worse for this distressing experience. When that consolation fails he may get joy from the reflection that his mad deed is likely to plunge him into prison for the rest of his life. New Jersey has her shortcomings, but they deal with crime in that state much as it deserves. Gallagher's deed has recoiled upon his own head and in a fortnight, if all present good promises are fulfilled, he will be the sole sufferer from his murderous essay.

The highway approaches the track through a deep cut which prevents any view of approaching trains until the rails are almost reached. There are hundreds of railway grade crossings in Indiana which in general answer to this description of the grade crossing near Rochester, Ind., where an automobile containing six persons was struck by a fast train. Three killed outright and three were badly hurt. The locomotive caught the automobile midway and cut it in two. It would have been slower business to halt the car to ascertain a clear track, but it would have been quite a lot safer. During the past month in half a dozen accidents of this sort a score or more people have been killed. In two such tragedies within a few miles of each other Indiana has contributed five victims in a fortnight. It pays to stop, look, listen.

Senator Bristow comes up smiling for the second round and cloots Senator Aldrich with a neat counter to the place where his feelings sit. If the high priest of the sacred schedules fancied his defense would be a complete crusher to Bristow he seems to be doomed to a sad awakening. The Jayhawk insurgent is one bully fighter and he appears to be loaded with a lot of information about tariff making that the public would be edified and instructed by reading. Senator Bristow naively announces that his latest blunderbuss load is rather scattering and incomplete because it has been prepared "on street cars and railroad trains from memory;" but if he will be indulged with patience until he can get back home where his records are he will undertake to supply those interested with something worth reading. We doubt it not. Senator Bristow evidently is fully prepared to stand by his unequivocal charges that Senator Aldrich "framed up" the rubber schedule in the interest of the rubber trust in which Aldrich and his family are interested.

With business well-nigh prostrated, with disorder rife and violence frequent, with the entire community suffering loss and undergoing distress, with random shooting and mob uprisings here and there Columbus, the capital city of Ohio, seems to be in a condition bordering upon anarchy. The street car strike has been in progress upwards of a month. After a season of military intervention the troops were sent home and the civic authorities have been trying to control the situation with not much success. All negotiations looking to peace have failed. The strikers are determined; the traction corporation is firm. Great moral spirit, we suppose, may be said to characterize each side of the controversy. There does not appear any way by which the belligerents can be brought to mutual concession and agreement. Meanwhile, the conditions bred out of the strike go on daily becoming more intense and distressing. Industry and trade suffer to a most acute degree. It is said that prolongation of the strike must inevitably spell bankruptcy for many mercantile concerns whose trade has been injured by conditions. The people suffer deprivation of the convenience of a great public utility. And there is no remedy. Is it good government which is futile in the presence of such a crisis? It should not be necessary to use troops to relieve such a situation. The state should have the authority to intervene, ascertain what constitutes a just settlement of differences and settle them. Compulsory arbitration may be an anomaly of terms, but it can be made a very logical fact.

WILL GET INTO CAMPAIGN.

James M. Robinson Will Arrive Here From West This Month.

James M. Robinson, former congressman from this district, who has been spending some time in Denver and Langdon, Colorado, has written friends here that he will return to Fort Wayne on the 22nd of August. He expects to become active inthe coming campaign as a speaker and his first engagement is at Kendallville on the 25th of August. Mrs. Robinson will accompany her husband here and they will make their headquarters in the Anthony hotel.

All fancy hosiery at half price.
PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during August.
7-16-sat-tf. KEIL & KEIL.

Does This Mean You?

Are you pale, anemic, entirely lacking in energy, no ambition or strength for your duties?

That means weak, impoverished blood—it's not circulating right and not nourishing the tissues—this results in weak and flabby muscles—disfiguring blotches and red and roughened skin.

By taking Nyal's Hot Springs Blood Remedy you can avoid any such condition.

Supply the broken down tissues with the proper nourishment—increase the blood supply and rid yourself of these pimples and blotches—it's an easy matter with this prescription remedy.

$1.00 the Bottle.

Ask the Nyal Druggists.

Clapesattle Drug Store, 2514 Broadway.

Zimmerman's Drug Store, 1312 Broadway.

Ioham's Drug Store, 1706 Calhoun St.

P. & N. Pharmacy, 624 Calhoun St.

Loesch Drug Store, Cor. Barr and Wayne Sts.

Meinzen Drug Store, 1129 Monroe Ave.

Hutzell's Drug Store, 1402 West Main St.

Jacob Bill's Drug Store, 1401 E. Creighton Ave.

YINGLING THE BEST SOUTHPAW FROM A. A. TEAMS.

(Continued From Page Eight.)

Blade. Many experts and critics class "Rube" Marquard, the $10,000 beauty, purchased by the New York Nationals from Indianapolis as the best portsider that ever graced an association roster. It must be remembered, however, that it was deformity of the Rube's eyes and neck that was of material assistance to him in quelling the ardor of the batsman. His optics were such that the hitter could never tell whether he was going to whip the ball to first base or toss one to the batter.

Yingling has no such aid in his work, but instead, relies on his speed, curves and headwork to land him the bacon. Such is the nature of these assets that he is now regarded as the leading left-hander of the league.

Southpaws as a rule are in-and-outers. Yingling, however, is an exception to this rule. During spring practice and the first two or three weeks of the present season he did not show to best advantage because he is not a cold weather pitcher, but prefers working in midsummer. When he did hit his stride there were few pitchers in the league that could keep up with him. To date he has won sixteen games, lost five and tied two. Several of his defeats were suffered by one-run margins.

Rarely was he hit hard. During the 210 innings that he worked this season but 170 safeties were credited against him. Fifty-seven tallies were scored while he officiated on the mound. He is credited with seventy-three strikeouts while despite the impression that southpaws are prone to be wild he has passed but fifty-three men this season. He has hit four batsmen and has heaved wildly on five occasions.

Yingling started pitching in amateur circles around Dayton, where his father is a minister. After displaying class around these diggings, the Dayton Central league club picked him up and he at once forged to the front as the Vets' leading heaver. Armour then secured him and Ying made his Toledo debut in the fall of 1909. From the very start he made an auspicious impression which has been augmented with each passing week.

For years Cleveland has attempted to secure a southpaw who could hold his own among the star left handers of the big leagues. Pitcher after pitcher has been tried and found wanting. Probably Yingling will be the man who can fill this part, for he is about as good a lefthander as has ever been tried by the Naps.

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

Heine Wagner hit twice in the pinches for Boston and tied up the game a couple of times with the White Sox. In the tenth Pitcher Jim Scott opened with a single, Charlie French bunted him up and Zeider got the single that sent the pitcher home with the winning run.

Oldring, Baker and Thomas hit Eddie Summers for home runs in the game at Detroit and enough runs were made on the wallops to beat the Tigers but the Athletics added two for good measure.

Dode Criss went in against Quinn in the ninth at St. Louis and started a rally and he and Stone batted in enough runs to beat New York.

Harkness, pitching for Cleveland, was all hammered up in the first inning and Washington scored a victory, taking fifteen hits in all. Reisling allowed the Naps half a dozen hits.

Bell was hit a dozen times by Pittsburg in the Brooklyn game but his support held the Pirates to three runs, which was just enough to win.

After Burns had been routed by New York, Beebe took up the pitching and Cincinnati came from behind and won out in the last round.

Moran and Brennan were beaten badly in a batting bee at which the St. Louis Cardinals broke a long losing streak and beat Philadelphia eleven to two.

Frank Chance was forced to hook Ed Ruelbach in the Boston game and send in Mordecai Brown as the lowly Doves were getting to the Cub hurler and promised to give him some trouble.

Fatterson and Allrock allowed St. Paul fourteen hits and Minneapolis took sixteen off Gehring, Leroy and Reiger and won the game.

Cantwell and Cutting were easy for the Colonels and Milwaukee was beaten by Louisville.

Lincoln chased Casey Hagerman out of the box and beat Denver nine to two.

Men's fancy suits, half price. Sale began Thursday and lasts only fifteen days.
PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

The International Business College now has five thousand graduates holding good positions in this city and surrounding territory. There is a good chance for you. Enroll now and start Aug. 29. Call at office or phone 504 for further information. 8-9-tf

COUNTY OF LAKES IS FAIR STEUBEN

Specs of the Scribe Turned on County Made Famous by Her Waters.

IS THE HOME OF OUR CONGRESSMAN

His Climb Up the Ladder of Success—Busy During Congress Vacation.

[Staff Correspondence.]

Angola, Ind., Aug. 12.—The population of Steuben county as given by the census recently taken by the government has not yet been made public, but it can be stated to a certainty that if the figures were known they would not equal by many hundreds, perhaps thousands, the number of people within its limits during this vacation month of August, for the many lake resorts that dot it are pretty well crowded with summer cottagers, and Angola, its county seat, reaps considerable of the money harvest their presence brings.

Steuben is known as the county of beautiful lakes. It has over fifty of them within its 335 miles of territory, thirty-five of which have names that are well known. Some are of considerable size, the largest, Lake James, being a body of water of three square miles in extent. Then comes clear Lake, Crooked Lake, Fish Lake, Gage Lake, Lake George, part of which is in Michigan, and Pleasant Lake, all of which are famous for the fish with which they are stocked and their splendid boating facilities.

Lake James is only a few miles north of Angola, reached by an electric from this city, and it is the best patronized of any of the lakes, especially on Sundays, when many hundreds visit it, most of whom come from Fort Wayne.

Our Congressman's Home.

Here, in the midst of this group of lakes, is Angola, which has the distinction of being the home town of the congressman of the Twelfth district Hon. Cyrus Cline. One of the lakes of this group, Center Lake, a comparatively small body of water, however, skirts the edge of the town.

Angola is a town of about 3,500 population, first settled during the early forties of the last century. It is beautifully located, most of its business houses being ranged around the four sides of its big public square. Its streets are lined with shade trees and handsome residences, one of the most imposing of which is that of Congressman Cline, which is within a stone's throw of the town's business center.

It is a hospitable home. The hand of Congressman Cline is always a glad one to the visitors and in the entertainment of them he is aided by his cultured wife and charming daughter, now a young lady who is popular in social circles in Angola and in Washington, where with her parents, her winters are spent.

Steuben county and Angola have been the home of Congressman Cline since his early boyhood years. Here in brief is his life story up to the time of his election to congress two years ago:

His Climb to Success.

Like so many men who have become prominent in political life, the present congressman of the Twelfth district spent his early years on the farm, followed the plough and the harrow, and assisted in the gathering of the crops.

And like so many men who have been in the legislative halls of the nation and the state, or who have represented the people in other high official positions, he worked his own way through college and the study of the law by his earnings as a school teacher.

Congressman Cline is a Buckeye born. A native of Richland county, O., where his father was a farmer, he removed in his early boyhood years, with his parents, to this, Steuben county. Here he continued his farm work during his school vacations, attended the Angola schools, and by teaching in the winter months earned enough to pay his way through the Hillsdale college, from which he graduated.

Resuming teaching, which he followed for a few years, in 1877, he was elected county superintendent of schools, an office in which he continued for years, and then, having completed the study of the law and been admitted, he entered the practice in Angola. Later, with others, he organized the First National bank at Angola, became its president, and was for some years in its active management.

This management of the bank he relinquished with his entrance into congressional life, although he retains his interests. He was then and he is now one of the best known and most substantial citizens of Angola and Steuben county, esteemed by city and country folk alike.

Busy During Vacation.

"I suppose," said the Sentinel representative, "that you are passing your vacation restfully, enjoyably, spending considerable of your time at the pleasant summer resorts you have around here?"

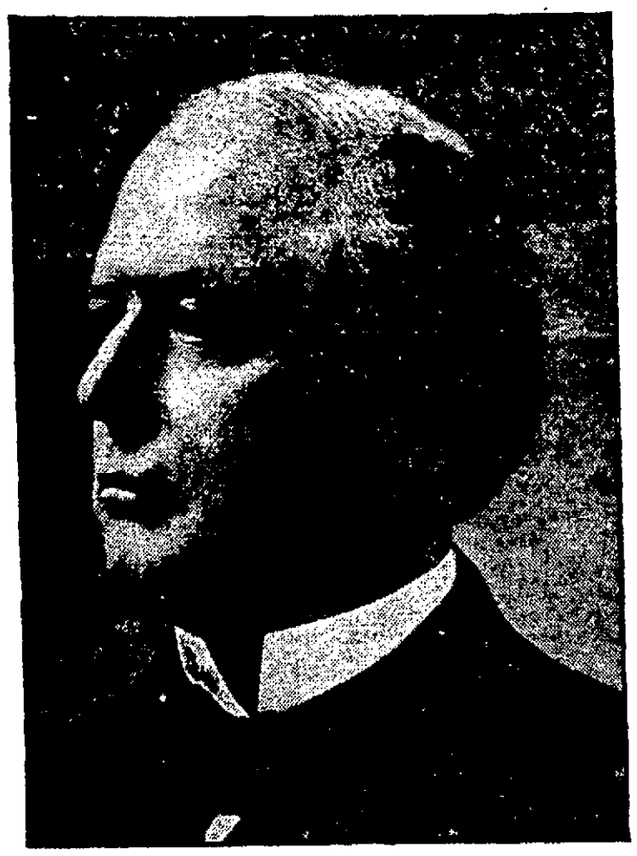
"No," he replied. "I am doing no summer resorting. I am spending the summer right here at home with my family, except when I get out to get around to see the people."

"Looking after your political fences?" interjected the reporter.

"Yes," said Mr. Cline. "I suppose you can put it so. I am called every few days to go somewhere to attend meetings of various sorts, farmer gatherings, picnics, family reunions, etc., at most of which, of course, I am expected to make a speech. And then, too, there is always a great deal of business of a congressional character that a representative must attend to even during vacation time. Oh, I am kept busy enough, I assure you.

"And I am looking after my political fences, too," he added with a smile, quoting the words of the newspaper man, 'not that they need looking after particularly, but I am looking after them all the same. I expect to spend a good deal of time around through the district and I want to spend a few weeks of it right in Fort Wayne."

Just now he is busy, with District



HON. CYRUS CLINE.

Chairman Hoffman, attending the organizing meetings which are being held throughout the district.

Will Be Re-elected.

Congressman Cline feels confident of his re-election. He says so, and he thinks he will have a larger majority in the district than he had two years ago, when he was elected by 2,400 majority. The counties outside of Allen are going to give him a larger vote than they did before, and so, too, is Allen, he said.

"The republicans are on the defensive," he added. "The Payne-Aldrich bill sounded their death cry. The tariff will be the great issue of the campaign and with it we will elect the state ticket, carry the legislature, and secure an increased Indiana representation in congress."

Mr. Cline has made an admirable record during his first term in congress, although a new member is placed at a disadvantage in not being familiar with methods. This usefulness as a representative of the people's interests and the interests especially of his district will be increased by his re-election. He redeemed the district from temporary republican control two years ago. He will keep it in the democratic column this year.

At Old Settlers' Meeting.

Not an old man by any means, for he is now only 55 years of age, Congressman Cline is one of the old settlers of Steuben county. He has resided in the county since he was a lad in his knee pants and at the old settlers' meeting which is to be held at Angola on the 18th of August he is on the program for one of the principal addresses.

His address will undoubtedly be a notable one. It will not be of a political nature. He will deal with the early history of the county, speak of its present and its future, and, with the data he can call to his command, his address will be interesting and valuable. Judge O. N. Heaton, his republican opponent for congress, will also be one of the speakers.

These old settlers' meetings in Steuben county are great events. The one last year was attended by nearly 10,000 people. Senator S. A. Powers, the present state senator from the Steuben-Dekalb district, is president of the Old Settlers' association. Senator Powers is one of the hold-over senators, but he intends to take the stump this year for the democrats. He is an unique character, but is an effective speaker, always interesting his audiences.

Full size plain white and colored bordered handkerchiefs will be sold at 2½c each during our great half price sale that began Thursday.
PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

Balloon Ascension and Parachute Drop, Robison Park.

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during August.
7-16-sat-tf. KEIL & KEIL.

25c will buy the 50c Poroskuit underwear at our store during our great half price sale that began Thursday.
PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

FOR SALE—Strictly modern and first-class throughout, the elegant new home 435 Wildwood avenue. Open for inspection Sunday, 9 a. m. to 6 p. m. Phone 1331.

$1.00 Poroskuit union suits 50c during our great sale that began Thursday and lasts only fifteen days.
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Place The Sentinel on your list of vacation luxuries. Mailed to any address in the United States, Mexico or Canada. Ten cents per week. tf

Enter your baby for the Baby Show at the D. & N. drug store. Daily 2 to 5, and 7 to 9. 12,13,15,16

The substance of the potatoes, properly prepared in Bread, makes a wholesome daily diet for workingmen and growing children. Contained only in "Haffner's 10c Potato Loaf." For sale at all dealers. 3-28-tf

LOW ONE WAY COLONIST RATES WEST VIA NICKEL PLATE ROAD

Aug. 25 to Sept. 9 and Sept. 15 to Oct. 15. Full information of agent or write F. P. Parnin, T. P. A. Fort Wayne, Ind. 13,20,27

A million boxes now used every month. No other laxative ever won such favor as have candy *Cascarets*. Natural, gentle, prompt. A single tablet, taken when one needs it, alters everything that's wrong. Think of the good they do.

Vest-pocket box, 10 cents—at drug-stores. 869
Each tablet of the genuine is marked C C C.

DO IT NOW
DON'T WAIT

until tomorrow before you investigate our method of treating Drug, Liquor and Tobacco addictions with Hill's Chloride of Gold Tablets.

We remove desire of patients, we accept for treatment, if directions are followed, and do it without pain or suffering. Can be given secretly without the knowledge of the patient. Testimonials SENT FREE. Give it a Trial.

Price $1.00 per package. Sold and recommended in Fort Wayne at the three stores of

Meyer Brothers Co.
Fort Wayne, Ind.

A Wonderful Book

Learn to Play Piano and Organ in One Hour.

Our Wonderful Book and New System Shows You How.

He Doesn't Know One Note from Another, but Plays Like a Music Master.

A musical genius from Chicago has just invented a wonderful system whereby anyone can learn to play the Piano or Organ in 1 hour. With this new method you don't have to know one note from another, yet in an hour of practice you can be playing the popular music with all the fingers of both hands—and playing it well. The invention is so simple that even a child can now master music without costly instruction. Any one can have this new method to examine merely by asking. Simply write, saying "Send me the Easy Form Music Method as announced in (*give name of this paper*)

The complete book and system will then be shipped to you, all charges prepaid, with 108 pieces of music.

You keep it seven days to thoroughly prove it is all that is claimed for it, then if you are satisfied, send us $1.50, and one dollar a month until $6.50 in all is paid. If you are not delighted with it ship it back in seven days at our expense. State number of white keys on your piano or organ. Address Easy Method Music Co., 727 Clarkson Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

SEE 52 ACRES improved, 1½ miles from market, located in our county; will give deed for $650 cash and take mortgage at $2,850.

Monroe W. Fitch & Sons,
Opposite P. O. Open Evenings.

THOROUGHLY CLEAN AND PERFECTLY SANITARY

That is the way your washing comes back to you when done by The Troy Laundry Soft Water Method. Phone 160.

Dr. Hardman, Specialist

I CURE PELVIC, NERVOUS AND CHRONIC DISEASES.

To most of us life has many charms. To some it is, indeed, sweet. Practically all of us look upon the GREAT BEYOND with a shudder and would not willingly cross the GREAT DIVIDE. HEALTH is one of the greatest blessings that GOD ever gave to man, and yet how many are careless about their health!

There are very few, indeed, who have not some purpose for which to live. Most of us have some ambition to fulfill. Perhaps, it is our loved ones, those who are dependent upon us for support, that we wish to see beyond the fear of want before our demise. Or again it may be a desire to accumulate a competence for old age so that in our declining years a struggle for existence may be obviated.

In this day and age competition is strong and only those who are physically strong are able to meet the demands of life and forge to the front. Life is too short and health and happiness too precious to put off getting well when so much of our existence depends upon a sound, healthy body.

Human errors in most cases are responsible for sickness. It may be without thought of consequence, it is true. The hustle and bustle of this twentieth century cause many to overstep the bounds of discretion, the warning cry of p... ...ged organ is overlooked unt... ...too late, and disease results.

However, when physical decline begins it is the part of wisdom to halt and attend to the repair. You would not think of running an automobile or driving a buggy that was on the very verge of a collapse or of driving a sick horse. Yet how many men foolishly think that they can afford to overlook disease when it so vitally concerns the welfare of, not only ourselves, but the happiness of those dependent upon them. Life insurance is good, but the value of "health insurance" is immeasurably greater.

In the last few years many great inventions have been produced that have revolutionized the entire civilized world. Comparatively a few years ago the courier on horseback was the means of communication. This is replaced by the telegraph and the telephone and the whole world is in instant communication.

The coach and four has given place to the automobile and the express train.

Our homes and streets are lighted with electricity instead of the candle and the smoky lamp.

The flying machine is a fact and only awaits development until it becomes of commercial use.

Probably the greatest of all, however, is the progress made in the science of medicines.

This has been brought about by specializing and making a detailed study of a few diseases, instead of trying the impossible feat of mastering several hundred.

Life is too short and human ability too limited for any man to make a thorough and systematic study of the several hundred diseases to which the human body is heir.

I have made a special study of PELVIC, CHRONIC and NERVOUS DISEASES for over fourteen years and have perfected NEW and ORIGINAL methods that WILL CURE where the ordinary methods fail.

I accept no case for treatment I think incurable, nor any case that is not within my specialty.

I have been in Fort Wayne long enough for the public to know me and to know that I am here to stay. I have hundreds of letters on file from grateful patients whom I have cured and who are glad to add their word of gratitude. Many of these have vainly sought relief at the famous health resorts.

Now, honestly, would you not like to get well and enjoy health and happiness as God intended you should?

If so, why not attend to it at once? You have all to gain and the small charge I make cannot be possibly compared to the vast reward of perfect health.

Besides when you die you cannot possibly take your wealth along with you.

BLOOD POISON—I use only the most advanced methods in the treatment of blood poison and kindred diseases.

PROSTATIC ENLARGEMENT—This may result from a number of causes. The constant jarring and vibration of trains and trolley cars are a very potent cause. Bicycle riding and the use of riding implements on the farm are factors in producing the disease. In fact, the causes are so many and varied that fully 75 per cent of all male adults are afflicted to a greater or lesser extent by this disease. The disease is so little understood, and as one of the principal symptoms is a pain in the back, it is usually called kidney trouble and treated with local applications or sedatives which can do no possible good whatever. I reduce the enlargement and have been able to cure about 90 per cent of all cases.

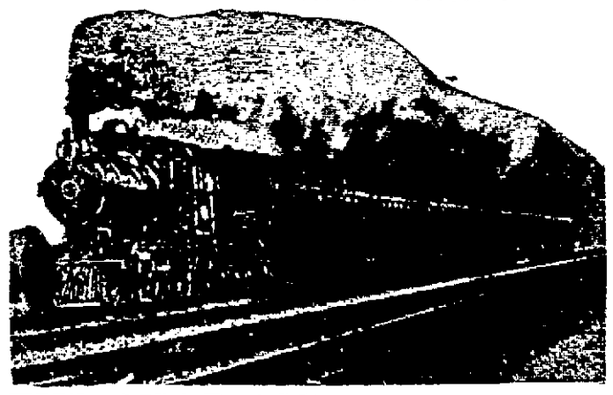
VARICOCELE—I cure Varicocele in a few days' or weeks' time without the use of the knife.

STRICTURE—I readily remove Stricture by my dissolvent method without the use of instruments.

RUPTURE, PILES, FISTULA, ETC., cured without detention from business and without the use of the knife.

Consultation and All Communications Strictly Confidential. Office Hours—9-12, 1-5. Evenings, 7-8. Sundays, 9-1 Only. Write or Call on

West of Transfer Station. Near Corner Main and Calhoun. **DR. HARDMAN** 111 West Main Street. Fort Wayne, Ind.



THE SHOP AND RAIL NEWS

BODY TAKEN TO COLUMBIA CITY

Brakeman McDonald Will be Buried There Next Monday.

B. R. T. WILL HAVE CHARGE

Shop Work Hampered by Scarcity of Competent Help.

Accompanied by the father of the deceased and a committee of six members of Fort Wayne lodge, No. 136, Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, the remains of Robert K. McDonald, the Pennsylvania brakeman who lost his life in an accident at the Lafayette street crossing yesterday afternoon, were taken to Columbia City on Pennsylvania train No. 7 this morning. One of the B. R. T. committeemen is W. E. Ferguson, the president of No. 136, who will have charge of the funeral arrangements and the announcement cannot be made until his return this afternoon. It is expected to hold it Monday and it will be under the auspices of the B. R. T. A number of the brotherhood men from this city will attend.

As stated yesterday Mr. McDonald was a brakeman on a westbound freight train on the Pennsylvania, but owing to the lateness of the hour at which the accident happened, it was impossible to get detailed information concerning it for publication in yesterday's Sentinel. The train on which Mr. McDonald was riding broke in two at Lafayette street, one of the knuckles of the coupler giving way. Brakeman McDonald walked to team track No. 1, on which were a number of cars, and was in the act of removing the knuckle from one of them to replace the broken coupler on his train, when a switch engine on the other end of the string of cars backed them up. McDonald was knocked down and rolled or dragged a considerable distance before the wheels of a pair of trucks passed over him, crushing his legs and his left arm. The Barnett ambulance was called to Lafayette street and the injured man was being rushed to the hospital when he died. The remains were turned over to Getz & Cahill, the undertakers, prepared for burial and this morning sent to Columbia City for funeral services. Interment will be in the South Park cemetery at that place.

Robert K. McDonald was the son of Charles and Sarah McDonald and they with another son, William McDonald, survive him. Robert McDonald came here a year ago and took employment as a brakeman with the Pennsylvania and he was considered a very good employe. He was twenty-two years old.

WILL RESUME WORK MONDAY.

After an absence of three or more months on account of sickness and later a visit with his son in th eeast, M. S. Willson will resume charge of the incandescent lamp testing room at the Fort Wayne Electric works next week.

PROMOTING FIREMEN.

Some G. R. & I. firemen are being promoted to engineers. The examinations were made today and among the men advanced were Harry F. Tigar, C. E. Lane and J. S. Gaskill. More promotions will take place next week.

CUTTING DOWN A HILL.

One of the worst grades on the Richmond division of the G. R. & I. is to be greatly reduced. Today the steam shovel was sent there and Monday morning the work of cutting the hill down fourteen feet will commence. This is one of the biggest undertakings of its kind on the G. R. & I. of recent years.

PICNIC FOR CHILDREN.

The children and grandchildren of the Ladies' Auxiliary to the B. of L. E. will have their annual picnic at Robison park next Tuesday. All members of Divisions Nos. 12 and 13 are cordially invited to attend.

RECEIVED GASH IN CHEEK.

Harry Tiemann, a machinist in the Pennsylvania shops, sustained a wound on the cheek, at the side of the nose, yesterday when he was struck by a bolt which flew up when he delivered a blow with a hammer upon it. He will be off duty a few days.

TURNED OUT TWELVE ENGINES.

The Pennsylvania erecting shop gave twelve engines general repairs during the week just closing and turned them over to the road for service. They were Nos. 7281, 7219, 7367, 7422, 7426, 7497, 7501, 7735, 7910, 9009, 9047 and 9072.

BROTHER VERY ILL.

Mrs. Sarver, wife of Foreman B. F. Sarver, of the Pennsylvania boiler shop, was summoned to Pittsburg last night by a message stating that her brother, John Mushrush, was lying at the point of death. He had been ill for three years and twice was operated upon for kidney troubles.

GOING TO GERMANY.

Eugene Stirnkolb, a toolmaker recently employed at the Fort Wayne Electric works, and his wife left this morning over the Wabash for New York, from whence they will sail next Tuesday on the "George Washington" for Germany, the boyhood home of Mr. Stirnkolb. They expect to remain in Germany about three months.

YELLOWSTONE EXCURSION.

Next Tuesday morning, at 5:30 o'clock, a special train of ten cars carrying a party of New York people on a personally conducted tour of the west and Yellowstone park, will pass through the city over the Pennsylvania road. It is known to railway men as the "Yellowstone Park" excursion train.

'TWAS THE PACKARD BAND.

In its notice of the social at Swinney park by the employes of the General Electric company Thursday night The Sentinel erred in saying the excellent musical program was furnished by the Electro-Technic band. In fact it was furnished by the Packard band. The error yesterday was purely accidental.

LEAVE NEXT MONDAY.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fisher will leave for Indianapolis next Monday to reside. Mr. Fisher has taken the superintendency of a foundry in that city, beginning September 1, and he goes their to get settled before he takes up the duties. He called at the Bass shops, where he had charge of the foundry for four years, to say good by to the men this morning.

SOME SHOPMEN RESIGN.

The various shops of the city are still having trouble in getting and retaining helpers, owing to the great demand for laborers on the streets and elsewhere outside the shops, and none is more affected than the Wabash. This morning the following men resigned their positions there: Machinist B. F. Telley, and Helpers E. Bogard, A. Hoy, E. Carson, M. Griffin, W. E. Cain, H. E. Sheets, Edward and William Arthur.

VETERANS START A BOYCOTT.

George H. Thomas post G. A. R., of Louisville, which has 350 members, has resolved not to attend the encampment at Atlantic City September 19 to 24 unless the railroads make a lower rate than the one announced. By a resolution which received unanimous support they agreed not to attend the encampment and also to recommend similar action on the part of other posts and the ladies of the auxiliary.

WILL HAVE TWO TRAINS.

Ticket Agent Harry Pinniger announces arrangements for two special trains to South Bend on Sunday, August 28, the attraction at that place being a ball game between the South Bend and the Fort Wayne teams. The first train will leave the city at 7:30 o'clock and will run through to South Bend without stop to pick up passengers. The second train will leave at 8:20 o'clock and will stop at all stations to take on passengers. Mr. Pinniger says provision will be made to handle upwards of 1,500 people and inquiries indicate that there will be that many and possibly more.

E. T. C. SOCIAL.

The Electro-Technic club will hold an ice cream social at Swinney park next Wednesday evening, when they will put on some special features not seen at such entertainments. One will be some illustrated songs by vocalists at the works. A band concert will also be an interesting feature. The tickets are something new in design. They are paper spoons and bear the following legend, reading from the tip of the handle down to the point of the bowl of the spoon: "Spoon with me at the popular 3. E. C. Band Concert and Ice Cream Social at Swinney Park Wednesday, August 25. 10c a spoon." This will be the last social given this summer by the Electro-Technic club.

FIRST STEAM EQUIPMENT.

An attractive exhibit, particularly to railway men, at the Ohio Valley exposition will be the "DeWitt Clinton," the first locomotive that was ever operated in regular train service in America, and the three little coaches which comprised the train this old engine pulled seventy-nine years ago. This outfit arrived in Cincinnati yesterday in two box cars and the locomotive and cars will be assembled and placed on tracks in the exposition grounds. This entire train is only sixty-five feet long and the passenger cars were old stage coaches remodelled and equipped with flanged wheels to run on tracks. In 1831 this train was operated between Albany and Troy, N. Y.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

R. Voltz, of the Pennsylvania shops, is sick.

H. H. Merchant has taken employment at the laboratory of the Electric works.

Pennsylvania Machinist N. D. Mertz is off duty today on account of sickness.

John Norton, foreman of the Bass pattern shop, has joined his family at the lakes to stay a few days.

George Meyers, one of the old moulders at the Bass foundry, is sick and off duty.

David Shelter, one of the old timers at the Wabash shops, is sick and off duty.

Blacksmith L. E. Rehling, of the Pennsylvania, and his family will spend next week at Rome City.

Robert Quinn, of the incandescent room of the Electric works, went to Hammond this morning to spend Sunday with a friend.

A. L. Hadley has returned from Madison, Wis., where he spent several days on business for the Fort Wayne Electric works.

The Wabash will have an excursion to Toledo tomorrow and another to Lafayette the following Sunday, Aug. 21.

Fred Wellman will return from his vacation trip tonight and will resume his duties at the desk in the shipping room at the Electric works Monday.

Foreman William Nahrwold, of the Wallace street foundry of the Bass works, is taking a vacation and went to the lakes this afternoon.

Oscar Griebel, draughtsman at the Bass machine shop, left this morning for Cleveland, where he will spend a part of his annual vacation.

Raymond Hoffman and Russ Harruff, of the Electric works, went to Decatur this afternoon to spend Sunday with Mr. Harruff's parents.

Traveling Fireman John Zellers will resume his duties on the Pennsylvania next Monday. He has been enjoying a two week's vacation.

J. F. Fowler, of the Pennsylvania store room, left at noon today for Pittsburg for a Sunday visit with his parents.

Joseph Lamboley, traffic manager for the Fort Wayne Electric works, will take his annual vacation next week. He will spend it on the farm with his family.

This morning the Wabash shops turned out engines 879, 903, 866 and 2165, which were given general repairs. No. 2165 will go to the Moberly division.

Machinist James Fox, of the Pennsylvania shops, will join his wife at Maxinkuckee tonight and remain there a week. Mrs. Fox went to the lakes a week ago.

Machinist John O'Day, of the Pennsylvania, is off duty on account of sickness. Barney Weber, of the same shop, is laying off to entertain some visitors. Sickness in his family is keeping Machinist C. F. Brown from his work in the shops.

General Foreman William Klingmann, of the Bass foundry, went to the lakes this morning to join his wife and children, who have been there two weeks. Mr. Klingmann will return home Monday, but the family will remain two weeks.

All 50c belts for men and boys at half price.
PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

FOR SALE

I have some very fine acre tracts in the rich garden belt southwest direction, near city limits and car line; five cent fare. Also a five-acre and 10-acre tract close to city. Direct sale to buyer. Inquire or address B. F. Rousseau, No. 621 West Main St.

EARL SPENCER DEAD.

Was One of the Early Victorian Political Warriors.

London, Aug. 13.—J. Printz Spencer, fifth earl of Spencer, died here today. He was born in 1835. The earl twice held the posts of Viceroy of Ireland and president of the council and was first lord of the admiralty from 1892 to 1895. Up to 1907 he was chancellor of the Victoria university. Viscount Althorp, half brother of the earl, succeeds to the title. The "red earl," as he was called on account of his flaming beard, was one of the early Victorian political warriors.

Wayne knit 50c black lisle half hose at half price.
PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

FOR SALE—Strictly modern and first-class throughout, the elegant new home 435 Wildwood avenue. Open for inspection Sunday, 9 a. m. to 6 p. m. Phone 1331.

The Attraction Tonight

OUR GREAT HALE-PRICE SALE

Sale began Thursday and will close on the 27th. The bargains are wonderful. Nearly everything in our great stock is being sold at half price. Store open until eleven o'clock tonight.

Patterson-Fletcher Co.

AVIATOR BROOKINS AND THE AIRSHIP HE WRECKED AT ASBURY PARK.

WRECKAGE OF WALTER BROOKINS' BIPLANE — WALTER BROOKINS

BLAZE AT 2 O'CLOCK ROUTS SLEEPERS FROM BED

Three of Homes on West Main Street Damaged $1,000 by Fire.

A blaze at 2 o'clock this morning caused a total damage of about $1,000 on three homes in West Main street today and but for the prompt work of residents in the neighborhood, the members of the family living in one of the homes might have been seriously burned.

The flames originated in the home of W. Bollman, 1320 West Main street, owned by Mrs. Clara Wagner, in a summer kitchen where some coal, old carpets, cans of gasoline and coal oil were kept and these inflammables were set afire by the summer stove. The kitchen and rear part of the Bollman residence were badly damaged, the loss being estimated at $350.

Flames Spread East and West.

The flames also spread to the homes east and west of the Bollman residence. The residence of P. W. Donahue, east, at 1318 West Main street, owned by Mrs. McGuire, suffered a loss of $500. The principal damage to this residence was in the roof and rear part of the second floor. A loss of $100 was sustained on the residence of Henry A. Short, at 1324 West Main street, owned by H. Dick. It was also the rear part of the Short residence that suffered the damage.

Mr. Short discovered the blaze burning in the Bollman house, and calling assistance from other neighbors, endeavored to awaken those sleeping up stairs. For several minutes, he was unable to receive any response, but finally aroused the Bollmans who fled from their home in scant attire.

None of the homes were damaged sufficiently to prevent the families returning to them.

Knee pants half price.
PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

Two excellent, well paid stenographic positions now open to young ladies of experience, and affords congenial steady employment. Send written applications to B. F. S., 316 W. Suttenfield St. 13-2t

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during August.
7-16-sat-tf. KEIL & KEIL.

FOR RENT—Floral hall, Flick bldg.; modern; rent $150.00 a year, for Wednesday and Friday nights. C. B. Flick.

PACKARD BAND CONCERT.

At Robison Park, 4 O'clock Sunday Afternoon.

At 4 o'clock tomorrow afternoon at Robison park, the Packard band will give a concert under the direction of John L. Verwiere. The program of selections follows:

March—Gortons ..... Mutchler
Selection—"The Honeymoon Trail" .. .. J. Howard
Porto Rican Dance .....J. Missud
Mazurka—Amorosa — Characteristic ..... Navarre
Popular Hits of 1910 .....Mills
Medley Overture—"Dear Old Germany" .....Asher
Selection—"Grand Mogul" ....Luders
Cornet Solo .....Selected
Intermezzo—"Forest Whispers" .... Pryor
March—"On Jersey Shore" .....Pryor

Don't fail to read the Patterson-Fletcher ad on page five.

Balloon Ascension and Parachute Drop, Robison Park.

EARTHQUAKE IS RECORDED.

Washington, Aug. 13.—The seismograph at Georgetown university today recorded an earthquake shock which lasted 23 minutes, beginning at 8:02 a. m. and continuing until 8:25 a. m. The maximum showed was at 8:17 o'clock and lasted for one and a half minutes. The indications are that the disturbance was about 2,500 miles southeast of Washington.

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during August.
7-16-sat-tf. KEIL & KEIL.

While on your vacation have The Sentinel mailed to you. Ten cents per week. Either phone 173. 6-21-tf

Read every word of the Patterson-Fletcher Co. great half price sale ad on page five.

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during August.
7-16-sat-tf. KEIL & KEIL.

Keep your eyes on Everybody's Column. There's Bargains there. 6-19-tf

SOLDIERS FIGHTING FIRE.

Washington, Aug. 13.—Two companies of infantry from Fort Wright, Wash., have been ordered to Wallace, Idaho, and one company to Kalispell, Mont., to aid in fighting forest fires. Two companies now enroute to Glacier park will be divided and one will be dispatched to Kalispell, giving that section two companies.

Men's straw hats at half price.
PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

Do you know "SECRO-SOLVO-TONE" will cure
GALLSTONES
APPENDICITIS, LIVER TROUBLES, DYSPEPSIA? Just give it a chance. Tell your friends. Write today to GALLSTONE REMEDY COMPANY, Dept. 11 103 Dearborn st. Chicago, Ill., Sole U. S. Agts

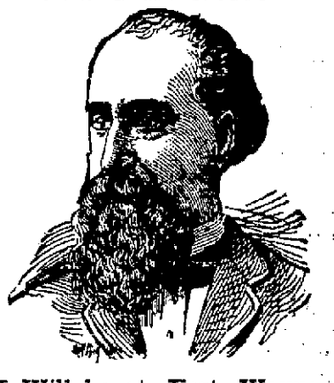
BRADLEY BROS. Cut Price Drugs

$1.00 "Keep Clean" Hair Brushes	69c
75c Duchess Massage Cream	40c
$2.50 Worcester Imported Razors	87c
50c Balm of Almond Cream	29c
50c Benzoin and Almond Cream	34c
$1.00 Root Juice	83c
$1.00 Colgate's Toilet Water	75c
25c Colgate's Dental Cream	20c
25c Colgate's Talcum Powders	15c
25c Sanitol Talcum Powders	15c
25c Sanitol Tooth Paste	19c
50c oz. Colgate's Perfumes	39c
25c Mum's Perfumes	19c
$1.00 Quinine Hair Tonic	75c
25c A. D. S. Face Powder	19c
$1.00 Horlick's Malted Milk	87c
50c Horlick's Malted Milk	45c

Prescriptions filled at a saving.

BRADLEY BROS.
Drug Store. 627 Calhoun St.

PILES
CURED AT HOME



I Will be at Fort Wayne, Randall Hotel, Monday, Aug. 15th.

All persons, male or female, suffering from loss of Expelling Forces, Prolapsing, Fissures, Fistulas, Catarrh, Inflammation, Ulceration, Constipation, Bleeding, Blind or Itching Piles, are kindly requested to call and see me.

NO EXAMINATION
NO OPERATION

Medicine placed direct to the diseased parts by yourself. I claim the most complete, successful, original and sensible method of curing these terrible afflictions ever offered to the public. By the use of my

POSITIVELY PAINLESS PILE CURE

All the above named rectal diseases can be cured as easily as if they were on the outside. Come and see me and learn something worth knowing. It may save you hundreds of dollars and years of suffering.

Most kindly yours,

S. U. TARNEY
Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer, AUBURN, INDIANA.

DIAMONDS
You can buy a Diamond on weekly or monthly payments on a small payment down. Wartell, Cut Rate Jeweler, 1318 Calhoun St.

Talk With Us

any time you have it on your mind to get a loan. You can have any amount from $5 up.

Your furniture, piano or like chattels will do as security without depriving you of its use.

We are the oldest Company in the City and we give best terms on the simplest contract.

Private and confidential. Loans on a plain note to people permanently employed.

INDIANA LOAN CO.
211 and 212 Shoaf Bldg.
Calhoun St. Cor. Berry.
Established 1895.
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TO-NIGHT Cascarets
10c 25c 50c — THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP — All Druggists

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W. O. Gross M. D. Cor. Barr-Washington Fort Wayne, Ind.

IF YOU WANT TO BUY OR SELL, ask one of our agents to call. Seven in our Realty Dept. alone.

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ELECTRIC WIRING OF ALL KINDS.
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Both Phones No. 25
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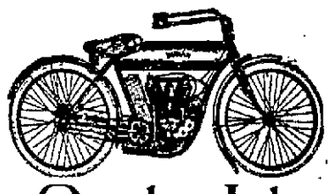

On the Job

Read the reports of open Motorcycle Events in any part of the country. The Indian, R-S and the Thor. Best on the road. Best on the track. Best on hills. Best everywhere. Single or Twin Cylinders. Power, Speed, Comfort, Satisfaction.

Indiana Bicycle and Supply Co.,

Agents for Indian, R-S and Thor Motorcycles.

Headquarters for good Bicycles and Tires. Everything for Motorcycle and Bicycle.

Yes, we do motor and Bicycle repairing. Charges moderate.
111 W. Washington Blvd. Cor Calhoun St.

DR. K. L. SEAMAN
OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.
312-313 Shoaf Bldg.
Phones: 2904. Res. 2763.
STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWEL SPECIALIST.
Constipation, indigestion, gastralgia, appendicitis, inactive liver, diarrhoea, bowel obstruction or any disease resulting from digestive disorders quickly cured. No other treatment so effective. No drugs or medicine. Real constipation in children and other more serious troubles quickly cured. It can be cured in 1 to 3 treatments. Chronic cases, 4 to 6 treatments.

SOCIETY

While there may be few parties during these sunshiny August days, there is evidently plenty of happiness, for every other person one meets is either recently returned or about to take a trip of some kind and fairly exhales satisfaction thereof. Fact is, it never ceases to be a source of astonishment to the vacationer how much of a rest and how much pleasure he can get out of a week spent in a different environment from the one to which he is accustomed about fifty weeks of the year. So in one sense it is not exactly true to say there is nothing doing. There is much doing. A and B as well as X, Y and Z are taking vacations, if not as they would like to do, then perhaps only as they can afford to do. Why, there's even satisfaction in looking through an advertising booklet of beautiful summer resorts and letting the imagination run riot in consideration of what pleasure might be found in a trip to such spots.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cour, of 1016 East Jefferson street, announce the engagement of their daughter, Caroline Hildegarde, to Frank Thompson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Adelbert Thompson, of 201 East Creighton avenue. Miss Cour though quiet and unassuming in manner is unusually pleasing and attractive. Mr. Thompson was graduated in electrical engineering from the Illinois state university at Champaign, and now holds a position in the engineering department of the Bowser works. Both are young people who stand high in the esteem of their acquaintances. Their wedding will take place in September.

* * *

The Misses Anna and May Janorschka left today for a two weeks' trip to Lake Wawasee.

Miss Blanche Troutman is going to Bucyrus, O., on Monday to visit her parents for three weeks.

Master Jerome Miller, of 311 West Creighton avenue, has gone to South Bend for a week's visit.

Mrs. E. D. Gallagher has just returned from a three months' trip to Chicago, New York and Niagara.

Miss Clara Levenberger, of East Creighton avenue, has returned from a trip to Europe.

Mrs. J. F. Brooks, of South Harrison street, is visiting relatives in Dunkirk, O., for a few days.

Miss Lucille Havert will go to Toledo tomorrow to spend a week with friends.

Mrs. R. A. Magee, of West Berry street, returned to Lake Wawasee today after a short visit at her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Hattersley will return this evening from a weeks' visit in Chicago.

Miss Elizabeth Ahern, of West DeWald street, is going to Lake James tomorrow for a two weeks' stay.

Miss Gladys Allen has gone to Lake George to be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Dixon.

The Misses Irene and Mabel Martin, of East Wayne street, are going to Rome City tomorrow.

Miss Hazel Whitaker has gone to Rome City to be a guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Harper.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Kellr, of Masterson avenue, have returned from a trip to West Baden springs.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Hatten, of Fairfield, Iowa, are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Perry, of Kinnaird avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Baade, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stier and the Misses Traub come home tonight from a two weeks' outing at Lake James.

Misses Mabel Hull and Virginia Bash will leave next Wednesday for Walloon Lake, Mich., to remain several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen D. Bond, of West Berry street, are planning to spend a fortnight's outing at Walloon lake sometime this month.

Mrs. Will Coulter and child, of Upper Sandusky, Ohio, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frank Liebman, of West Wayne street.

Miss Alice Worden has returned from Winona lake accompanied by Mrs. Harold Mauzy, of Gary, who has visited Miss Worden several times before.

Mrs. Helen Fisher and daughter, Florence, of Port Huron, Mich., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Miller.

Joseph Twomey, of Chicago, and Maurice Twomey, of San Antonio, Tex., arrived in the city today to visit their cousin, Mrs. John Winegart, of Masterson avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. John Eggeman, of Woodland avenue, are going to St. Louis, Mo., tomorrow for a fortnight's stay. Mr. Eggeman is called there on business.

Mrs. Fred T. Tressel has returned from a fortnight's visit at Lake James, where she was the guest of Mrs. Fred J. Graham and Mrs. M. F. Schick.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Rohrer, of Topeka, Kan., who are spending a few days with Mrs. Nellie Fee, will leave on Monday for a visit in Dayton, O.

Mrs. Herman Breuer, who was visiting Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Meyer, of Madison street, returned to Ann Arbor, Mich., yesterday.

The Misses Edith and Catherine Klotz have returned from a fortnight's trip to Detroit, Mackinac and other Michigan points.

Miss Lydia Buechner, of Detroit, will come home this evening for a week's visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Buechner, of Hermann street.

Miss Laura Wiemann, of East Lewis street, is going to Detroit, Mich., the first of next week to spend some time with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. George Loesch expect Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Farley and daughter, Georgia, of New York city, to be their guests during the coming week.

Miss Virginia Philley will have charge of the society department of the Daily News in the absence of Miss Hadji Dawson, who has gone to Rome City for a month's outing.

Misses Grace and Flora Byrer will leave tomorrow for Chicago where Miss Grace Byrer will remain some time. Her sister will go to St. Joe, Mich., for a fortnight's visit.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Mills, of Lakeside, will leave the first of the week for an eastern trip. Mrs. Mills will visit relatives in Rochester, N. Y., during the time.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Kleinrichert and children and Mr. and Mrs. Julian Franke and children are going on Monday to Lake James for an outing of ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. William Pape, of 731 High street, and Mr. and Mrs. William Pape and daughter, Hulda, of 223 East Wayne stret, will leave tomorrow for a two weeks' stay at the West Point cottage, Rome City.

Mrs. S. Lussenhop, of 631 West DeWald street and the Misses Anna and Helen and Master Arthur Lussenhop have returned from a fortnight's visit in Chicago.

Mrs. Julia G. Ambos, of St. Louis, Mo., who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. S. L. Morris, of Washington boulevard west, for several weeks, went to Chicago today accompanied by her nephew, Sam L. Morris, Jr.

The Misses Dorothy Costello, Babe and Loretta Conroy, Edna Crist and Helen Emrich are going to Rome City tomorrow where they will be guests for the day of a party of friends from other places.

I. Ellwood Lane and family, of West Creighton avenue, will leave on Monday morning for an extended auto trip through Michigan, Canada and the east. They will be gone from ten days to two weeks and on their return will come by way of Niagara and Cleveland.

Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt Golden, who have just moved in their new home in Stophlet street, were given a pleasant surprise on Thursday evening by the Lady Maccabees and their husbands. Games and music were enjoyed and later in the evening an elaborate luncheon was served the company by the prime movers in the affair.

Miss Ethel Kirby left today for Chicago to spend a few days with Miss Dias. From Chicago Miss Kirby, with a party from St. Xavier's academy, which Miss Kirby formerly attended, will go to Miss Dias' summer home at Lake Geneva, Wis., where they will be guests for several days. On returning home Miss Kirby and her mother will leave immediately for the Adirondacks and New York city.

Miss Helen Griffiths is expected home this evening from Madison, Wis., where she has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Robert Feustel. Miss Griffiths will be accompanied by Miss Helena Daprich. Miss Griffiths will spend her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Griffiths, of Washington boulevard west, and at Miss Griffiths' cottage at Lake James, and will then return to Des Moines, Iowa, where she has been the past year as librarian at the Highland Park college.

A house party of Fort Wayne young girls at Walloon lake, Mich., has broken up. The girls were guests of Miss Virginia and Miss Maribel Olds, at different cottages. The Misses Marie and Helen Kelly returned home three days ago. Miss Elizabeth Porter, another member of the party, is going to Mackinac island to visit Miss Fannie Winch at her cottage and Miss Irma Poole will go to Torch lake to be a guest for a week of Misses Louise and Marjorie Pickard and during the time will take a trip to the Sault Ste. Marie.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Pope, of 16 Lawton place, entertained on Thursday afternoon in honor of Miss Louise Dunbar and her mother. A number of ladies were invited in the afternoon to meet the honor guests, who were guests later at dinner. A delightful time was spent by the entire company, which included Mrs. Walter Langtry, Mrs. Fred Gloesencamp, Mrs. George Jaap, Mrs. Wiebman, Mrs. T. Doyle, Mrs. J. S. Tid and daughter, Mabel, Mrs. C. Ashley, Mrs. Young, Mrs. S. M. Phillips and Mrs. R. V. Phillips, of Toledo, O.

The members of the Idle Hour card club were entertained by Mrs. John Doyle, of New Haven avenue, on Thursday afternoon. Prizes were awarded to Mrs. Hentzler, Mrs. Goldberger, Mrs. Shulte and Mrs. Jockel. After the games a luncheon was served. Mrs. Henrietta Doyle assisted the hostess. The members of the club are Mesdames Hardendorf, Lortham, Jockel, Keller, Klein, Sovine, Kingwell, Hentzler, Schatzer, Curtice, Klingenberger, Kohlhaas, Schultz and Doyle. Mrs. Ringwolt, who lives on the Maysville road, will be the next hostess for the club.

Miss Olive Kirtley, of Toledo, O., returned to her home today accompanied by Miss Glayds Johns, of No. 91 Berry street, whose guest Miss Kirkley had been during her visit here. Among the social parties given in honor of the visitor were those on Thursday evening and Friday afternoon by Miss Johns, a picnic at Robison park and later in the week Miss Helen Gerow gave a marshmallow bake and roasting on the bank of the St. Mary's. Mrs. Alma Swarm hosted a walking party in honor of the same visitor and a trip was made in that way to Forest park. A bonfire with its accompaniments of things to roast by it were particular things about that good time. Altogether the young people concerned spent several jolly evenings.

Steel Arches Aid, But Do Not Cure Weak Insteps

Proper Footgear and Regular Exercises, Night and Morning, Will Overcome Difficulty.

Just because steel arches within one's shoes support the instep when it is broken down is no reason why such assistants are to be regarded as a cure. In point of fact, they are aids, and one whose small bones of the feet are displaced or weak should go through regular exercises morning and night to strengthen the feet and overcome the difficulty.

Neither pumps nor ties should be worn. Shoes that go above the ankles are imperative, because leather acts as a brace to the joint. Lace boots are better than those which button, owing to the fact that the latter can be tightened in one portion and let out in another when occasion requires. Pointed toes or any shape of sole which cramps the arch is manifestly injurious, and the more a woman can sacrifice her pride to wearing lasts that are straight on the inner side the better. It is not pretty, but it does permit of the foot being in more normal position. For house and dress, when one will not walk or stand, more shapely lasts may be used.

Never may the kind which presses the arch down be used. There are some long vamps which do this and they are injurious when there is arch trouble.

Exercises that strengthen the muscles of the feet may be done for a couple of minutes any time through the day when the ankle is not confined in leather. The foot must be free, just as the body is, when developing exercises are undertaken.

Work may begin by resting the heels on a hassock and moving the toes up and down from the ankle joint. It is really the arch bones and not the ankle which is thus moved, but it does not appear so. The best way is to work first one foot and then the other, always keeping the heel in place. Next one tries to screw the foot around from the ankle. There is no other way of expressing this motion, and it results in the foot being pressed from side to side in rotary motion. Finally, one stands and rises one's self on the toes, coming down to the heel in a second, repeating this for at least ten times. In a week or so the number is increased.

Simple though this may seem, the method is decidedly beneficial and is recommended by orthopaedist.

Massaging is of course an aid and the instep should be kneaded and rubbed vigorously whenever opportunity offers.

MARGARET MIXTER.

Fashion Hint From Paris.

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Rose linen with ecru embroidery.

THE YOUTHFUL ACTING MAYOR OF NEW YORK.

JOHN PURROY MITCHEL

New York, Aug. 13.—As the immediate result of the attack on Mayor Gaynor, the public affairs of New York city are placed in the hands of an exceptionally youthful executive, John Purroy Mitchell, acting mayor by virtue of being president of the board of aldermen. Mr. Mitchell would of necessity have been acting mayor during the absence abroad of Mayor Gaynor, but now, owing to the latter's injuries, Mr. Mitchell will probably be in executive charge for months.

Mr. Mitchell is thirty years old, but during his three years of public life he has achieved prominence by his investigations into many city departments, and also by bringing about the removal of John F. Ahearn as president of Manhattan and Louis F. Haffen as president of the Bronx.

His youth and youthful appearance were commented on last January, when Mayor Gaynor was installed in office. In the reception room at city hall, when the line of visitors filed through to attend the mayor's reception and shake hands with him, Mr. Gaynor on meeting Mr. Mitchell said: "So you are Mitchell? Well, you are a young chap. I saw you once before not long ago, when you were a mere boy. I am always glad to see young men get along."

AN ACTOR-AVIATOR

London, Aug. 13.—Robert Loraine, the actor, qualified as a star aviator by making a splendid flight across the Irish sea, a distance of more than fifty miles, from Black pool, England, to Llandudno, on the coast of North Wales.

Hot Weather No Excuse for Girl's Careless Dressing

Well Bred Woman in No Circumstances Neglects Niceties of Life.

It isn't easy to avoid, and yet a girl should not permit herself to grow careless in her manner of dressing in warm weather. In nothing is good breeding more demonstrated than the way a woman arrays herself, both for house and street, but particularly the former, when the thermometer is soaring in the nineties. A well bred woman looks well bred, even then, when one who has not been born or trained to the niceties of life appears more or less slovenly.

The refrain employed in the privacy of their own homes by some women, "It doesn't matter how I look, because there is no one to see," is one of the most utterly demoralizing. If she goes about the apartment in slovenly fashion, she dulls her own sensibilities, so that when, after a time, as invariably happens, some one does "see," she doesn't care, and the opinion that the other has of her is not one which would bring her joy.

If we only dressed and acted for show we would soon cease to do so even for that, and it is only by constantly keeping ourselves up to the point of good breeding that we shall remain so.

This is not to say one should never relax either in dressing or manner, but when relaxation is necessary a woman must keep to the privacy of her own chamber, not emerging until she is dressed to do so. Moreover, it is so easy to be neatly and at the same time comfortably dressed if time is once given to arranging for it.

Every woman knows that tight stays are warm and uncomfortable on a hot day, but not one woman in a thousand looks other than sloppy without them. Therefore, if she will buy one of the cheap variety of "reinforced" or "coraline" stays, as they are called, and wear it loose, instead of tight, she will not be warmer and she will look it at.

If high collars make her warm and uncomfortable, it is the simplest matter to have all her clothing or house dresses without any collars, particularly in the so days of Dutch necks. With the throat of her gown so finished she will look well, whereas if she has a high collar, unfastened, she cannot appear other than untidy.

When she must put on a long loose gown she should make a point of removing all other garments and staying in her room. Kimona clad she is not fit to interview the butcher and the baker, nor should she do so.

ROSANNA SCHUYLER.

COLUMBIA SATURDAY SALE

Our own make fresh sugar coated peanuts at 18c lb.; regular price, 25c.

Columbia Candy Kitchen.

As Good as Your Best

Not as "good as your average," but as "good as your best," is the standard we have set for

PERFECTION BREAD

You know how often your bread is not as good as it might be, and how often it is a complete failure.

Knowing how, and superb facilities keep Perfection Bread absolutely uniform in its goodness.

10 a double loaf.

At all dealers.

TONIGHT

Every article in this store at a discount. Alterations in our store compel it

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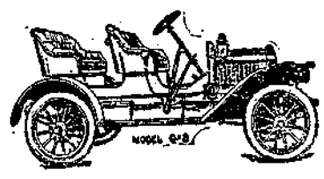
816 Calhoun St. Watch for the Watch

Housecleaning Sale



of Demonstrating Cars and Used Cars Taken in Trade

1 Mitchell, 14 H. P., 2 cyl., worth $400, price now $275
1 Yale, 20 H. P., 3 passenger, has 4 new casings $325
1 Auto Car, 14 H. P., shaft drive, a bargain at $275
1 Brush car (our demonstrator), good as new... $425
1 New Era Autocycle, practically new, cost $300 now $150

Fords, Maxwells and Reos, slightly used, at bargain prices.

It will pay you to call and see these bargains.

		INNER TUBES, 2DS.	
Wind Shields ....$10, $12.50 and $15.00		30x3½	$5.00
Zig Zag Shields	$20.00	32x3½	5.25
Nightingale Whistles	$3.50	31x4	5.40
Large Double Action Pumps	$2.75	34x3½	5.50
Stapley Pumps, pressure guages attached, $6.00 values, now	$4.00	34x4	5.75
Puritan Oil Soap, 5-lb. buckets	50c	AUTO CASINGS, 2DS.	
Auto Jacks	$1.00 and $1.50	28x3	$13.00
Ideal Inner Sleeves for casings $1, $1.25 and $1.50		30x3	14.25
Transmission Grease, bucket	75c	30x3½	20.00
		32x3½	20.00
		32x4	25.00
		34x4	27.00

BROSIUS & SESLINE AUTO CO.

117 EAST COLUMBIA STREET.

OUR CULINARY DEPARTMENT

MENUS AND RECIPES FOR HOUSEKEEPER'S DAILY USE

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13.

Breakfast.
Raspberries.
French Omelet. Stewed Potatoes.
Rice Muffins.
Coffee.

Lunch.
Curried Fish.
Apple and Celery Salad.
Rolls.
Preserves.
Iced Chocolate.

Dinner.
Salmon. Egg Sauce
Baked Potatoes.
Cucumbers. French Dressing.
Wafers. Cheese.
Peach Ice Cream. Jam Cake.
Coffee.

RECIPES.

Curried Fish.

Fry two pounds of fish ... ing tablespoonfuls of b... other tablespoonful ... cupful and brown one chopped onion in it; add one and a half tablespoonfuls of curry powder, three tablespoonfuls of cocoanut, half a cupful of stock, half a cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of sugar and one teaspoonful of salt; boil for fifteen minutes. Divide the fish into large flakes, add to curry with one tablespoonful of lemon juice and cook for five minutes. Serve with a dish of plain boiled rice.

Jam Cake.

Cream well together one-half of a cupful of butter and one cupful of sugar. Add the beaten yolks of two eggs, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Stir in alternately one and one-half cupfuls of flour and one-half of a cupful of milk. Beat hard for five minutes, add the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs and one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat for a moment, divide in three layer pans and bake in a moderate oven. When cold spread raspberry jam between the layers.

Packard Band Concert, 24 pieces, Robison park Sunday 12-2t

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during August.
7-16-sat-4t. KEIL & KEIL.

Pure Olive Oil

You don't know what it is until you have used ours—the pure virgin oil expressed from the ripe select fruit, has a fragrant, nut-like odor and palatable taste. It's fine for medicinal or table use and costs no more than ordinary kind.

50c Per Pint; ½ Pint, 30c

Jos. Kussbaum Pharmacy
N. W. Corner Berry and Harrison. Phone 477.

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GEORGE BAILHE, Pianist, Successor to Mrs. Ruhland.

Fall Term Opens Sept. 1st

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DAVENPORT & TRACY PIANO

Best German strings,
Best German hammer-felt.
Best workmanship.
Sweetest tone.
Lightest action.
Best value in America.

Sold By
S. A. KARN MUSIC CO.
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Dr. W. T. Ferguson,

Specialty, Diseases of Women and Diseases of the Kidneys.
222 West Wayne Street

We make a specialty of city property as well as farms. See our list before you buy.

Monroe W. Fitch & Sons,
The Realty and Insurance Men.

EFFECT OF HIGH SPEED UPON AUTOMOBILE RACE DRIVER.

"BOB" BURMAN.

HARRY F. GRANT

DE PALMA AT BEGINNING OF HIS RACING CAREER

MICHENOB
PHOTO BY N. LAZARNICK

STRANG
PHOTO BY SPOONER & WELLS.

GEORGE ROBERTSON

DE PALMA, SHOWING EFFECTS OF A HARD ROAD RACE.
PHOTO BY N. LAZARNICK

RYALL
PHOTO BY LAZARNICK

Ralph de Palma, who ranks with the greatest of automobile race drivers, herewith gives his opinion concerning the effect of high speed racing on the man at the wheel. With a Fiat car D. Palma drove the two fastest laps in the grand prize race at Savannah in 1908, and in dozens of other important contests he has been one of the leading figures. In view of the fact that October will bring renewals of the Vanderbilt cup and grand prize races, both to be decided on the Long Island motor parkway, the views of so noted a driver are of particular interest at this time.

(By Ralph de Palma.)

Not being a physician, I am hardly qualified to speak with authority upon the effect of long continued high speed racing on a driver. However, from my own observations and experience I am of the opinion that driving at extreme speeds (not taking serious smash-ups and accidents into consideration) does not have the bad effect upon one's system that ordinary athletics, such as running, jumping, swimming, etc., have when followed professionally. You will find that the majority of athletes who for their livelihood depend upon their prowess in competition for any number of years sooner or later are stricken with heart trouble or other physical ailment. This is true of many runners and bicycle riders; and, speaking of the latter, I know something of the game, for from 1899 until 1902 I was one myself.

"I attribute the fact that I have no ailments dating back to the bicycle days to my early retirement from the game. When I quit pushing the pedals I took up motorcycle racing, and as was the case with my first attempts at bicycle racing, had my share of spills and accidents, none serious enough, however, to leave bad effects. In fact, the only trouble I have is due to a broken right thigh caused by a bursting tire upsetting the Cyclone in a race at Danbury a year ago.

Headwork counts for more in racing than most people imagine. Not only the muscles, but the brain as well, must be developed, quick thinking and a keen, clear mind playing a big part. Having been through the mill, I do not believe that the strain of high speed has any harmful effect upon the mind or body.

One thing might be mentioned as pecular. Racing produces prematurely gray hair. Nearly every racing driver I know has some gray hair Caleb Bragg, the cleverest of the amateur drivers, for instance, is but twenty-three years old, yet he sports a number of gray hairs about his ears. Louis Strang, "Bob" Burman, "Eddie" Hearn, Edward Parker, Harry F. Grant, Ray Horroun and many other young drivers have some silvery hair, and to this rule I am no exception. Frank Lescault has more than his share—what's left is all gray. Evidently high speed has some effect on the hair, but I cannot see that it damages the nerves or muscles.

I have read that drivers after long road races suffer from stomach trouble and acute indigestion for several days. No instances of this have ever come to my attention. As for me, after a long race I am frightfully hungry—a regular starved feeling.

It is true that racing will have a paralyzing effect on muscles at times, but this is due to the condition of the course and not to the high speed.

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The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in Plain English, or Medicine Simplified, by R. V. Pierce, M. D., Chief Consulting Physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute at Buffalo, a book of 1008 large pages and over 700 illustrations, in strong paper covers, to any one sending 21 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing *only*, or, in French Cloth binding for 31 stamps. Over 680,000 copies of this complete Family Doctor Book were sold in cloth binding at regular price of $1.50. Afterwards, one and a half million copies were given away as above. A new, up-to-date revised edition is now ready for mailing. Better send NOW, before all are gone. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, R. V. Pierce, M. D., President, Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

THE ONE REMEDY for woman's peculiar ailments good enough that its makers are not afraid to print on its outside wrapper its every ingredient. *No Secrets—No Deception.*

THE ONE REMEDY for women which contains no alcohol and no habit-forming drugs. Made from native medicinal forest roots of well established curative value.

AN APPEAL TO MOTHERS

Parents of Children—to have the little one's eyes carefully looked after. We realize the importance of good eyesight that enables them to progress in their studies. Therefore we appeal to you to have their eyes properly examined.

We take special pains with children's eyes

CRAFFE
916 CALHOUN

No Charge For Examination.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

What the Sentinel Had to Say About Persons and Events Twenty-Five Years Ago.

Dr. A. J. Rauch is writing poetry.

Capt. Charles Reese, the new city assessor, today filed his bond in the sum of $3,000.

Marriage licenses: Charles M. Appleman and Glendora G. Engel; John Burlager and Matilda Brake; Joseph Betz and H. A. Spitler.

Frank J. Healy left this morning for Columbus, Ohio, to take a position on the Times, the democratic paper published by Ferd J. Wendell.

The temperance people have apologized to the reunion managers for their haste in asserting that liquor would be sold on the grounds during the encampment.

O. B. Wiley, the popular county surveyor, is not recognized now. Bird had his military mustache clipped off and looks the picture of a clergyman. When Mr. Wiley calls on his sweetheart there will be some commotion in the vicinity.

Paymaster Sheppard, of the Wabash, is so far behind with the pay car that employes think it probable he intends to pay for both June and July on this trip.

Postmaster Kaough is constantly at work in the postoffice and will soon thoroughly understand every department of the service. Mr. Kaough will make an admirable officer.

The block erected by the Rich brothers at the corner of Calhoun street and Douglas avenue, is nearing completion and is quite a handsome piece of property. Andrew McClure has leased the hotel part, and will operate it with the Commercial house.

Judge Lowry secured the appointment of three fourth-class postmasters yesterday: Woodruff, Lagrange county, O. C. Helms, vice Allen Woodruff, resigned; Hamilton, Steuben county, A. J. Stout, vice John W. Thomas, resigned; Green Center, Noble county, E. W. Matthews, vice Silas Moore, resigned.

Drs. H. V. Sweringen, J. H. Omo, G. T. Bruebach, Horace E. Adams, J. D. McHenry, Frederick Thayer, Joseph A. Smith, Joseph H. Jones, Thomas J. Dills, Thomas S. Virgil, Thomas H. McCormick, Marion F. Williamson, Amandus S. Laubach, Samuel C. Metcalf have taken out licenses to practice medicine under the new law.

VERIFY IT

The Proof Is in Fort Wayne, Almost at Your Door.

The public statement of a Fort Wayne citizen is in itself strong proof for Fort Wayne people, but confirmation strengthens the evidence.

Here is a Fort Wayne citizen who testified years ago that Doan's Kidney Pills relieved sick kidneys and now states the cure was permanent. Can any sufferer from kidney ills ask better proof? You can investigate. The case is right at home.

Joseph R. Sunderland, 650 Putnam St., Fort Wayne, Ind., says: "I feel justified in recommending Doan's Kidney Pills, which I procured from Meyer Bros. Co.'s Drug Store. I suffered for several years from a kidney weakness, coupled with severe pains in my back. Since I used Doan's Kidney Pills, I have been in much better health and my kidneys have caused me but little trouble." (Statement given December 1, 1908.

RE-ENDORSEMENT.

On June 30, 1910, when Mr. Sunderland was interviewed, he said: "The benefit Doan's Kidney Pills brought me has been permanent. I have not had any pains or aches during the past year and half."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

AUDITORS ERR IN REPORTS.

Knowledge of Condition of School Funds is Therefore Delayed.

Indianapolis, Aug. 13.—Many errors have been found in the reports of county auditors to Robert J. Aley, state superintendent of public instruction, on the condition of the school funds. The errors were occasioned by the changes made in many instances by the state board of accounts. Corrections were necessary in the reports of twenty-two counties by John I. Hoffman, deputy state superintendent. The results, which ordinarily are compiled by July 1, may not be given out for several days.

A Canton (O.) judge has sentenced a man to spend every Sunday in jail until further notice. He gives the prisoner the privilege of working all the week in order to support his family, but he must report at the jail every Saturday night. The Sunday "booze" is thus cut out.

20,479,972

Amount of Sales from January 1st to August 1st, 1910.

Rumors about the motor car industry, which are absurd and exaggerated, and especially about the big Buick company, of Flint, Mich., have brought from the Buick officers a full and detailed statement that is of extraordinary interest.

Stories that cars were stored in the Flint plant and about the country are adequately and conclusively answered by the statement that the company has in all its branches 2,316 cars, less than the average thirty days requirements of the branches, whose sales at the present time exceed $2,500,000 per month.

Some of the branches are doing a business of more than $400,000 a month, which means a total distribution in each of the branches referred to of 400 a month.

On July 27, 1910, the Buick Motor company had at its factory in Flint, Mich., 527 cars finished of different models. On the same date the company had orders for 472 of these models for immediate shipment.

On July 27, 1910, the Buick Motor company had at its factory in Jackson, Mich., 416 finished light delivery trucks. On the same date the company had on hand orders for 361 of the above for immediate shipment.

On July 27, 1910, the Buick Motor company had at its factory in Flint, Mich., in process of construction to complete its schedule of production for the season of 1910, 6,045 machines.

On July 27, 1910, the Buick Motor company had at its factory in Jackson, Mich., in process of construction to complete its schedule of production for season of 1910, 1,000 light delivery trucks.

All of the above cars will be converted into cash within the next four months.

The largest amount ever paid to the association of Licensed Motor Car Manufacturers for royalties under the Selden patent is reported by the Buick Motor company for the three months ending June 20, 1910, the number of cars built and sold during the three months numbering 3,697, the royalties on same amounting to $93,855.20.

The sales of the Buick Motor company at the present time are upwards of $2,500,000 per month.

FOR RENT—Suite of 4 office rooms, 110-112 W. Wayne St.; rent $20 per month. Apply Sentinel office. 8-1-tf

STATE SENATOR IS BURNED.

F. C. Tilden Badly Injured Saving His Horse.

Greencastle, Ind., Aug. 13.—State Senator F. C. Tilden was badly burned on the back, arms and about the face while trying to lead his horse from a burning barn yesterday. The fire was not discovered until it had gained considerable headway. When Senator Tilden reached the barn he found his horse was in the burning building, and he made an attempt to rescue the animal. He succeeded in getting it out of the barn, but when he reached the open air he was almost suffocated. His physicians report that his injuries will confine him to his home for only a few days.

ACUTE OR CHRONIC—WHICH?

No matter if your kidney trouble is acute or chronic Foley's Kidney Remedy will reach your case. Mr. Claude Brown, Reynoldsville, Ill., writes us that he suffered many months with kidney complaint which baffled all treatment. At last he tried Foley's Kidney Remedy and a few large bottles effected a complete cure. He says, "It has been of inestimable value to me." Dreier Bros.

Packard Band Concert, 24 pieces, Robison park Sunday 12-2t

INVITE VETERANS TO MEET.

Indiana Association of Mexican War Fighters in Final Reunion.

Indianapolis, Aug. 13.—Governors of states adjoining Indiana will be asked to extend an invitation to all Mexican war veterans to attend the final reunion of the Indiana association Sept. 6 at the state house. The exercises will be held in the senate chamber, which is to be draped with the old Mexican war flags and other battle flags. Governod Marshall and Mayor Shank will be asked to address the assemblage. A meeting of the committee on arrangements will be held this afternoon at Fairview park.

THEY HAVE A DEFINITE PURPOSE.

Foley Kidney Pills give quick relief in cases of kidney and bladder ailments. Mrs. Rose Glaser, Terre Haute, Ind., tells the result in her case. "After suffering for many years from a serious case of kidney trouble and spending much money for so called cures, I found Foley Kidney Pills the only medicine that gave me a permanent cure. I am again able to be up and attend to my work. I shall never hesitate to recommend them." Dreier Bros.

Balloon Ascension and Parachute Drop, Robison Park.

REAL MYSTERY ENVELOPS DANCER NOW EXCITING GOTHAMITES.

"THE MAID OF MYSTERY"

New York, Aug. 13.—"The Maid of Mystery" made her first appearance in New York at the Victoria theater, and last night at Hammerstein's Roof garden in a pantomimic Grecian dance, and when it all was over the secret of her identity remained unsolved.

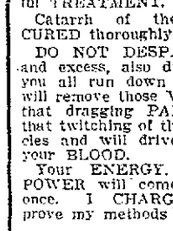
The hint was given that perhaps the mysterious dancer might be a "prominent society woman," and in order that she might remain incognito she wore a mask covering the lower part of her face. Otherwise her costume was not designed as a disguise.

The dance was said to be a representation of those performed by love sick maidens in Greece about three hundred years B. C., who chose that means of ending their lives, when their love was unrequited. "The Maid of Mystery" introduced several difficult modern acrobatic feats in the ancient dance, and some of her poses were graceful and pretty. The popular demand for something new in dancing was gratified.

It is related of "The Maid of Mystery" by some one who is anxious, apparently, to help her conceal her identity, that she always travels with two Arabian attendants. One of her eccentricities is that she will not enter a theater by the stage door, but insists upon using the main entrance and always wears her stage costume.

Her only appearance in New York will be at the Roof Garden and from there she will go direct to London.

YALE LOCKS



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Now is the time to buy Screens. The Ideal Screens are made to order only and made to fit. Do not sag, warp or stick. No edges to split off. Cannot be taken off from outside and they lock. Are easily hung or removed, will outlast any ordinary screen ever made.

They are the ideal of perfection in modern screen making. Do not buy before getting our prices. Our representative will call.

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I Cure Men and Women

My Treatment is FREE If I do not Cure

Rupture, Piles, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Fistula, CURED WITHOUT THE KNIFE.

All other Pelvic, Nervous and Chronic DISEASES Cured Forever.

Rheumatism, that dreaded disease, cured in a short time by this wonderful TREATMENT.

Catarrh of the entire system CURED thoroughly.

DO NOT DESPAIR because folly and excess, also disease, have made you all run down and worthless. I will remove those VARICOSE VEINS, that dragging PAIN in your back, that twitching of the nerves and muscles and will drive the poison from your BLOOD.

Your ENERGY, AMBITION and POWER will come back to you at once. I CHARGE NOTHING to prove my methods will CURE you.

Hours—9-5, 7-8; Friday, 9-5; Sunday, 9-1.

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COLD CASH

Now is the time to get
All the money you need
To pay up your small bills.
Interest and charges small.
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All left in your possession.
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The best investment on earth is earth itself.

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The Earth Men

MEN,

IF YOU ARE AILING, CONSULT ME, I WILL CURE YOU.

DR. MORELAND

Expert Specialist

For many years I have been curing diseases of men, and my success has been such that I can guarantee my patients a lasting cure. If you are in need of treatment, you should not hesitate to consult me. My treatment will cure you and my guarantee protects you. If you have been unsuccessfully treated, you should make one more effort to regain your health. My long experience and perfected methods of treatment, aided by my superior office equipments enables me to do everything that is necessary for my patients and cure them in a shorter time than any other specialist.

Whatever may have caused your trouble, you do not want to suffer the full penalty exacted by Nature. You do not want your health wrecked, your happiness destroyed and your life filled with misery and suffering, when with a little effort you can avoid it. Under my advanced methods of treatment a cure is a certainty. I CURE. AND WHAT I CURE STAYS CURED.

I treat, cure promptly, safely and thoroughly at the lowest cost, Piles, Rupture, Catarrh, Debilitated Nerves, Loss of Strength, Lowered Vitality, Varicose Veins or Enlargement, Blood Poison, Kidney and Bladder Diseases and all diseases and weaknesses and their complications. CONSULTATION AND ADVICE FREE. Write if You Cannot Call.

DR. E. W. MORELAND CO.

Office Hours—9 to 12, 1 to 5; Evening, 7 to 8; Sunday, 9 to 1 Only.

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136 WEST WAYNE STREET. FORT WAYNE, IND.

—D. C. FISHER—

Real Estate and Loans.

—Cor. Wayne Street.—

Crisp News of What's Doing in the Sporting World

Knoll Didn't Care a Bit About Covington in 1907

Pitcher Didn't Want to Report and Nobody Seemed to Care Much Whether He Did or Did Not.

When Charles Punch Knoll took upon himself the task of assembling a ball troupe to represent Evansville in the Central league circuit in 1907 he had on his roster one Covington, hurler, who had become so generally known by the name of "Texas," abreviated to "Tex," that his really and truly surname had been entirely lost sight of and was retained merely as a handy thing to sign a contract with.

For some reason or other Mr. Covington did not want to report and Mr. Knoll told him in unmistakable terms that he didn't care whether he did or not and as the team owners and the general public entertained about the same ideas in the premises the speed demon was lost sight of in the shuffle.

Last season he reported and said that a salary wing had been bothering him so much that he could not pitch the year before and he was shunted into the training squad with just the same chances that the other pitchers had and with no assurance that his "smoke" would keep him on the staff. He showed some form and got a regular job and in 1908 he engendered some fast foot work at the plate among the teams that he pitched against.

When he cut loose with a fast curve or a straight ball it behooved the batter to be on the alert because there was no way of telling whether the ball would cut the plate, smash into the dome of the batter, cave in a rib or two or go over the grand stand. He was just wild enough to be good and he showed pretty good form but did not attract any major league attention.

This season Mr. Covington has apparently matured to a certain degree the art of getting 'em over when it is necessary and Aggie Grant is peddling him about among the big league teams as the most promising right hand pitcher in the Central league. Of course, the Eva boss is boosting a bit as he wants to get deep into the exchequer of some club when he parts with his speedy pitcher but at that this Covington is some slabbist.

He gave a demonstration of this fact in the second round of the series at Evansville yesterday afternoon when Delmer Dewaine Young was the only member of the Burke squad that punctured the matinee with a bingle. Not one Fort Wayne player made the circuit and but for some untamed heaving on the part of Art Queisser Charlie Alberts would have had the enemy runless at the close of the ninth.

After Covington had been retired in the third Lavelle beat out a roller down third base line and McBrair whiffed. With two gone Lavelle stole second and Queisser's throw got out into middle field giving the runner an extra base. Bill Snyder hit a short single that scored Lavelle.

The second run also resulted from a bad throw. After one man had been stowed in the seventh Lejuene hit and stole second. Queisser's throw was bad and yielded an extra base and a sacrifice fly scored the runner. Along with everything else Covington had good control. He hit Manda and passed one man. Alberts hit a batsman but did not give a base on balls and the five hits he gave were so scattered that with faultless support he would have registered a shut out.

Covington did not allow a man to reach second and only three of the Fort Wayne players got to first. Young hit, Manda was hit and was passed and none of the others managed to get on. Covington pitched one game of the last series here when Evansville was trimmed three straights but he was stacked up against Robertson and was beaten.

MOTORCYCLE CONTEST.

Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 13.—Events in the present motorcycle meet at the Point Breeze race track under the auspices of the American Federation of Motorcyclists will be held this afternoon. Among the races on the program are a ten mile race and a one hour contest, both for the national championship. New records are looked for.

We have been selling three pairs of garters for 50c. They go for 25c during our great half price sale.
PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

The French-American society will hold its annual election of officers Sunday afternoon at its hall on Columbia street.

Packard band concert, Robison Park, twenty-four pieces, Sunday. 12-2t

Joseph Ahern will return tomorrow from Rome City where he has been spending the past week with friends.

Manager Held Under Suspension by President Johnson

HUGH JENNINGS, MANAGER OF THE DETROIT NINE, DANCES ON ONE FOOT, SHOUTS "HEE HAW!" WHISTLES AND FAIRLY BUBBLES OVER WITH GINGER.

Eddie Hanlon Was a Wise Trader in His Ball Days

New York, Aug. 13.—Eddie Hanlon, who has retired from active participancy in baseball although he owns the baseball park in Baltimore on which the Baltimores of the Eastern league now play, was noted as the shrewdest maker of deals in the baseball business when it came down to trading players. The trade whereby he secured Willie Keeler for the famous three time champion "Orioles" of Baltimore for Dan Brouthers, who was then "going back" was perhaps the best trade "Eddie" ever made, but he worked so many other good ones, that other managers became afraid of him when he proposed negotiations.

Ned Hanlon, as he is now called, his advancing years having made "Eddie" bad form, with wealth, honors and the respect of his eldest intimate friends, retires with wealth, honors and the respect of everyone with whom he was ever connected. No ball player ever had a more successful and honorable professionable baseball career than Hanlon. He made the national game his life business and study and is now reaping a well earned reward in Baltimore, the city he has made his home.

But when Eddie Hanlon entered into baseball he was the greenest and most countryfied boy that ever broke into the game. He was from Taftville, Conn., eight miles outside of Norwich. He would drawl in the very broadest of New England Yankee twang when he was asked where he hailed from.

His first professional engagement was with the Providence, R. I., club, then of the New England league, in 1875. He started in as a pitcher, but was knocked out of the box by the Fall Rivers in the first inning and never essayed pitching again. He was put on third base after that and made good from the start. He was always a fine batter and base runner and could hit like a house afire. Later he became an outfielder and in that position with the Detroit club and as captain of the team he established his first reputation as a player.

When he first joined the Providence club there he came on a rainy day and he was told by Pitcher Critchley, "Big Critch" to go out, buy himself a rubber coat, rubber boots, rubber gloves and rubber cap, for no matter how hard it rained or how wet and muddy the field, professional games had to be played. "Eddie" conscientiously did as he was told and appeared on the field in the new regalia. He was kept out in the pouring rain an hour or so fielding batted balls, before he was "put wise" that it was a josh.

He laughed that little giggling splutter of his and said: "Waal by gosh I can go fishing for bull heads up in Taftville with the rubber uniform all right be jee."

Mention rubber uniform to "Eddie" today and he will explode with laughter and say "well, I got even with 'Big Critch' for that joke for I made three home runs off him the next year in one game, and we were in different clubs."

CAREY DROPS IN AT THE OPPORTUNE MOMENT

Just as Wheeler Was Ready to Send Wells to the Outfield.

Just as Eddie Wheeler, chief of the Bender band was about to sacrifice a good catcher by putting Bob Wells at the top of his batting list and making of him an outfielder, "Hip" Carnarius Carey, alias "Scoops" dropped into South Bend looking for a job and with no strings attached to him and all the manager had to do was to pick him up, chuck him into the infield while Ben Koehler was sick and fill the outer works with him when his regular second baser was ready to go to work.

In the meantime he had bought Holmes from the Zanesville team and with Watson in reserve had expected to send his first catcher out where his speed and hitting would count to better advantage. Good fortune has been right with Wheeler all season and Carey has been hitting pretty well and fielding and running bases in great shape since he became a Broncho. Credit must be given Wheeler for good judgment as he has broken up two winning organizations for the sake of harmony and both times he has bettered his team.

Yesterday Mr. Carey showed his worth to the club by hammering out a triple, a home run and stealing a base all of which was instrumental in pickling the second fray between the leaders and the Stogies. Carey did not cost the South Bend club one cent, he dropped in just when he was needed and added another piece of good luck to the long list that has favored South Bend all year.

With all his players back in line except his catchers, Manager Knoll pulled over another victory at Terre Haute yesterday and made a gain on Fort Wayne. He picked Jimmy Wacker for the pitching and Groeschow sent in Pickett, one of his St. Louis National loans, and both men were knocked out of the box. Neuschafer and Summers finished.

Grand Rapids gave great promise of breaking its losing streak when it piled up a good lead on Zanesville in the early part of the game but the Athletics came strong at the close and sent the battle to an overtime tie.

Genuine $1 Sea Island balbriggan underwear will be sold at half price during our great sale. Every shirt and every drawer stamped "Sea Island." This is only one of a hundred things we do during our great half price sale that began Thursday.
PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

CARR BROTHERS TOO SLIM FOR FAST COMPANY

Lightweight Battery is Kept in the Bushes by This Fact.

It's a bit of a pity that the Carr brothers, whose hurling and catching are destined to make more than a flag station out of Antwerp, Ohio, could not have been one, as there is just about enough avordupois in the combination to make one hefty ball player and the split is a handicap to both, as they are a bit too light for league company.

Mart Cleary says this Joe Carr is some pitcher and that when the Fort Wayne team went barnstorming against the Antwerp Reds the pitching sliver made Walter Miller go like a house afire to beat him and then the league hurler barely got the best of a one to nothing score. It is said of the catcher end of the sketch that one time when he was playing in some of the towns hereabouts there was a riot and he stood a bat on end and hid himself behind it during the hostilities, but this may or may not be true.

At any rate Mart Cleary and his Shamrocks will put on exhibition at league park tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock the slender battery of the country. These Carrs are certainly the slim boys, but at that they are good ball players and the last time they played here they made the Shamrocks hustle and probably would not have been beaten with a stronger support.

As has already been announced Antwerp will be permitted to select its own umpire in order to insure that the visitors will not get the worst of it. This innovation ought to be a popular one with the visiting teams.

The Reds will line up like this: DeLong, 1b; Cromley, ss; Gordon, cf; T. Reeb, rf; R. Carr, c; M. Reeb, 3b; Smth, 2b; Foster, lf; J. Carr, p; McGuire, utility.

The Shamrocks will put in Hoffer, catcher; Seitz or Robbins, pitcher; Walda, short; Zellers, first; Gellmeier, second; Long, third; Smith, left; Collars, center; Quinn, right.

Tall men's top coats half price during our great sale that began Thursday.
PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

UHLAN SET A NEW MARK AT NORTH RANDALL

Chopped Two Seconds Off Lou Dillon's Best Performance.

WORLD'S RECORDS BY UHLAN.

	¼.	½.	¾.	Mile.
*Aug. 9	:30½	:59¾	1:30¼	2:01
†Aug. 12	:29¾	:59	1:29¾	1:58¾

*For trotting geldings—to wagon.
†Without wind shield—to sulky.

Cleveland, O., Aug. 13.—Driven by Charles Tanner, of Cleveland, C. K. G. Billings' black gelding Uhlan established a new world's record by trotting a mile at North Randall track without a wind shield in 1:58¾, beating Lou Dillon's record by two and one-quarter seconds and coming within one-quarter of a second of equaling the record made by her with a wind shield October 24, 1906, when she trotted a mile at Memphis in 1:58½.

Horsemen who held watches on the great gelding's attempt say, as a result of yesterday's performance, that with a wind shield he will be able to better the mare's mark.

The big crowd at North Randall had expected to see Uhlan driven to a wagon, but was all the more enthusiastic when the announcement was made that he would try for the world's record to a sulky without wind shield.

Governor Harmon notified Sheriff Hirstius of Cuyahoga county to stop pool selling, which has been going on at the Grand Circuit races all week and yesterday afternoon Deputy Stannard proceeded to the track. He presented a warrant to H. K. Devereux, president of the Forest City Live Stock and Fair company, charging him with permitting gambling, but later released him on his own recognizance. The pool selling continued.

Rev. A. S. Gregg, an international reform bureau agent, made a complaint to the governor. The races close today.

A season's record came near falling in the Forest City Stake race, the third event of the day. Ess H. Kay, pushed by Ella Ambulator and Walter W., paced the first heat in 2:02¼, equaling the mark set by Ross K. at Detroit last week. Walter Hal took the second heat and Merry Widow the third, Walter Hal winning first money under the three heat plan.

The final heat of the first division of the Tavern "Steak," continued from yesterday, went to Henry H., who had captured two heats before darkness fell. Joan had little trouble in winning over the entries in the second division of the race, except in the third heat, when Willy finished second by a nose.

Emily Ellen, winner of the Horseman and Spirit of the Times Futurity at Detroit last week, was an easy winner in the 2:19 trot for 3-year-olds. Four heats of the 2:17 trot were decided without a winner developing and the finish was postponed until today. The summaries:

First division, Tavern "Steaks," 2:16 trot, purse $3,000, three in five, concluded from yesterday—

Henry W., b. g., by Gregory (F. S. Jones) 1 1 3 1
Creighton, b. g. (Tassell) 3 6 2 2
Robert A., b. g. (Townsend) 11 3 1 4
Helen Turner, b. m. (Terwilliger) 2 5 7 3

Fair Maiden, Baron Alcyone, Walter J., H. B. K., Wickliffe Girl, Carnation, Prospector and Peter Dorse also started.

Time—2:11¼, 2:10½, 2:13, 2:10½.

2:19 trot, for 3-year-olds, sweepstakes with $500 added, two in three—

Emily Ellen, blk. f., by Todd (McDonald) 1 1
Lady Greengoods, b. f. (B. Grady) 3 2
Chatty Direct, blk. f. (Tallman) 2 3
Leonello, br. c. (Dickerson) 4 5

Grace and Bergen also started.

Time—2:13¾, 2:10½.

Second division, Tavern "Steaks," 2:16 trot, purse $3,000, three in five—

Joan, br. m., by Directum Spier (F. Jones) 1 1 1
Willy, b. s. (Watterson) 2 3 2
Direct Tone, br. f. (Ryan) 4 5 4

Myrtle Grannett, County Jumper, Bell Nice and Annette R. also started.

Time—2:08, 2:10¼, 2:08¼.

Forest City stakes, 2:06 pace, purse $2,000, three-heat plan—

Walter Hal, gr. s., by Walter Direct (Garth) 6 1 2
Merry Widow, br. m. (James) 5 3 1
Ess H. Kay, br. s. (White) 1 8 6
Ella Ambulator, b. m. (McDonald) 2 2 5

Walter W., Maconda, Willie Benton, Bland S. and Tony Swift also started.

Time—2:02¼, 2:04, 2:06¾.

2:17 trot, purse $1,000, three in five, unfinished—

Butter Brook, dn. g., by Silent Brook (Bunch) 1 1 2 3
Dovell, b. s. (Blum) 3 2 1 1
Pearl Pauline, br. m. (Skahen) 4 3 3 2

Baron Penn also started.

Time—2:10¼, 2:11¼, 2:12½, 2:14¼.

THE BIG LEAGUES' FIGURES

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

At Boston.

		R.	H.	E.
Chicago	0 0 0 1 0 0 3 1 0	5	10	1
Boston	0 0 0 0 0 1 0 2 0	3	13	1

Batteries—Reulbach, Brown and Kling; Frock and Graham. Umpires—Klem and Kane.

At Brooklyn.

		R.	H.	E.
Pittsburg	0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 1	3	12	0
Brooklyn	0 1 0 0 0 0 0 1 0	2	8	0

Batteries—Leifield, Leever and Gibson; Bell and Bergen. Umpires—O'Day and Brennan.

At New York

		R.	H.	E.
Cincinnati	2 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 1	5	17	1
New York	0 3 0 0 1 0 0 0 0	4	5	4

Batteries—Burns, Beebe and McLean and Clarke; Crandall, Wiltse and Myers. Umpires—Johnstone and Eason.

At Philadelphia.

		R.	H.	E.
St. Louis	2 0 0 2 0 5 1 1 0	11	13	1
Philadelphia	0 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 0	2	8	2

Batteries — Corridon and Bresnahan; Moran, Brennan and Dooin. Umpires—Rigler and Emslie.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

At Detroit.

		R.	H.	E.
Philadelphia	1 0 0 1 0 2 0 3 0	7	11	3
Detroit	0 3 0 0 1 0 0 0 0	4	7	6

Batteries — Plank and Thomas; Summers and Stanage. Umpires—Kerin and Connolly.

At Cleveland.

		R.	H.	E.
Cleveland	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	0	6	2
Washington	4 1 1 0 0 1 0 0 2	9	15	0

Batteries—Mitchell, Harkness and Easterly; Reisling and Ainsmith. Umpires—O'Loughlin and Egan.

At Chicago.

		R.	H.	E.
Boston	0 0 0 1 0 0 0 2 0 0	3	9	2
Chicago	1 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 1	4	9	1

Batteries—Hall and Carrigan; Scott and Sullivan. Umpires—Evans and Colliflower.

At St. Louis.

		R.	H.	E.
St. Louis	0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 4	5	8	3
New York	0 0 0 1 0 0 3 0 0	4	10	2

Batteries—Ray and Killifer; Quinn and Mitchell. Umpire—Perrine.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

At Milwaukee.

		R.	H.	E.
Milwaukee	0 0 0 1 0 2 0 0 0	3	10	2
Louisville	0 1 2 0 0 0 3 3 0	9	15	3

Batteries—Cantwell, Cutting and Marshall; Halla and Allen. Umpire—Bush.

At St. Paul.

		R.	H.	E.
Minneapolis	3 0 1 3 5 0 1 0 3	16	16	2
St. Paul	2 0 0 3 1 0 0 0 0	6	14	3

Batteries—Altrock, Patterson and Owens and Smith; Leroy, Gehring, Reiger and Pierce and Kelly. Umpires—Bierhalter and Ferguson.

YINGLING THE BEST SOUTHPAW FROM A. A. TEAMS

Good Word for Dayton Pitcher Who Goes to Cleveland.

The departure of Earl Yingling from the A. A. ranks into the majors means the graduation of one of the best southpaws that adorned this circuit, says P. A. Revelhin, of the Toledo

(Continued on Page Four.)

The Baseball Calender

CENTRAL LEAGUE.

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
South Bend	64	34	.653
Fort Wayne	60	40	.600
Dayton	54	44	.551
Evansville	47	51	.480
Terre Haute	45	54	.455
Grand Rapids	46	56	.434
Wheeling	42	57	.424
Zanesville	39	58	.402

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Chicago	64	32	.660
Pittsburg	59	38	.608
New York	57	40	.588
Philadelphia	49	49	.500
Cincinnati	50	51	.495
Brooklyn	41	58	.414
St. Louis	40	60	.400
Boston	36	67	.350

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Philadelphia	69	32	.683
Boston	60	44	.577
Detroit	58	46	.558
New York	57	47	.548
Cleveland	47	54	.465
Washington	45	60	.429
Chicago	42	59	.416
St. Louis	32	68	.320

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Minneapolis	80	41	.661
St. Paul	67	52	.563
Toledo	62	54	.534
Kansas City	58	55	.513
Columbus	53	58	.477
Milwaukee	51	63	.447
Indianapolis	49	68	.419
Louisville	43	72	.374

RESULTS YESTERDAY.

CENTRAL LEAGUE.

Evansville, 2; Fort Wayne, 0.
Zanesville, 7; Grand Rapids, 7 (12 innings; darkness).
Wheeling, 2; South Bend, 7.
Terre Haute, 4; Dayton, 7.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Chicago, 4; Boston, 3 (10 innings).
Detroit, 4; Philadelphia, 7.
St. Louis, 5; New York, 4.
Cleveland, 0; Washington, 9.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Boston, 3; Chicago, 5.
New York, 4; Cincinnati, 5.
Brooklyn, 2; Pittsburg, 3.
Philadelphia, 2; St. Louis, 11.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Milwaukee, 3; Louisville, 9.
St. Paul, 6; Minneapolis, 16.

GAMES TOMORROW.

CENTRAL LEAGUE.

Fort Wayne at Terre Haute.
Dayton at Evansville.
Grand Rapids at Wheeling.
South Bend at Zanesville.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Washington at Detroit.
New York at Chicago.
Boston at St. Louis.

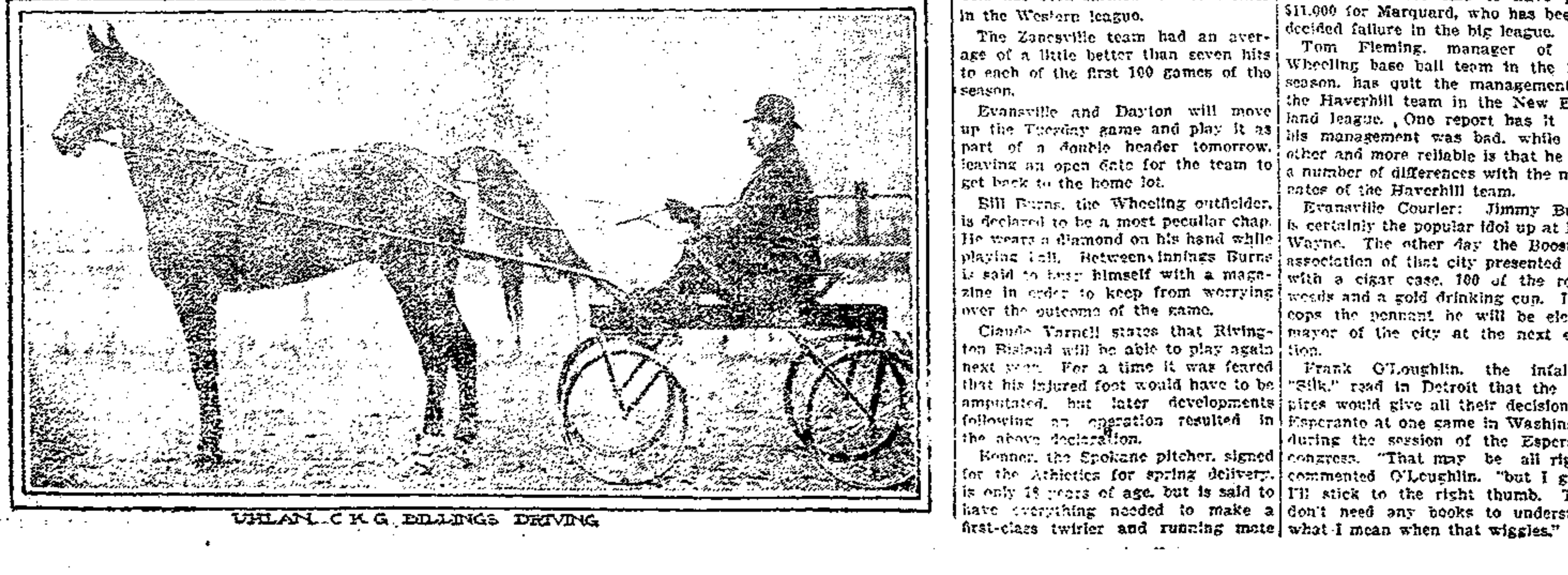
AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Toledo at Columbus.
Louisville at Indianapolis.
Kansas City at Milwaukee.
Minneapolis at St. Paul.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

No games scheduled.

Trotter Established New Record at North Randall Track



UHLAN, C K G BILLINGS DRIVING

Sporting News in Tablets

Shotten got his first extra-base hit of the season at Wheeling Wednesday, when he hit a triple.

A. M. "Red" Kelly, the Notre Dame fielder that Wheeling tried to land, but who was secured by the White Sox, has been farmed to Des Moines in the Western league.

The Zanesville team had an average of a little better than seven hits to each of the first 100 games of the season.

Evansville and Dayton will move up the Tuesday game and play it as part of a double header tomorrow, leaving an open date for the team to get back to the home lot.

Bill Burns, the Wheeling outfielder, is declared to be a most peculiar chap. He wears a diamond on his hand while playing ball. Between innings Burns is said to busy himself with a magazine in order to keep from worrying over the outcome of the game.

Claude Varnell states that Rivington Bisland will be able to play again next year. For a time it was feared that his injured foot would have to be amputated, but later developments following an operation resulted in the above declaration.

Kenner, the Spokane pitcher, signed for the Athletics for spring delivery, is only 19 years of age, but is said to have everything needed to make a first-class twirler and running mate for Coombs and Bender. Two great teachers to assist him.

The New York Nationals are reported to have asked waivers on "Rube" Marquard, former Hoosier southpaw, who was the pitching sensation of the American association three years ago. The Giants were said to have paid $11,000 for Marquard, who has been a decided failure in the big league.

Tom Fleming, manager of the Wheeling base ball team in the 1903 season, has quit the management of the Haverhill team in the New England league. One report has it that his management was bad, while another and more reliable is that he had a number of differences with the magnates of the Haverhill team.

Evansville Courier: Jimmy Burke is certainly the popular idol up at Fort Wayne. The other day the Boosters' association of that city presented him with a cigar case, 100 of the rolled weeds and a gold drinking cup. If he cops the pennant he will be elected mayor of the city at the next election.

Frank O'Loughlin, the infallible "Silk," read in Detroit that the umpires would give all their decisions in Esperanto at one game in Washington during the session of the Esperanto congress. "That may be all right," commented O'Loughlin, "but I guess I'll stick to the right thumb. They don't need any books to understand what I mean when that wiggles."

The Central League Figures

At Evansville.

Evansville.	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Lavelle, rf.	4	1	1	1	0	0
McBrair, 2b.	4	0	0	1	3	0
Snyder, lf.	3	0	1	1	0	0
Lejeune, cf.	3	1	1	3	0	0
Connors, 1b.	2	0	1	10	1	0
Hadley, ss.	2	0	0	1	3	0
Sager, 3b.	3	0	1	1	2	0
Cady, c.	3	0	0	8	0	0
Covington, p.	3	0	0	1	3	0
Totals	27	2	5	27	12	0

Fort Wayne.	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Blount, cf.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Justice, ss.	4	0	0	1	1	0
McDermott, lf.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Young, rf.	3	0	1	2	0	0
Gainer, 1b.	3	0	0	11	1	0
Burke, 3b.	3	0	0	1	3	0
Manda, 2b.	1	0	0	1	3	1
Queisser, c.	3	0	0	6	1	2
Alberts, p.	2	0	0	0	3	0
*Reddin	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	27	0	1	24	12	3

*Batted for Alberts in the ninth.

By innings—

Evansville .... 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 *—2
Fort Wayne .... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Summary—

Sacrifice hits—Hadley, Connors. Two-base hit—Connors. Bases on balls—Off Covington, 1. Struck out—By Alberts, 7; by Covington, 8. Hit by pitcher—By Alberts, Snyder; by Covington, Manda. Double play—Hadley, McBrair and Connors. Stolen bases—Snyder, Lavelle, Lejeune. Time of game—1:25. Umpires—Sterzer and Robertson

At Wheeling.

		R.	H.	E.
South Bend	1 0 0 0 0 4 1 1 0	7	7	5
Wheeling	1 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0	2	4	5

Batteries—Lindsay and Wells; Edmundson and Stratton.

Summary—

Two-base hits—Carnes, Kroy. Three-base hits—Schmick, Carey. Home run—Carey. Sacrifice hits—Koehler, Lindsay, Jewell, Maisel, Nye. Stolen bases—Welchonce, Carey. First on balls—Off Lindsay, 2; off Edmundson, 2. Struck out—By Lindsay, 3; by Edmundson, 3. Passed ball—Wells. Double play—Jewell to Nye. Left on bases—South Bend, 6; Wheeling, 8. Time of game—1:48. Umpire—Jacobs.

At Terre Haute.

		R.	H.	E.
Terre Haute	3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1	4	6	1
Dayton	2 0 2 0 0 0 0 3 0	7	11	1

Batteries—Pickett, Summers and Brennan; Wacker, Neuschafer and Sample.

Summary—

Three-base hits—Barkwell and Goes. Two-base hits—Goes, Murray, Spencer. Stolen base—Curtis. Sacrifice hits—Someriott, Grogan, Sykes. Hits—Off Pickett, 8 in 3 innings; off Wacker, 4 in 2 innings. Bases on balls—Off Pickett, 1; off Summers, 2; off Wacker, 1; off Neuscafer, 2. Struck out—By Pickett, 1; by Summers, 2; by Wacker, 2; by Neuschafer, 1. Double plays—Ragan to Sykes to Stark; Grogan to Sykes. Passed ball—Brennan. Wild pitch—Pickett. Hit by pitcher—Sykes. Left on bases—Terre Haute, 3; Dayton, 4. Time of game—2:05. Umpire—Agur.

At Zanesville.

		R.	H.	E.
Zanesville	0 1 0 0 0 2 0 2 2 0 0 0	7	12	2
Grand Rapids	0 0 0 0 4 3 0 0 0 0 0 0	7	13	4

Batteries—Connolly, Jones and O'Brien; Bowen and Tieman.

Summary—

Bases on balls—Off Jones, 4; off Bowen, 6; off Connolly, 1. Two-base hits—Kihm, Crowder, Donahue, Kenworthy. Hits—Off Jones, 12 in 8 innings; off Connolly, 1 in 4 innings. Double plays—Jones to Donahue to Herold; Crowder to Donahue to Swartling. Hit by pitcher—Swartling. Struck out—By Jones, 3; by Bowen, 5; by Connolly, 6. Sacrifice fly—Kenworthy. Wild pitch—Jones. Sacrifice hits—Herold, Wetsell, Crowder (2). Stolen bases—Crowder, Montgomery, Raidy, Coffey, Tieman, Kahl. Left on bases—Zanesville, 12; Grand Rapids, 8. Umpires—Newhouse and Murray. Time of game—2:10.

A Page of Interest to Women

BLACK SATIN WRAP.

MISS GERTRUDE McCOY OF SUMMER WIDOWERS CO. PHOTO BY JOEL FEDER.

This graceful burnoose cape, by Henri Bendel, has been called the reversible wrap because it may be worn inside out. The wrap is of black satin meteor and the hem is turned up to reveal a lining of gold satin. The neck is cut out V shape at the back and two tassels of heavy gold chenille add weight and richness to the wrap.

"HALF PORCELAIN" IS PRETTY, EFFECTIVE AND INEXPENSIVE.

Creaminess of Finish is One of the Taking Features of Ware of This Description.

Inexpensive and effective is much of the china now made for dining tables of country houses. For instance, there is an English ware known as "half porcelain," because, while it has a finish similar to porcelain, it is not transparent, the latter being a porcelain test. But the ware is pretty, the colors and designs are excellent, and it can be given hard usage.

The "half porcelain" has a creaminess of finish that is pretty, and one of the most popular designs, suited to summer, is a delicate light green vine trailing through the margin. This is adapted in many ways to change the detail, slightly altering the effect, but the color scheme remains the same. Another design is totally different, showing, as it does, tiny pink roses scattered through, like the Dresden effects.

Housekeepers who wish may buy their table china in "complete sets," but more variety is secured by having plates of different patterns for different courses. Of course, soup plates should match the largest, or "dinner," plates, because the two are always served together, and it is safer to have butter plates match the second size, because at lunch and breakfast they are apt to be on the table at the same time. For the same reason the identical pattern should be carried out in tea and coffee cups, and in the platters as well as vegetable dishes, when silver is not used for the latter purpose.

But salad and dessert plates may be of entirely different designs, and the fish plates also may contrast with the "dinner" or lunch pieces, taking care that the platter corresponds.

Buying dishes in this way does not cost a housekeeper much, or rather, she can have a more effectively set table for the same amount of money. She need have in the closet only a dozen of each of the articles which are daily required. Soup served as it is now from the pantry, no longer requires a tureen.

A pattern revived after many years of oblivion is a band of plain color, sometimes an added line of gilt being seen. But in green, red, blue or yellow these are effective, being dainty, but not heavy. It was a farm of decoration beloved by previous generations.

With such china small dishes of cut glass for pickles, jellies or relishes are prettier on the table than any except silver. It is not good form to place too many dishes of the same pattern on a table or the effect becomes monotonous.

TOO MUCH BABY.

Baby at first hand is delightful. Every one must acknowledge this who has ever once come in close to the shore of babyland. But it is baby at second hand to which many have the right to object—baby, described and dilated upon by doting mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, cousins and aunts, but especially and particularly by mothers; not baby as he is, mind you, a dear little average bit of humanity, but baby as his mother sees him, a little godling whose winking of an eye is of more import than war in the east, marvels of science or the wonders of nature.

Many people love children, but they do not like to have them talked at them, says Woman's Life. They really have a fondness for children which is as great as their hatred of anecdotes about children.

SYMPATHY AND THE SERVANT PROBLEM.

Sympathy has been tried in the ever difficult servant problem, and in many households it has solved the burning question. Women ought to look at life and its duties from the servant's point of view, says Home Notes. The result is often that sympathy and kindness is engendered in this way by stopping to ask "Should I like it?" "Is it just?" "Can it be reasonably expected?" And, if the mental reply as to whether sympathy will be appreciated is in the affirmative, it will gain its reward in the good will of those to whom it is shown.

CLEVER MENDER CAN MAKE LACE LAST A LIFE TIME.

With Care the Stronger Kinds May Be Passed on to Another Generation—Lighter Baby Irish Requires Gentle Treatment if It is to Last a Long Time—Discovery of Broken Thread Should Be Followed by Immediate Repair.

Good lace is so expensive that those who have it in their possession are anxious to keep it in good condition, for real lace cannot be bought every day. With care even lace that receives daily wear should last a lifetime, while the stronger kind may be passed on to another generation.

Much of the Irish point that is so much in vogue at present has been unearthed from boxes long laid by, the Dutch collars and rabats especially.

The average Irish lace is very strong, but the lighter baby Irish requires gentle treatment if it is to last a long time. The thread used is so fine that it is apt to snap at any time, and when a broken thread is discovered it should not be allowed to go further before being repaired. Any amateur sewer can do the mending at this stage, but if the stitches are allowed to run, then the lace must be sent to a professional.

A noted lace maker says that the thread she uses for repairing Irish crochet is just the ordinary sewing cotton. No 60 is a good size, but the very finest lace will probably take a higher number still. The torn lace is basted upon a foundation that is sold for the purpose, though this woman frankly admits that she finds several thicknesses of newspaper basted together make the very best kind of foundation and much easier to handle than the bought article.

She says she prefers the Evening Telegram for the purpose, on account of the contrast offered between the pink tint of the paper and the white threads of the lace. The torn portion is basted firmly to the paper and the hanging thread is caught to that on the spool, then the crocheting stitch is worked to and fro until the ravage is repaired. So, after all, the process is very simple if the hole is taken in time.

Cluny lace is very strong, too, but threads will break with wear, and when they begin to look thin a careful inspection should be made before the lace is put into the laundry, because, should they break either before or during the ironing, the damage done may be beyond the skill of the amateur to repair.

A simple darning to and fro of the weak places with a fine needle and ordinary sewing cotton will be such a good reinforcement that there need be no fear of a break for some time to come. But this precaution is not always taken, and when the lace comes back to the owner with a hole then the best thing to do is to dampen it (the lace) and baste the worn part down to a foundation. With the thumb and the first finger the frayed edges are drawn out and then it will be seen whether the better plan will be to draw them together with the needle and thread or to cut them off, working in as a tiny patch. The needle should be taken through loops of thread in the good lace when possible, and when this cannot be done the loops may be created by darning it around the hole and leaving a loop at each turning. When mending these loops will provide a support for the patch.

The applique laces—those having net as a foundation—being of a finer texture, naturally are reserved for more formal wear and consequently last longer, though, of course, not forever, being subject to the ravages of time as well as other kinds.

As laces of this order vary in the tone of the shade all the way from ivory white to a deep ecru, depending upon the age, it is best to go to a good lacemaker for thread required for mending. Here both the kind and the color may be obtained. This will be for repairing any broken threads in the motifs applied. When the net is worn through and one can match it, a patch applied with thin starch will seldom be noticed unless the lace is to lie quite flat, but as applique laces are usually seen in the way of flounces, berthas, frills, etc., the slight fulness conceals any device to repair ravages. It is unnecessary to have the edges of either patch or hole perfectly straight, but, of course, any jagged edges should be cut away.

An amateur lace mender, I am told, usually puts in such a perfect patch that its presence is visible to the most casual observer, like the woman who puts a square of new wall paper over a soil on a faded paper. Irregular edges are better in both cases.

When the net is too far gone and the design is still good, the latter can be transferred to a new foundation, but it is, of course, quite a tedious process, and only those who are willing to be patient should begin such a piece of work, especially if it is large.

WOMEN, WHEN GUESTS OF MEN'S CLUBS, MUST EXERCISE TACT.

Unconscious Omissions of Etiquette on Their Part Cause Trouble, to the Point of Disruption Often, in Such Organizations.

Without meaning to make a disagreeable criticism, observation leads me to believe that it is unconscious omission of etiquette among women which cause trouble in the many clubs and co-operative households which come into existence in the summer. More especially is this the case in clubs in the woods and country, as well as at the seaside, where three or four men take a cottage. It is the wife of one who stirs up unpleasantness, and not uncommonly disrupts the organization, all because she does not regard the place as the property of others equally, but acts as though it were her own. This is tactless, if nothing more, but when all the men are paying an equal share it is irritating, especially when wives of other members observe scrupulously the by-laws of the organization.

In summer clubs, shore places perhaps, where men may go from town for Sundays, the members, when they are married, are apt to make their wives associate members, as it were, that the latter may share the privilege of the place. In one such organization of four men, all married, the club, after four years' existence, is about to dissolve entirely through the lack of tact of one of the wives.

This woman has gone to the club for two or three days at a time without her husband, her presence in the house preventing the other members from taking their men friends there, or from going themselves, as they could had she not been in the house.

In point of fact she had no more right to do this than might a woman whose husband was not a member. Her privilege of going there was one of courtesy, not right, which she should not have done without him.

The club was an organization of men, each of whom paid an equal amount for keeping the place going. Had the wives of all used the house as she did, to suit their own convenience, without regard to the others, the men would have found no use for it at all, and the fact that she appropriated it as she did has resulted in the organization voting to disband at the end of the summer.

When a married woman may go to certain club houses, be they in town or out, because her husband is a member, she cannot be too careful to observe the rules of the association with scrupulously rigidity, and this applies especially to small ones such as that I have just alluded to. The club is not "her summer place," as some women are fond of saying; the women have nothing to do with it, save as privileged guests. If they will carry themselves as guests, not acting as hostesses, there will be less trouble with married couples and small clubs will not be broken up so often.

ROSANNA SCHUYLER.

TAN AND WHITE TENNIS DRESS.

PHOTO. BY JOEL FEDER.

Delightful little frocks have appeared on the tennis courts this summer—one piece affairs with loose, roomy bodices, and gracefully cut skirts showing snowy shoes and stockings beneath. Tan linen was used for this model and collar, cuffs, buttons and handkerchief pocket on the waist are of white linen.

FALL SUIT AND TURBAN.

PHOTO. BY JOEL FEDER.

One of the new belted tunic coats is shown here, and the graceful model is made still more attractive by a touch of embroidery at the collar and a trimming of silk cord frogs on coat front and sleeves. The turban is one of the new close fitting models of hatters' plush with a brim of embroidery and a curious ornament repeating the rich embroidery colors at one side.

Sofa Pillows Vary in Shape and Material

Those for Summer Use Differ Greatly from Those Giving Comfort in Winter.

There are fashions in sofa pillows as in more important furnishings, and the shapes as well as materials used for summer cushions differ from those chosen for winter comfort.

This season the oblong shape seems to be preferred to any other, probably because it is the most convenient and practical for resting the body when seated in boat or hammock or for general lounging out of doors. These oblong pillows can be had in all sizes, from that little more than a flattened roll for supporting the neck to the bed pillow size. The latter is a very luxurious addition to the hammock and is also used for resting the head and shoulders when lying on the grass. The strong piece of strapping sewed at one corner of the smaller cushions and a loop handle in the middle of one of the long sides of a large pillow provide a convenient means of carrying these comforts from place to place.

The square shape is still used, and the heart shape is seen not only as a furnishing for the baby carriage, but also on verandas in the big rocking chairs, where a larger square or oblong cushion might be uncomfortable. The heart shape set at the top of the chair is a great aid toward resting the head, few chairs being sufficiently high in the back to do this, so that the little wedge-like pillow comes in very nicely there.

The materials used for covering summer cushions are not expensive, for they are expected to give hard wear, and are apt to be subjected to all kinds of weather, but the lack of money expenditure is made up in the artistic effects displayed.

Such fabrics as denim, monk's cloth, burlap, craftsman's canvas, cretonne, gingham and linen are used, not forgetting the plebeian turkey red. Some very pretty pillows are made of the red twill, combined with red and white gingham in a large check. The centers are of the latter, cut into square tabs on the outer edge and laid on the plain turkey red, forming a border. As the deep red does not soil easily the covers keep fresh quite a long time, and are very effective disposed over green willow furniture.

Thin white lawn slips, each decorated with a motif cut from flowered cretonne, are very dainty for the summer sittingroom, especially when edged with a lawn frill all around. A slip decorated with a group of pink roses and finished with a white lawn frill hemmed with pink is lovely, while a design of green palms or ferns applied to white and the slip bordered with a band of green is very cool looking. These pretty covers, too, may be supplied at very little cost and not a great deal of work. If the decoration is neatly basted to the foundation, the sewing may be done by machine.

A novel cover for the oblong pillow is made from a bright red and white chintz, with band of plain red at the ends and a third band down through the middle. In boat or hammock, a cushion so covered makes a very bright spot. Another striking cover for the same use is of dark blue denim, decorated with the Swastika emblem in white, worked with red cotton portraying the different aces in a pack of cards. This is very effective, but I think I should have liked a little black as well, embroidering the aces in this tone and red alternately, perhaps. The edge is finished with a dull brick red cord.

The burlaps and the canvases are the best materials, I suppose, for covering cushions that will receive very hard wear. Wood browns, dull greens, both leaf and bronze tones, and the terra cottas being among the most desirable shades. A practical and artistic looking cover for a pillow used in a green hammock is in oblong shape, fashioned from wood brown craftsman's canvas, decorated in a conventional design with pale tan leather outlined with brown cord sewn on with gold thread in a couching stitch. A similar figure design may be burnt into the tan background, with good effect. Green canvas forming a background to chamoise leather, touched up with a little black, makes an exceedingly effective cover, and so does the combination of two or three tones of terra cotta into which a little black silk and gold thread has been introduced.

Cushions on this order are handsome enough for the living rooms, plainer effects of the same fabrics being used for the porch or hammock.

The cover for the heart shaped pillow is not finished with the frill unless it is intended for baby's use exclusively. Some of the pillows resemble huge heart shaped boxes of candy, being covered with flowered chintz, edged with a plain color exactly like the paper used in packing the candy boxes.

ELIZABETH LEE.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

As a rule, the whole tone of a home depends upon the woman at the head of it—the average home, not the poverty stricken home, nor the wealthy home. In this average home, whether sunshine shall enter the rooms, whether the drawingroom shall be used and enjoyed, whether the table shall be invitingly spread, whether light and bright fires shall give warmth and cheer on winter nights—whether, in brief, the home shall be an agreeable or disagreeable place, is usually what the woman determines, says Woman's Life. Men are powerless in the matter. Some find solace for a dismal home in study, some occupation in business. Some submit with what patience they can. Others are attracted by the cheer of their clubs, and it is especially young men who are apt in consequence to drift into bad company and bad habits.

WHAT MEN WANT IN A WIFE.

First, he wants a companion, and a friend. I don't mean by that to imply that an intellectual equal is necessary to all men's happiness, because I know it is not. He does not mind explaining things to his wife now and then. In fact, the mind of man is so constituted that it rather likes it. Then what a man wants in a wife is homemaking, and the qualities that go to produce that result. A woman does not make her home properly when she becomes only a domestic drudge in it, says Woman's Life. A servant would do the work of the home quite as well, or better, but no one can take her duties as mistress but herself. Of course, if the man is poor, and cannot give his wife much help in her household duties, she has to do far more than where she is merely head, not hands, in the establishment; but then the responsibility of ordering a large household is sometimes harder than doing the work oneself.

PLENTY OF SLEEP FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

In these days of hygienic living it should not be necessary to say, "Put the children to bed early," but to those who are careless about a regular bed time for their little ones I would like to say a word of warning. Many mothers would say, "My children always go to bed early," but these same mothers allow the little ones to "sit up" on the slightest pretext—the late arrival of a guest or a little dinner party—and then wonder why the children grow pale and nervous. Plenty of sleep is absolutely necessary, says Woman's Life, if the boys and girls are to be free from nervous diseases in later life. Frequently the school work is blamed for a child's ill-health, when in reality the only trouble is want of regular sleep.

THE SENTINEL'S PULPIT AND SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Idlers Reproached

A Sermon By

REV. W. E. REAVIS, D. D.

Text—Matt. 20:6 "Why stand ye here all the day idle?"

[Dr. Reavis is Pastor of the Christian Church at Monroe, Mich. This Sermon is Reprinted from the Christian Herald.]

There is a ring of reproach in the very question itself. It implies that no one has a right to be idle without an excuse. There is also an element of surprise that those addressed should be thus indifferently violating the very laws of life. And to every one who has the slightest appreciation of life, idleness is disgusting in the extreme, quite beneath the dignity and wholly unworthy of manhood.

"There is no excellence without great labor" is the law of life. And the Book of Nature on every page verifies the truth of this statement. Our very existence is the product of contending forces. Life persists through its struggle with death.

Astronomers tell us that the moon has lost its rotary motion and no longer turns upon its axis. And in consequence of its loss of activity one side glows with perpetual day, while the other is wrapped in endless night. Its atmosphere has disintegrated, leaving neither air nor water. And all forms of life, both of animal and vegetable, if there ever were any, have ceased to exist. And because of this the moon is called a dead planet, and ever hangs before us in perpetual idleness, a striking example of inactivity and death.

Idleness Produces Death.

And the records of human life through all its varied evolutions bear a like testimony. It has ever been a race for life in which the "survival of the fittest" has determined the winner.

We see that everywhere in nature idleness produces death, but activity develops life. And ever in the onward sweep of human progress, decadence is the result of inactivity, while achievement is the product of great labor.

In Matt. 20:7: "They say unto him, Because no man hath hired us. He saith unto them, Go ye also into the vineyard; and whatsoever is right, that shall ye receive."

The answer of those addressed is an attempt to excuse their idleness. And probably no other passage of scripture is more universally quoted, verbatim or in substance, in every-day life than this. The tramp that calls at the back door for a hand-out of old clothes and something to eat, when asked why he is in that condition replies: "Because no man hath hired me." The street-loafer, when asked why he is not at work, always begins a tirade against the hard times, because no man hath hired him and there is nothing to do.

This scripture is also much used, or more properly speaking much abused, in the church. Often when a minister looks over the church roll he finds many names that have no personality in the church life. In other words he finds a host of idlers, who are worth nothing to God or man so far as spiritual life is concerned. They give little or nothing for the support of Christ's kingdom, even when abundantly able; they neglect the bible school and prayer meeting altogether; they seldom or never attend the church services: they deny themselves the pleasures and blessings of Christian fellowship and the sweet communion of the Lord's table; they openly and before the world treat the whole cause of Christ with a spirit of indifference and neglect, that is hurtful and damaging in the extreme. And when asked why they are not at work in the Master's vineyard, but stand all the day idle, they reply, Because we find nothing to do.

The Work That Calls Us.

Our Lord's reply, "Go ye also into the vineyard," takes away from humanity forever all possibility of excuse for idleness in the great fertile fields of Christian duty. The kingdom of Christ suffers much loss every day from lack of workers. The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few. Every one in the church and in the world, who has a mind to work for the highest interests of mankind, can find abundant opportunity in the service of the Lord. The ranks are full in no department of labor, and the urgent need of more consecrated workers is deeply felt.

From out the awful darkness of heathen ignorance come the extended hands and pleading voices of a billion souls, asking for light that they may be delivered from the cruelties of superstition and idolatry. And of the five hundred millions of souls in the so-called Christian lands there is a large percentage without God and without hope in the world. And, so long as one of these souls remains unsaved there is work to be done in the kingdom of Christ. For one soul is worth the entire concentrated effort of the kingdom. And confronted by such a stupendous work, how dare any one stand all the day idle and say there is nothing to do?

But, before the evangelization of the world can be fully realized, there is a tremendous work to be done among the Christian nations in overcoming the organized forces of sin that have been eating like a cankering sore at the heart of our civilization. And the commanding place which we hold among the Christian nations demands that we take the leading part, both in the work of moral reform and world evangelism. And it takes but a superficial glance at our national life to reveal the fact that we have much to do at home before we can worthily perform this national and Christian world-wide function.

Our body politic is much diseased. On every hand are to be seen all kinds of dishonest methods in getting office. The power of the great political parties has largely passed into the hands of political monopolies and demagogues, who do not fail to use this power for their own advantage. Intellect and character are no longer sufficient qualifications for high office. The essential requisite is financial backing. It takes money to be elected to any office of importance. And in addition to election frauds there is much corrupt legislation and administration. Money has become a potent factor of corruption in our whole political organization. And herein is need for a great work of reform. The time has come when Christian citizenship must assert itself and Christian patriotism must manifest itself, not in slavery to a political boss, nor in blind allegiance to a political party, but in fidelity to the highest interests of our national life.

The Struggle for Gold.

During the last few decades, the most prominent characteristic in the world's life has been its marvelous financial achievements. And so strong has been the mercenary spirit and so eager the race for gold that financiers have very often lost sight of the value of business integrity and almost any method that will yield enormous profits has become legitimate in the eyes of the great financial world. The East India company found the opium trade with China very profitable. And when, at the expiration of its charter in 1834, it lost its monopoly, this lucrative business was taken up by a number of English merchants. Soon the opium habit became very common among the masses of the Chinese, and its baleful influences were quite evident. The more educated class felt that the habit was undermining the moral and intellectual life of the nation and influenced the government to close its ports against the opium trade. Then commenced a struggle between the Chinese government and the English merchants; the one trying to protect its citizens, the other smuggling the accursed drug. In 1843 the English government took up the quarrel, and, by invading the Chinese empire with an army, compelled them to pay one and a fourth million pounds for smuggled opium that had been destroyed, four and a half million pounds as a war indemnity, and forced them to open five ports to the English merchants with full right to carry on the ruinous opium traffic. England forced a helpless nation against its will to take a poison that has blasted its life and riveted upon it a habit from which it can not recover for centuries. And it was all for gold.

No sooner was our flag unfurled in the Philippines than cargo after cargo of intoxicating liquors were unloaded upon the islands, not only permitted by our government, but also protected by it. From the land whence came the promise of freedom came also a slavery more tyrannical and ruinous than even that of the Spanish government. And gold was the consideration. The missionary sent to the islands with bible in hand to draw the dark lives out into the light and liberty of the Gospel of Christ, and claim them for everything noble and true unto life eternal, was everywhere followed by the dramshop keeper. And thus it is in almost every heathen land. The man who would save the lost souls must not only face the demon of heathenism in the land to which he goes, but he must also turn and face the demon of vice from his own land, which enjoys the protection of his own government.

Historians speak of the time when the praetorians sold the Roman empire to Didius Julianus for twelve million dollars, as the most shameful and degenerate period of Roman history. But that was no worse than for legislators, state and national, to sell their vote to capitalists of the twentieth century: or for a Christian nation to license sin to prey upon weak and unfortunate humanity as a source of revenue. This spirit of greed has wakened the moral fibre of our civilization and caused an ebb in its spiritual life. And it must be changed. The conscience of the world must be awakened to the sin of its gross commercialism. It must find its way to the River of Life and wash away the glamour of gold that obscures the true vision of life; beautiful life with all its possibilities of virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, and charity. And this is work to be accomplished in the vineyard of Christ. Is it not a task worthy of the bravest hearts, the strongest arms, and the noblest talents of the world? Where is there another such heroic challenge to duty as the call to enter the vineyard?

The Blight of a Nation.

This fair land of ours is fast becoming a helpless victim to the demon monster of intemperance. Every year a tribute of the lives and happiness of thousands of fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, sons and daughters is paid to satisfy its fiendish demands. On every hand are hearts that ache and break for lost loved ones. The term "intemperance" means more than the drink habit. It includes the gambling den, and all of those immoral vicious factors that poison the social life, corrupt the political life, and blight the home life of a people. It is a great organized body of complex proportions that reaches out in a thousand ways to entrap weak humanity in its devilish clutch.

There are no words in human language that can express the depth of woe, no figures of speech that can picture the hopeless ruin in the life of the victim of this curse, for it runs as deep as the deepest experience of the soul. But I wish that I could draw back the curtain, and reveal to you in a great panoramic view the wreck of its accursed power; for it would steel your heart and nerve your arm against it forever. I wish that I could open the door of the drunkard's home and let you see the misery and want that is there; let you look upon the sad face of the wife, whose eyes have become hollow and sunken with watching and weeping; let you see the children shivering with cold and hear them crying for bread. I wish that I could show you the interior of the gambling den, foul with the odors of tobacco and strong drink, and let you look upon the bloated face, the blood-shot eyes, and hear the vulgar jokes and coarse remark, which shows that the last vestige of moral manhood is dead. I wish that I could show you how many of the raving maniacs in the asylums and how much of the simpering idiocy in the institutions for feeble-minded are the wrecks of intemperance. I wish that I could take you through the halls of the penitentiaries of our land, and let you see the faces behind the bars, many of them young men who had brilliant prospects for a useful future. And I wish that you might hear them say that they are there because they committed crimes while their brains were fired with drink.

The Drunkard's Heart.

If I could draw back the veil of life and let you look into the drunkard's heart, the vision of corrupted morals, vicious desires, dead manhood, lost self-respect, shattered intellect, and hopeless despair would win you body and soul to the cause of temperance.

I would not have you look upon this gruesome picture of sin and shame and woe and depravity out of idle curiosity, or with the thought that it might help you to live a more righteous life. But I fear that the Christian people, the moral-loving people, the God-fearing people of this great nation will not be aroused to the full significance of the issue and made to feel their full personal responsibility until they have been made to see and to know the real true character of this monstrous evil of intemperance.

And let us remember that our deliverance is not to be accomplished by a hero like Theseus of old, who will destroy this monster and free his people from its power. But this is also work to be accomplished in the vineyard of Christ. It depends upon the heroic action of the Christian citizenship of the nation.

We hear much in political circles about the great needs of the country. But our greatest national need is the whole Christian world's greatest need. And that is a great religious revival that would stir the hearts of men and women, who in the mad rush for gold have indifferently passed by the vital issues of life; and that would awaken them to their own needs and to the needs of the world around them; and that would constrain them also to enter into the Lord's vineyard and labor for the moral and spiritual victory of truth.

With such a vision of need before our eyes and so many pleading voices ringing in our ears, how dare we stand all the day idle as if there were nothing to do? Is it because we have no more interest in ourselves and families than the temporal things of life? Does life mean no more to us than eating and drinking and keeping warm? Life means that much to the flocks and herds grazing upon the hills around us. But to every one who enters as a laborer into the vineyard of Christ, life means the attainment to the infinitude of soul possibility.

To keep your health sound; to avoid the ills of advancing years; to conserve your physical forces for a ripe and healthful old age, guard your kidneys by taking Foley's Kidney Remedy. Dreier Bros.

A cattle breeding station at Kodiak, Alaska, is working to develop the milking qualities of Galloway cattle, as they are the most hardy and best adapted to the climate. It is believed that this will be accomplished. The object will be to furnish hardy, acclimated cattle to settlers in the country at a price not higher than the cost of taking them from the United States. The coast region is well suited to the raising of cattle.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS.

Tonic in quality and action, quick in results. For backache, headache, dizziness, nervousness, urinary irregularities and rheumatism. Dreier Bros.

Ambition May Be Holy:

Jesus Nearing Jerusalem

International Sunday School Lesson for Sunday, August 21, 1910. By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts.

Lesson Text—Matt. 20:17-34. Golden Text—Matt. 20:28: "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."

[From The Christian Herald.]

"And as Jesus was going up to Jerusalem." Jericho was in the deep gorge wherein was the Dead Sea and the fords of the Jordan, while Jerusalem was on the mountain tops, between fifteen and twenty miles distant.

It was a hot and dusty way as with a party of Sunday school pilgrims we traversed it in 1904. The thermometer registered one hundred and twenty-nine degrees, and the road had the appearance and quality, as might have been expected, of the contents of several lime kilns, which had been scattered along the way, several inches deep. And the stones were so many and so large that to ride in a carriage was torture and much of the way walking on foot was to be preferred.

On the Way to the Passover.

Jesus many times went back and forth over this way, but on the day in question he and his disciples were going up to Jerusalem to be present at the great feast of the Passover. And the road was full of joyous travelers on their way to the feast. Jesus, for some reason best known to himself, called his disciples aside out of the throng. We must think that it was to prepare their minds and hearts for the solemn crisis, even his crucifixion. At least it was to draw them aside from the throng, and create in their spirits a solemn atmosphere.

"Then came to him the mother of the sons of Zebedee," and these were James and John. She came with a mother's longing in her heart for the advancement of her sons. Can we blame her? That she asked amiss may have been her mistake rather than a sin. She certainly did not comprehend what she asked, for she had made the request that one son should sit on the right hand of Jesus and the other on his left in his kingdom. It was as if she had asked blessing for one, and cursing for the other; but she had not thought of it in that way, but only that both might have places of power and distinction.

"When the ten heard it, they were moved with indignation concerning the two brethren." Evidently the ten disciples supposed that the mother had made the request of Jesus by the suggestion of her two sons. Whether this was so or not, James and John had expressed themselves quite willing to share the joys and especially the sorrows of their Master, for when Jesus had asked them, "Are ye able to drink the cup that I am about to drink?" they had answered, "We are able." Then it was that the indignation of the disciples grew more intense.

"Jesus called them unto him." He gathered them close about him, and probably sat down in their midst, that he might teach them the true idea of greatness and supremacy.

How Real Greatness Is Attained.

"Whosoever would become great among you shall be your minister," not to be served but to serve, was the principle by which greatness was to be obtained; not by self-serving, but by self-sacrifice; not to consider themselves but others. This was the key of the situation in the life of Jesus upon earth, and strangely enough in the nearly three years in which the disciples had mingled with him and labored with him they had failed to discover it. But they had to have at least one more lesson from Jesus to learn it, and that was given at the eating of the Passover supper on the Gethsemane night, when the disciples contended with each other about the places they should have at the table. On that occasion Jesus himself took the place of the servant and washed their feet.

"And as they went out from Jericho, a great multitude followed them." Jesus had become well known by his wonderful words and works, so that a crowd immediately gathered about him whenever he was seen. Some undoubtedly were moved by curiosity, and others by a desire to obtain help from Jesus.

The Blind Men by the Wayside.

"Two blind men sitting by the wayside cried out, Lord, have mercy on us." They heard him passing by, or rather they heard the rush of the crowd, and knew that Jesus was near to them. They knew even the very moment of his passing, for when he was nearest to them they made their cry for help.

"What will you that I do unto you?" This was the gracious reply of Jesus as he halted before them, and the crowd halted, too, eager to see what Jesus would do.

"Lord, that our eyes may be opened." Great was their faith, or they would not have asked it. They had heard of other blind eyes that he had opened, and had longed to meet him somewhere. And now their chance had come!

"And Jesus, moved with compassion, touched their eyes." He might have granted their request from the midst of the throng, but he chose to come so near that his gentle, loving fingers should rest upon their very eyes. We must believe that to the end of their days they never forgot that touch as it rested in benediction upon them only for a moment.

"And straightway they received their sight." Then the sight of their benefactor dawned upon them! He looked on them, and they looked on him! Oh beatific vision! And the crowd gazed, too, on him who healed, and on those who were healed, and they burst forth in tumultuous praise.

"And followed him." There were the two men whose sight had been restored. They had no need any longer to sit by the wayside to beg. And they joined the happy throng on the way to the Passover at Jerusalem. We must think they followed Jesus so closely that they either mingled with the disciples or followed very near to them. The crowd would sympathizingly make room for them.

The "Pillar Apostles."

A certain European prince is said to have declared that his highest ambition was to become famous without trying to be famous. Real fame comes to those who faithfully do their duty in the environment where God has placed them in this world.

"Pillar apostles" in the church of their God is what the apostles have been called, and in this connection we are reminded of that old temple called the "Erechtheum," in Athens, which rests upon the shoulders of ponderous human figures cut in stone. It may be considered typical of Judas that one of these figures was taken away by a vandal hand, but the temple did not fail! It is a fact that men and women only become great as they stand in the places God has chosen for them. We read that God put into the mind and hands of Tubal-Cain to work in iron and brass, so that he was able to construct the wonderful work in gold and silver and copper, and to teach others the same, so that they might be his helpers. To others God gave the power to fashion beautiful things in embroidery, so that the hangings of the tabernacle and the sacred veil might be made.

God is doing just this sort of thing for men and women. Let those who are thus gifted in art, in letters, in music, in crafts, praise not themselves, but God. Let them award to God the praise which men bestow upon them. Some one has said: "Be specially upon the watch against those little tricks by which the vain man seeks to bring round the conversation to himself, and gain the praise or notice which his thirsty ears drink in so greedily."

Even if praise comes unsought, it is well while men are uttering it, to guard yourself by thinking of some secret cause for humbling yourself inwardly toward God, thinking unto what these pleasant accents would be changed if all that is known to God, and even to yourself, stood revealed to man. Place yourself often beneath the cross of Calvary; see that sight of love and sorrow; hear those words of wonder; look at the eternal Son humbling himself there for you, and ask yourself as you gaze fixedly on him, whether he whose only hope is in that cross of absolute self-sacrifice and self-abasement can have to cherish in himself one self-complacent action. Let the Master's words ring in your ears: "How can ye believe who receive honor one of another, and seek not the honor that cometh from God only?" "Boasters are cousins to liars," says the proverb.

The Steps of Ambition.

Another proverb says: "Contentment is better than wealth." Ergasilus, the homeless and penniless parasite of Plautus, claimed to be Luck, Gaiety, Safety and Joy, because he was contented, but far better than such contentment would have been an ambition to be independent of others. Men have been too lavish of the lash on ambition, for no man succeeds either in business or religion without it. One of Shakespeare's characters says: "Ambition has but two steps: the lowest blood, the highest envy." It has many noble steps between these two extremes that lead us to excellence of character and achievement. The ambition whose motto is: "What thou wouldst highly that wouldst holily," is a noble ambition. There is, of course, an ambition like Richelieu's, "Breathing the air of hate and seeing daggers in the eyes of men," but there is also an ambition that breathes the air of prayer, and sees in humanity harvest fields for Christian effort; an ambition that works inward to renew us, and upward to make us Christlike, and outward to turn many to righteousness; an ambition that sings: "Nearer, my God, to thee," and prays, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me," and struggles to "comprehend with all saints what is the height and depth, and length and breadth of the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

In our hate of ambition's abuse, we have feared its use, but we need to learn that every passion in the human soul is given to lift us Godward, and to help the race in its long journey back to Eden. We should hate vain thoughts; we should be angry at wrong and sin not; we should cherish a "godly jealousy;" we should "covet earnestly the best gifts." These passions are our steeds and God gave them to us to help us heavenward. As Christians then we should not be satisfied, but follow on, press on, strive on, to know Christ more and pray on, lead on, speak on to taste and see the wonders of his grace.

A candid president of Brown university once said: "It was my misfortune that the most intimate of my friends, though pure in their lives and morally wholesome as associates, were low in their aims as scholars, satisfied with very little and very superficial work. They had been sent to college to prepare for the ministry. Selected and aided by beneficiary funds as 'candidates for the ministry,' they seemed to regard themselves as absolved from the duty of high aims as scholars, and dropped into the wretched cant of 'laying aside ambition as unworthy servants of the Lord.'" It is not this spurious discontent of ourselves that is to be commended, but rather that sort of discontent of ourselves which is prompted by the thought that the best we can do is poor enough for an offering to the Lord.

A good dinner sharpens wit, while it softens the heart.—Doran.

KNEE POCKETS AND AVIATION COSTUMES AT CLOTHES SHOW.

Remarkable Variety of Up-to-Date Novelties at Fabric Exhibition Which Has Opened Today in Madison Square Garden.

MISS JANE GROVER, MODEL, AT THE "COMING"

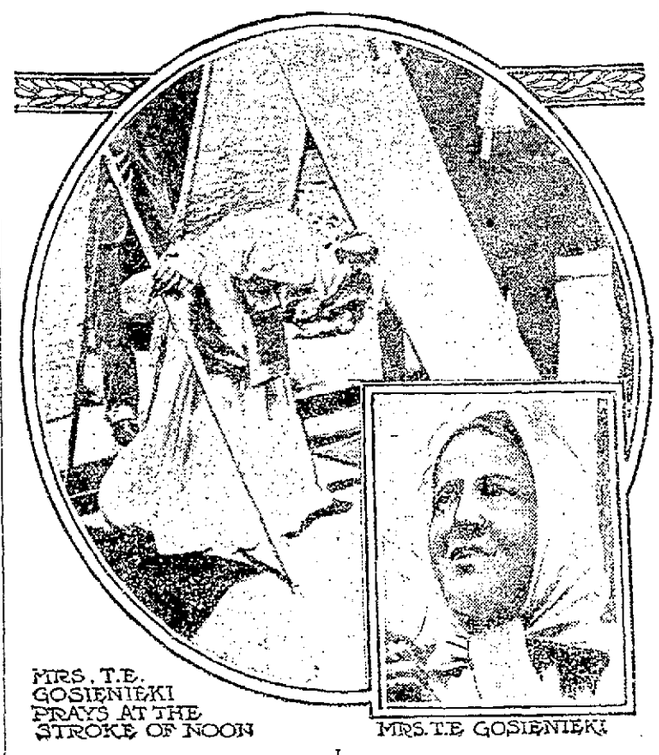
Knee pockets for fair automobilists' skirts, costumes for aviation and hawking and a whole barnyard full of Chanticler costumes are found among the novelties to be shown at the Clothes show, which opens today, Madison Square Garden was the only place in town big enough to contain an exhibition with so formidable a title as The International Wearing Apparel, Style and Fabric show, and here will be shown every imaginable costume for either sex from morning gowns to the variously shaped garments donned just before going to sleep at night.

The advantage of the knee pockets for women motorists is explained as giving the driver at the wheel the same knee freedom as a man. The aviation costume has an advantage evidently designed for the uncertainties of aerial flights. Should the aviator be suddenly returned to earth she can be a few deft changes convert the garment into a walking skirt. And in considering the fact that aviators have to do considerable walking this is not to be overlooked.

The long dry spell may detract attention from a remarkable waterproof cloak which is to be shown. It is made of patent rubberized silk and is so slight of texture that it can be rolled up and carried in a handbag, or probably in one of the knee pockets aforementioned.

The Chanticler craze is not overlooked in the exhibition and many designs suggestive of a peacock will be shown among them a Vienna conceit, the Chanticler bustle, which is as loud as the crow announcing sunrise.

PROFESSSES A STRANGE RELIGIOUS MISSION.



MRS. T.E. GOSIENIEKI PRAYS AT THE STROKE OF NOON

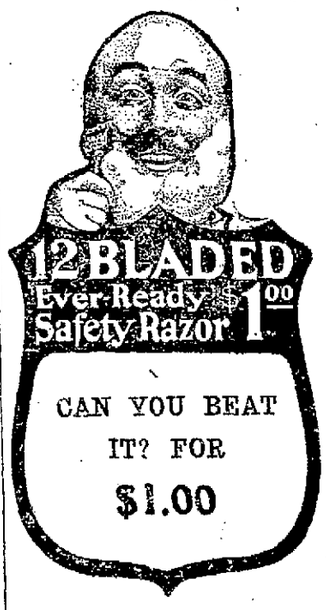
MRS. T.E. GOSIENIEKI

New York, Aug. 13.—Robes of pure white enveloped her, who said she had seen for three times the Angel of the Lord and had gone forth into the streets, walking with her bare feet and in all humility, to attend her mission. He had come in clinging garments, all spotless, and so this strangely garbed priestess of the unknown wandered forth with great placards bearing her message in a cramped, laborious hand, that all who read might know it. Her head was in a pumbus of white, from beneath which her dark hair made a strange contrast, and her brown eyes glowed with earnestness.

She stood in front of the Herald building, and as the hour of noon pealed from the great bell she knelt on the pavement, with her face to the east, and offered her thanks that, after much illness and trouble she had health enough and all was well with her and hers. On week days, she said, she was a chambermaid at the Murray Hill hotel, but on Sundays she will from now on go forth sandalless through the city, that she may, like some barefoot saint of old, give witness.

The strangely apparelled missionary said that her name was Mrs. T. E. Gosieniek, that she was a Mexican by birth and had lived here for several years. She gave No. 220 East Fifty-third street as her address.

ONE DOLLAR



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IN THE CITY'S CHURCHES

SUNDAY IN THE CHURCHES.

Pastors Announce Times of Services and Sermon Topics.

Frank S. Hickman will deliver the address at the Railroad Y. M. C. A. meeting Sunday at 3 p. m. H. A. Philley will conduct the song service.

"The Call to Work" will be the theme of Rev. G. F. Byrer at the Calvary U. B. church Sunday morning. In the evening he will speak on "A Rightful Termination." J. H. Byrer will lead the Young People's service at 6:45, the subject being "God's Plans for Us."

Church of God—Sunday school 9:30 a. m.; preaching 10:30 a. m., subject: "Prayer;" at 7:30 p. m., "Trusting in God." Christian Endeavor at 6:30 p. m., leader, H. H. Spiker. Prayer services Thursday evening.

Simpson M. E. church, Rev. William A. Griest, pastor—Sunday school 9:30 a. m., A. F. Double, superintendent. Morning worship 10:30 a. m.; sermon by the pastor, subject: "The Fool's Mistake." Class meeting 11:45 a. m.; Epworth league 6:45 p. m., subject: "The Signs of the Gospel Day;" leaders, Frank S. Hickman and Foster Houck. Evening worship 7:15 p. m.; sermon by the pastor. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

Bethany Presbyterian church—Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; Christian Endeavor at 7 p. m.; no preaching service. Midweek service at 7:45 p. m. Wednesday. On Sunday at 3 p. m. the funeral service of Henry Miller will be conducted by the pastor.

There will be preaching services at the First Presbyterian church Sunday at 11 a. m.

Dr. W. T. Ferguson will occupy the pulpit Sunday morning at the First Methodist church. Services in the evening also.

The Sunday morning sermon topic of Rev. Mr. Cecil at the First M. E. church will be "The Man Who Cannot Sail." In the evening his theme will be "A Great Name."

There will be a temperance meeting Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the Salvation Army citadel on East Washington street. The address will be by Frank E. Hickman, subject, "Habit." A recitation will be given by Miss Madge Schell and singing by quartet and audience.

The musical services at the Bethel Evangelical church services Sunday will be interesting. In the forenoon Mrs. C. F. Mize will sing "The Lost Child." In the evening the children's choir will render two selections. Organ selections and other music at both services.

Wayne Street Methodist church, C. Claud Travis, pastor—9:30 a. m. Sabbath school; 10:30 a. m. morning worship; subject of the sermon will be "The Life That Counts." 4:00 p. m. at McCulloch park will be held an open air meeting; 8:00 p. m. evening worship; subject, "Our Lack and God's Supply." The pastor will preach at both morning and evening services.

Bethel church, corner Clinton and DeWald street—Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; preaching 10:45, subject: "Lifting." The Y. P. A. and preaching service will be combined in the evening at 7:30 and 8:30, subject for Y. P. A.: "Do You Let God Plan Your Life?" For sermon, "Drawing." Missionary committee and the financial members will meet Monday evening at 7:30 in the lecture room. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:45. Ladies' Aid meeting at the close of the prayer meeting.

Rev. Dr. A. K Zartman will preach at the 10:30 and 8 p. m. services Sunday at Grace Reformed church.

West Creighton Avenue Church of Christ is planning for a great day Sunday. Rev. Garry L. Cook, of Indianapolis, state superintendent of the bible schools of the Christian churches of Indiana will deliver addresses at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Rev. Cook is a forceful and inspiring speaker as well as an expert in up-to-date Sunday school work. All Sunday school workers are cordially invited to attend.

Trinity Methodist Episcopal church—Public worship with preaching at 10:30 by the Rev. M. A. Harlan, of Warren, Ind. After the sermon he will speak of the Home for the Worthy Aged. In the evening at 8 p. m. Rev. E. A. Danner, a friend of the pastor will be present and bring the Gospel message. Good singing and a cordial welcome to all the services. Sunday school, 9:30; Junior League, 2:30; Epworth League, 7 p. m.; subject, "The Signs of the Gospel Day"; leader, George Mong. T. M. Hill, pastor.

Rev. T. P. Potts will preach at the Rolling Mill mission Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock and at the Gospel mission in the evening at 7:15. He preaches at the First Presbyterian church at 11 a. m.

St. Paul M. E. Church—The pastor will preach in the morning on the theme, "The Report of the Spies." In the evening Rev. A. M. Harlan, of the Old People's Home at Warren, will speak.

Rev. Wm. Bingham Ayers, of Walloston, Mass., will preach at the Congregational church tomorrow, morning and evening. Morning subject: "Some Present Day Hindrances to the Spread of the Gospel." Evening subject: "Temporal and Spiritual Power."

The quarterly conference of the Wayne Street M. E. church will be held Tuesday evening, presided over by District Superintendent Beatty.

Christ's Lutheran Church—The pastor, Rev. J. P. Albertius, will preach at 10:45. Sunday school at 9:30. No evening service and there will be none until September as the pastor will be away on his vacation.

THE GOSPEL WAGON

Will Be Out on the Streets Again Tonight.

Tonight there will be a prayer and praise service at the chapel of the Rescue Home and Mission, 118 East Columbia street, from 7:45 to 8:45 and after that the gospel wagon will go to the corner of Calhoun and Berry. Ministers of all denominations are cordially invited to be present at both services. Supt. Cooper says "Come and boost the gospel of our Lord and Saviour." The meeting at the mission Sunday night will be in charge of the superintendent.

* * *

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

Prof. S. G. Mode, of Brandon, Man., Will Be in Pulpit.

Prof. S. G. Mode, of Brandon, Man., will fill the pulpit again both morning and evening. His sermons last Sunday were listened to with great satisfaction. The sermon in the morning will be on "The Spiritual Man," and in the evening it will be "Spiritual Gravity." The musical numbers will be as follows:

Morning.

Prelude—Improvisation .....Ashmall
Anthem—"The Lord Is My Light .. .. Protheroe
Offertory—Song Without Words .. .. Lemmens
Anthem—"Dreams of Galilee..Morrison
Postlude—"Bridal March" .....Flagler

Evening.

Prelude—"Cantilene ..... Flagler
Anthem—"I Will Sing of Thy Power" ..... Protheroe
Offertory—Melody ..... Munro
Anthem—"Sun of My Soul"....Holden
Postlude ..... Valenti

* * *

IN CHURCH CIRCLES.

Social Events, Personal Mention and Local News.

There will be an ice cream social under the auspices of the Queen Esther Circle of the Simpson M. E. church Friday evening at the home of Mrs. J. O. O'Day, 1802 Fairfield avenue, to which everybody is invited.

Monday evening at the Simpson M. E. church there will be a meeting of the trustees and and building and finance committee in the interest of the new church to consider bids on the stone and masonry work.

* * *

Services at Park.

The Rev. Mr. Travis, pastor of the Wayne Street M. E. church, who has returned from Chicago, will have open air services for his congregation and others at the McCulloch park Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. There will be special music and preaching. These open air meetings at the park will continue through August and September.

* * *

Christian Science.

First Church of Christ, Scientist, 916 Harrison street—Morning service at 10:30; Sunday school at 11:30. Subject for tomorrow: "Soul." Golden text: "Thou art good, and doest good; teach me thy statutes. Let my soul live, and it shall praise thee."—Psalms 119:68, 175.

Wednesday evening meeting in the church at 8 o'clock. Reading room at 501 Bass block, open daily except Sunday from 1:30 to 5 p. m.

* * *

Missionary Meet.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary society of the Wayne Street M. E. church will meet Thursday afternoon with Mrs. P. W. Lane, 735 Popular street. She will be assisted by Mrs. W. G. Zent, Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Welch. The following is the program: Devotions, Mrs. J. Dolman; East South America, Mrs. F. N. Palmer; The Outlook in the Philippines, Mrs. W. S. Zart. Mystery Box—Members please study questions in July "Friend," and answers in June "Friend."

Children's wash suits one-fourth off.
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CELEBRATION OF GOLDEN JUBILEE

Catholic Society on Second Half Century of Its History.

EVENT OBSERVED AT ST. MARY'S HALL

Prosperous Career of St. Charles Borromeo's Society—Large Membership

The event in Catholic circles Sunday will be the golden jubilee of the St. Charles Borromeo's society, or, as it is most generally known, the St. Charles Mutual Benefit association, of the St. Mary's Catholic church, an organization composed of 200 members.

At 7:30 o'clock the members of the society will attend mass and receive holy communion at the St. Mary's church, with the Rev. Gustav Hottenroth as celebrant and at 9:30, with a band, will march to the St. Peter's church and escort the St. Martin's society to the St. Mary's church, where both societies will attend solemn high mass.

The celebrant at these services will be Rt. Rev. J. H. Oechtering, the pastor of the church, who will be assisted by Revs. H. F. J. Kroll, Charles Thiel, Crisostom Hummer and Gustave Hottenroth. The sermon will be preached by Rev. George Heldmann, C. P. P. S., of Rensselaer college. At 2:30 in the afternoon the societies will attend solemn vespers and benediction.

The celebration proper of the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the society will take place in the evening, commencing at 7:30 o'clock, at the St. Mary's school hall and for this an elaborate and interesting program has been prepared, the Hilker's orchestra and the choirs of the St. Mary's and St. Peter's churches furnishing the music, Prof. Louis Peil being the accompanist.

The president of the society, Adam A. Reinhart, will preside and on taking the chair he will be presented with a golden gavel, the presentation being made by John B. Kocks. The acceptance speech and welcome address of the president will then precede the following program:

Meeting of 1860 called to order and minutes read by first secretary, Karl Bickel.

Roll call of members of 1860 by second secretary, John Deppen.

Honors bestowed upon the twelve oldest members by Rt. Rev. Mons. J. H. Oechtering, V. G.

Address by Rev. George Heldmann, C. P. P. S.

Song by St. Mary's and St. Peter's choirs, Prof. Peil, accompanist.

Flag presentation in behalf of the honorary members by the Hon. H. C. Berghoff.

Star Spangled Banner to be sung by audience. Music by Hilker's orchestra.

Selection by Hilker's orchestra.

Song by the St. Mary's and St. Peter's choirs, Prof. Peil, accompanist.

Tableaux.

Te Deum.

The date of the formation of the St. Charles Borromeo's society was August 15, 1860. Its object was to care for the sick, bury the dead and give protection to the widows and orphans. Henry Pranger, Sr., being its organizer, and its first officers were: President, Sebastian Schmucker; vice president, George Link; secretary, Henry Pranger; treasurer, Lorenz Mayer. It then had forty members. With the years it grew in membership and in 1864 it was incorporated and affiliated with the National Federation of German Catholic societies and later with the St. Joseph's States Verband, a similar league of societies of Indiana. Its present officers are:

President—Adam A. Reinhart.
Vice President—George Haffner.
Treasurer—Charles Hilker.
First Secretary—Carl Bickel.
Second Secretary—John Deppen.
Trustees—Louis Schwartz, Edward Leeup, George Miller.
Sick and Aid Committee—Nicholas Happ, president; Jacob Weick, secretary; Anthony Masbaum, Hubert Goetz, Edward Nohe, Aloys Rieg and Pius Gutman.

The committee in charge of the jubilee celebration is composed of Adam Reinhart, Gust Berghoff, John B. Kochs, Geo. Haffner, Chas. Bickel, Chas Hilker, Joseph Zurbuch, Louis Schwartz, Wm. Wunderlin.

The membership is divided into two classes. Class A, which pays 25c per month and receives in time of sickness $3.00 per week; and class B, which pays 50c per month and receives during sickness $6.00 per week. At the death of a member of either class $75.00 is paid to the bereaved relatives at once from the treasury, and at the next meeting every member contributes 50c as a death benefit. At the funeral six members assist as honorary pallbearers and each evening, while the corpse lies in state, the president with the members go to the home of the deceased and say the rosary for the the repose of the soul.

During the fifty years the society has existed it has paid out over $50,000 in sick benefits, and over $12,000 widow money. At this date it has over $4,000 drawing interest and about $500 in the treasury.

The obligations assumed by the society have during all these years been faithfully and cheerfully fulfilled.

The honorary members of the society are: Rt. Rev. J. H. Oechtering, V. G.; Rev. Gustav Hottenroth, Rev. Wm. Miller, Michael Baltes, John H. Hartman, Henry Kappel, Martin H. Ankenbruck, Henry Eward Pranger, H. D. Halstein, Joseph J. Baker, Joseph Frickle, Sr., Gust Berghoff, Edward J. Ehrman, Albert J. Jauch, H. C. Berghoff, Nicholas Klug, Martin Greven, Sr.

Boys' fancy caps half price.
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Attorney R. V. Phillips will return to his home in Toledo tomorrow after a visit with his brother, S. M. Phillips.

John Eggeman, attorney, will go to St. Louis, Mo., tomorrow upon a business visit.

OFFICERS AND CLERGY WHO ARE PROMINENT IN ST. CHARLES BORROMEO SOCIETY'S GOLDEN JUBILEE.

KARL BICKEL,
First Secretary, St. Charles.

Rev. CHARLES H. THIELE,
Pastor of St. Peter's Church.

RT. Rev. J. H. OECHTERING,
Pastor, St. Mary's.

REV. CHRYSOSTOM HUMMER,
Pastor, Church of Precious Blood.

KARL HILKER,
Treasurer, St. Charles.

GEORGE M. HAFFNER,
Vice President, St. Charles Society.

ADAM A. REINHART,
President, St. Charles Society.

REV. GUSTAVE HOTTENROTH,
Assistant Pastor of St. Mary's Church.

POOR HANDMAIDS OF CHRIST.

Thirteen Young Ladies Tooff First Vows at St. Joseph Hospital.

At the St. Joseph hospital thirteen young ladies took their first vows in the order of the Poor Handmaids of Christ and began their preparation for the devotion of their lives to the service of the church. The ceremony attended on this solemn step, conducted by the bishop, was impressive and beautiful. A week ago perpetual vows were taken at the St. Joseph hospital by a large class and some of them have left the city to engage in their work elsewhere.

All fancy neckwear at half price.
PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

MANY CAST IN PRISON.

Wholesale Arrests in Honduras for Late Uprising.

New York, Aug. 13.—It is reported here that scores of prisoners have been thrown into Honduras prisons following their alleged complicity in recent uprisings in that country. Rumors here are to the effect that President Davila has issued a statement declaring the insurrectionary movements have been completely quelled. Wholesale arrests of alleged leaders in the movement against the government are being made, it is said.

A party consisting of Charles Townsing, Charles Menett, Joseph Stubnatzy and Frank Biemer will spend next week in the "Sunset cottage at Rome City.

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August 22
Special train 4:40 p. m. Regular train, 8:05 p. m. Good 12 days.
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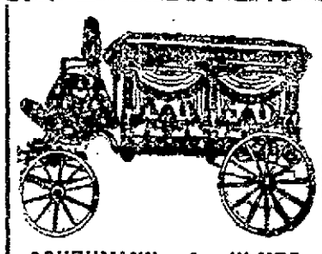

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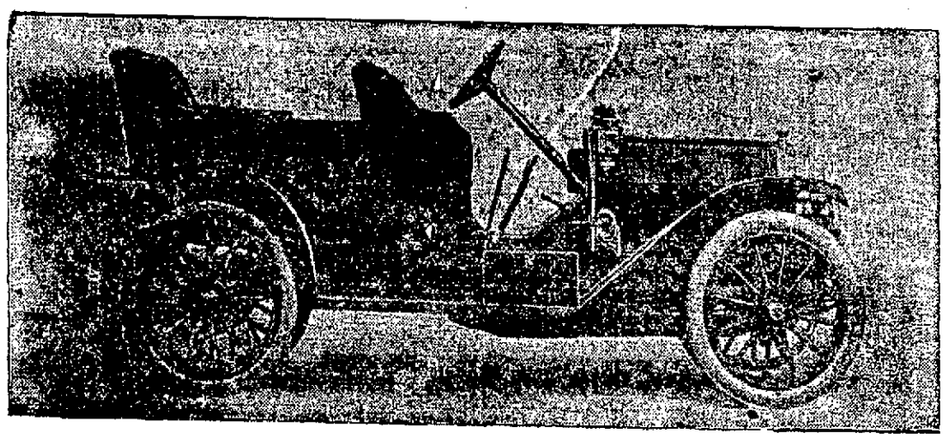

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OUR SHORT STORY PAGE

PARASITES PARADISE

By HARRIS MERTON LYON

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JACK HODGE was soul-sick and young and strong. He put his unimportant "O K for purchase" on the "Clover" verses, rammed his shoulders into a mackintosh, and went out into the May drip. Jack Hodge was just about at the end of the game, he said. (Semi-annually, or quarterly, you always say that in New York.) But the truth was that Jack Hodge was bloom without pollen. He couldn't be coaxed into admitting this. He answered that he was a writer who wanted to write; who came to New York to turn out real literature instead of magazine mush; who couldn't see why, in a lightning-like string-of-things, the editors didn't give him a chance, and who justly lamented the future of American literature because the magazine and book publishers put before the public such abominable tripe.

Jack Hodge had really started in life as a Texas plumber's assistant; then he had come to Schenectady to work for the General Electric people in the casting shed, and at the first pinch of the panic they had let him go. He drifted down the Hudson to Her Imperial Ugliness and procured a job on a newspaper, which lasted for one week and left him at the end of it all with thirty-three dollars cash. Then he rented a two-dollar-a-week room in the uptown ghetto and began to write plays—tragedies, most of them, about the laboring man's wrongs and rich women who drank. When his money was quite gone he started doing special articles for the Sunday newspapers, short stories for the magazines, very odd jobs for very odd press agents, and so on until finally he had glued himself safely into a sub-sub-editor's chair with *Doo-fanny's Magazine*, a publication of, the people, by the people, and for the people (price fifteen cents), with a portrait of Lincoln on the cover every February.

"I ain't the fellow I was when I came here to buck this game," he said to himself, as he shouldered his way through the mist. He turned into Broadway, onto the Rialto, where the imitation people stalk and loll and trip and mince. He looked into their faces. Paint and woe and make-believe; sometimes just blank ignorance and light lasciviousness. The city's deception ran even through that soaked, bedraggled crowd. "Maybe it's just that I see it; maybe it ain't there at all. Maybe I'm stale on my job and ought to get away," rambled his thoughts. "That 'Clover' thing set me thinking—'Rinse my lungs free of this poison again, again,'" he quoted. "I wonder why that hits me? I wonder who wrote that? 'Verbena Mae Cloud' was the name on the manuscript. Sounds rather kittenish. 'Care General Delivery' sounds pseudonymish and mysterious." He bit viciously into a cigar and plodded on, chewing the weed to shreds.

He turned west on Fiftieth Street and went over into the tenement quarter along Ninth Avenue. "'Free of this poison again,'" he kept on. "Whoever she is, she's been back in the clean country once, and she's here now, and she's poisoned—just as I am. I wonder if I *am* poisoned? I wonder if it's too late? God-a'mighty! Those big, cool stretches of land out there! Real land! Grass roots. Home folks! The fellows with the big fists and the sunburn and the genuine grins; and the small town girls."

Jack Hodge, slightly nerve-strained and out of his psychic killer, weaved his way up motley, grimy Ninth Avenue until he came to Reilly's Snug Hotel—the way they make you snug *there* is by giving you knock-out drops in your liquor, hitting you over the head with six inches of plugged gas pipe, taking your money, and, perchance, throwing you into the river—then went in next door to this Reilly's at the photographer's doorway, and followed a flight of dingy steps up to a first-floor landing, where, amidst a baleful odor of cooking and wet garbage, a baleful gas jet exuded a limp, tragic light. Here he lived and here he met something which put the final touches of disease upon his despair. The something was aged four, judiciously sober, and was pulling about a tomato can attached to a string.

Jack Hodge laughed harshly. "What's that?" he demanded.

The something intensified in dignity. "A railroad train—of course."

Jack shut his jaws hard. "Live here?"

"In there." The wan, pinched child pointed at a forbidding door.

"What's your name?"

"Jim."

"Mine's Jack."

The child said nothing, but gravely marched in a ring, drawing the can behind him. Then he explained: "When it rains I can't go out. I gotta play up here."

All of a sudden a lump came in Jack's throat; he kneeled on one knee, put his hand on Jim's shoulder, looked into his eyes and said, hoarsely:

"Did you ever play on a farm, Jim? I mean where there's cows and horses and dogs and chickens? And cherry trees and raspberry bushes and hay stacks? And barns and pig lots?"

Jim tugged a blank "No" with his solemn little head. For the first time in his life Jack gazed upon *the calm mystery of a child's mind. It was too deep* a problem for him, and he solved it in the usual grown-up way, to the usual grown-up satisfaction. He gave Jim a nickel and trudged upstairs with a "So long; I'll see you to-morrow," entered his room, and without stopping to light the gas, threw himself into a chair by the window. He looked out over the sullen town, and as he looked he bit his nails.

For half an hour he sat and thought. Then he got up, took off his coat, lighted the gas, and squared his shoulders. With his diary on the table in front of him, he wrote:

April 15th. A town of parasites—talkers, talkers, talkers. Grafters and middlemen of all kinds, *but no producers.* Each day the harvest is a harvest of talk. Am I a parasite, too? I don't know; I hope not. I'm beginning to lose my grip. I don't fit into this game. I don't know what is the matter with me. Yes, I do. I am trying to be a parasite when it isn't in my blood. I'm no good as a grafter. It's spring. I ought to be farming now. I ought to produce—*produce*—PRODUCE. I ought to get away from New York. I don't belong here. I must get *away from* it, or it will get me down. At the age of forty—forty-five—here I will be a limp, haphazard, characterless parasite, truckling daily for a dollar.

He smoked and smoked in bitter silence, went out and ate an apathetic evening meal, dragged himself forlornly back into his room, and lay down to a bed of dinning discontent. Four days later he noticed that the verses on "Clover" had been accepted.

There having been twenty-five lines in the whole poem and the union rate for poetry being fifty cents a line, Jack figured that Verbena Mae was the gainer by some twelve dollars and a half; and somehow this gave him pleasure.

"Not a bad windfall for an old maid," he thought. For a reason which he could not analyze he came to the conclusion that Verbena Mae was a spinster, the product of an age when they gave people finicky, perfumery-shop names. "She can get herself a shawl and some slippers and peppermint candy and a copy of 'St. Elmo' and forget all about New York."

"For half an hour he sat and thought."

But he reflected that that sort of an old maid would not burst out in Whitman mimicry; and he ended by sending her a letter:

Dear Madam [it ran] I am one of the editors of this magazine, and I want to write you this personal note to tell you how glad I am that your verses were accepted. I read them at a time when I was sick of New York. Was there ever a time when I wasn't? I suppose so. But now all I can say is, I hope to God there is clover blooming somewhere.

Yours sincerely,

JACK HODGE.

He hardly expected a reply. But in three weeks a letter came, scrawled painstakingly on a sheet of foolscap. A pressed white clover bloom fell out.

It still does bloom. I got out into the June country and found some the other day. Soon there will be acres of it, myriads of blossoms. Enough that, if you could plait it into a strand, it would lead you back a thousand miles into God's country.

There was no address and no signature. He pinned the dead symbol into his diary, and stared sullenly at the gritty town. The spring had muddled him with a blood discontent and he dreamed of the thickened necks of beasts, the smell of the open pastures. He pulled off his shirt, lit his pipe, and went out to sit on the stairs.

Below him on the landing the pallid, grave eyed Jim was playing postman all to himself. Jim had a penny whistle, which, though mimes the pen, he nevertheless consistently blew upon, delivering imaginary mail and a *sotto voce* monologue as he went from imaginary door to imaginary door upon the miserable stairs. Suddenly he spied Jack.

"Letter for Mr. Jack Hodge," he announced solemnly, wheezing into the saliva-laden whistle. He toddled up, handed over a grimy fistful of air, nodded in businesslike fashion, turned his back, marched down again—and uttered a miracle.

"Letter for Jim Cloud!" he called shrilly. "Letter for Mrs. Verbena Mae Cloud!"

It was as if a ghost had come to him in the sunshine. Jack took a minute to think it over, then removed his pipe from his mouth and went "S-s-st!" to the child. Jim Cloud! His mother!

"Come up here!" he whispered nervously.

Jim, sensing mystery in the manner, did so, by the process of putting one foot onto the next stair, catching hold of it with both hands, and dragging the other foot on after him.

"Is your mother's name Verbena MacCloud?" asked Jack, earnestly. Jim nodded.

He grabbed the baby up onto his lap and ran his big hand through the tangled towhead.

Then, from incongruous motives that he did not at the time understand, Jack Hodge put another question:

"Where's your father?"

Somewhere Romance sang like a bird.

"Dead," replied the unintelligible postman.

Jim's mother was a woman not only of sense, but of incense. She strewed her gentle ways with an old-fashioned fragrance that came wonderfully somehow out of her hands as she moved about her quiet sitting room, out of her dress as she rustled from the range to the geraniums in the window, out of the copper-red tumult of her hair. Jim's mother was more than pretty; she was sweet and wise. She was twenty-three years old.

Her life had been rich in work and poor in nothing but money. When Jim Cloud, property man and stage carpenter with "The Lily and the Princess," passed through the little Iowa town, Verbena Mae Holly had fallen partly in love with glamour and partly in love with a good man. A year after she had run away and married him, the glamour faded and the good man died. With common sense as her tool, and the baby as something to work for, she moved into Ninth Avenue and began helping several wardrobe mistresses with their sewing and with other odd jobs around the theaters. She was young enough to dream and old enough to make a sturdy soldier of herself whom the neighbors called a "pore, pitiful little thing."

That night Jack Hodge shaved, dressed himself gallantly, temporarily forgot his hatred of the city, and went down to compliment her on her verses. He never even stopped to consider it necessary to introduce himself. He felt as if he had known her all along. Perhaps he had. Perhaps pollen isn't as accidental a thing in this world as bees and botanists would have us think.

Sometimes—not often enough, it is true—in the eternal jigging of life the right meets the left, the positive pole the negative, the button the current; and when it does, work begins and songs are sung sweetly in the morning, the noon and the evening air. Be sure, after all, that love has its reason and youth its season, and that these aromatic spirits combined will pungently dispel the dullness of humdrum labor, the weariness of eyes worn out with ill-directed seeking, the ache of heads that throb with ill-directed thinking.

"It isn't *you* I love," said Jack Hodge at last, fierce-eyed, *sans* humor, and thumping her plain little dining-room table grandly. "It's what you stand for—the big open country, full of sky and sunshine. Something about you reminds me of all that. I think it's your eyes, and maybe your voice. You—you've got the touch of eternal bigness about you. I want that; I need it in my work—oh, I'm selfish, I know! I hope I am. I hope I'm a superman. By God, there are times I feel like one." The superman ran a superhand through his startling hair. "I don't love *you; it's something you've brought into my life.*"

"I hope I have," said Jim's mother, simply. "Because if I have, I've brought it at the right time. You needed it right now, Jack, before you got hard and set and—mediocre. Every young man needs it while he's flexible, while he's strong—but soft—in his youth. Some of them never get it. Never. And their spirit gets brittle and their hearts get sour. I know that because, in spite of myself, I was beginning to feel that way, too." She laid a hand on his arm.

The superman was staring straight at her, his eyes glowing with pity. "God, *I feel sorry for some people,*" he murmured. "Just think. There are thousands of them, young fellows and girls, right here in this city, hammering away at the wrong thing, eating a mighty bitter bread, and crying their eyes out over their failure, when, if they could only get a little light—if some one like you would come to them and show 'em—the way you showed me—they'd *see* they were wasting themselves here; pounding sand in a rat hole!"

She took it up. "Beating against the wrong door. New York isn't the right door for all of us. You said something the other day about parasites. You're right. There *are too many* of us here. We can't get in. There isn't room for us. And where there isn't room, the air is poison. That's what I meant when I wrote about the clover. I—I'd rather be back there, somewhere. I wouldn't be a failure back there, nor a parasite back there. There's plenty of room there for—little people. And I'd be happier."

The war horse in him stomped ferociously at her words. "Little people? I don't think I'm 'little people.' I think this God-forsaken city is full of little people. That's what's the matter with it. And the big people it gets—where do *they* come from? Where do they come from? Out there, of course." He swung his *big arm toward* the West, felt it touch something, and gathered little Jim absent-mindedly into his lap. "There's room out there for big people and, by God, I'm going back to be one of them. If I stayed here and made good, I'd only get out of here, anyway, when I'd done it. And I just simply don't like living here. It makes me rotten to live here. I feel as if I were tainted already," he concluded, humbly.

"You're not!" she exclaimed. "You're *just the be—*" She stopped, suddenly, and remembered something with a blush. It was what she stood for, not her, that he wanted.

"Yes, I am—*tainted*. I've been inhaling too much of this studio gas." Being on his favorite topic, he once more banged the table. "The sticky, messy, unbreathable air of the 'culture' of this town! The rottenest sham ever perpetrated on a healthy country. I wish I could tell those poor misguided wretches back in my country what a joke this 'literary air' is that they're all yearning for. Every big-hearted fellow out there—not only the writers, the other fellows, too—is just crazy to get to New York and mingle with the gods. He doesn't know how much it will pull him down. He doesn't know how mean, and small, and nasty, and stingy the whole game is here—and he wouldn't believe it if you told him. For, if you've got the idea that you can write, you are going to come to New York and write. At first you'll write literature; then you'll write *belles lettres*—pretty letters! Then you'll write magazine slush; then you'll write ads.

"You won't save any money, because you'll spend just a little bit more than you make; you'll get sick and disgusted with New York. You'll snarl yourself all up in a knot of introspection. You'll get to be a jim dandy expounder of rags, jags and nags. All this will go on inside yourself. Your fr—I beg your pardon, we're in New York—your acquaintances won't know what is the matter with you; but your soul-stomach is sick. You're the salt of the earth; but in New York that salt has certainly lost its savor. If you're worth while you'll get out. If you're not worth while you'll also get out. Some people are neither, and stay.

"When a fellow from my country comes here he doesn't know that he's leaving the juice of a real humanity for the squeezed-out fruit of a fake culture. But he is. I've watched the comings and the goings of the tribes, and what they lack, all of them, what they've *forgotten*, all of them, is the grass roots and the blue sky." He stopped waving his arms, abruptly. "I'm going back."

"When?" she urged.

"The very first chance I get," he muttered. And he turned and grinned at the wide-eyed Jim.

But she didn't believe it. Jim's mother knew nothing of the energy of a man. She had her own energy, but it was a stay-at-home sort, a reserve force of strong, patient optimism. As pollen she was static, until something came and carried her off. She had no idea that Jack Hodge, flower, would pull himself up by the roots and come planting himself over again directly beneath her sweetening dust. She did not even know why she loved him. But this was the reason; she saw, from her nest, youth and strength carrying battle. From amidst her tranquility she saw a life going forward, valiant, good, and clean. Where there were so many greedy millions of people, she had found one who was, as yet, free from the idea of greed. Later, as he himself had said in flamboyant language, this greed might get him. But not yet, and she could save him. And she loved him.

"Why did you write the 'Clover' verses?" he asked her, all of a sudden.

"*Not for money,*" she answered.

"That's better."

"I write a great many things. Some day I'll show them to you. I write them because in that way I feel I am saving something—something that might slip away from me; something I would probably lose if I didn't set it down. And the loss of any of that—in this city—would be, in my life, almost tragic." She bowed her head and turned it aside for a moment. Whatever it was, it passed; and she said, suddenly: "When are you going to Canada?"

"To-morrow evening. Six-fifteen." He arose, looked at her and laughed, frankly. "How'd you like to marry me and live up there?" he asked. He was at the door. He opened it, slammed it behind him, and went upstairs burning hot all over.

Her staring eyes were fixed on the knob; her breath was choking hot in her throat. Her lips trembled, as she bent forward, twisting her hands. She knew he loved her! He had said he did not; that he only loved what she stood for. Jim's mother put her forehead on her arm, and with a little spasmodic movement, breathed a soft "Oh-oh-oh!" into the fragrant texture of her dress, letting her body slide away in a wave of soft emotion. For days after that she spent her idle hours at the window, her hands in her lap and a sublimity in her face.

Jack Hodge worked in a furious hatred of himself all the next day. He went to Canada without trying to see her. Why had he said that to her? he kept asking himself. He *did not want to* break her heart, and in the glowing release of one hot moment he had surely done so. He was too young to marry. His career! His present poverty! And he didn't love her. He was quite absolutely certain that he didn't. It was that wonderful message she had brought him. That was what he had fallen in love with. Not her, but what she stood for. Good Heaven, hadn't he told her so once?

He found himself longing to write to her, and he found himself ashamed to write to her. He grew nervous over this dilemma, this blunder, this disaster of the heart and soul. At one moment, he didn't see how he was ever going to be bold enough to meet her again; at another, in the gaunt hunger of his yearning, he wanted to take her in his arms and crush her.

Temperamental young men, in love for the first time, are peculiar objects of indecision. It is quite fortunate that, after all, there is an outside world; because this outside world has a way of regulating circumstance and circumstance has a way of regulating decision.

Ten minutes after he was back from Canada he found two letters in his box. Both were from magazine editors. The first stated that if he was willing to take $100 for his story "The Ninth Cat," the editors would be charmed, etc. The second advised him that his *manuscript* "The Girl Who Was Lonely" had won the capital prize of $2,000 in a fiction contest. His only sensation as he mounted the stairs was of four hundred extra horse power in his chest.

He got to his room without shrieking, but, once the door was closed behind him, he laughed, he sang, he danced, he made horrible, tremendous noises of delight and broke a table and a vase by means of galloping and pummeling everything in sight. One of the things he did was to go and look at himself in the glass. The trembling face of exultation he saw there made him grin, and as the grin came gleefully back at him he jumped and shouted with joy. Downstairs Jim's mother put two dollars and forty-five cents in an old sugar bowl, gave Jim a penny, and laid out the pretty red tablecloth for their evening meal. She stopped fidgeting with the napkins and dropped into abstraction for a moment. She was still thinking of Jack Hodge's last words.

He tried his best to stay in his room, but it was impossible. He tried to pull his face into a calm, sober, mature expression. It was impossible. Therefore, when he plunged into her dining room, her thoughts being where they were, she misinterpreted his gladness and was shocked with a dizzy bliss.

Jack, however, had forgotten he had been gone; had forgotten his last words to her; had forgotten everything. He held two letters in his hand and shouted: "For the love of heaven, will you read this?"

She had one long look at him first, full of as divine a loyalty as woman ever gave to a man. Then she moistened her lips, brushed her hair hastily with one hand, pressed her temple, and took the sheets of paper. When she had read through the one about the $2,000 prize, she did not look at him. She turned aside, and continued to stare at the letter.

"Ain't it great?" shouted the parasite.

"Great? Oh, Jack!" She said it in a tiny voice, a bit prim, a bit restrained, a bit dry, because it was perilously close to tears.

But he was in a frame of mind that overlooked voices. "By the Eternal, I've beaten them at their own game!" he went on, pacing the floor, rummaging through his hair, waving his arms. "I knew I could do it! I've shown 'em! I've taken a bunch of money away from this town of grafters! They had to pay *me*. I knew I could do it. I just knew it. It's like winning money on a horse race." He turned and looked brusquely at her. "I took it fair and square—but it's an accident; it's a caprice, a whim, a freak. I might work ten years before it would happen to me again. It's not logical, consecutive ground-gaining, do you understand? I'm a fool to set much store by it, I suppose. And I wouldn't, but there's that other acceptance. *That* shows they want my stories. Maybe. Maybe not. I don't know. Gosh—$3,000!" His air of bewildered gloating was almost ludicrous.

A change came over the spirit of her dream. "I—I'm glad you're successful, Jack," she faltered. "Even if it is a chance freak, as you call it. I don't believe it is, myself. I think you earned it and——"

"Oh, I earned it all right," he grumbled.

"And I—I hope you go on—and—earn—more. You're young. You ought to get away—by yourself—and work hard now." She simply could not go further. She had never intended to talk thus, but the woman in her dominated. "Won't you—won't you go back West and work?"

The superman was stumped. "I don't know," he admitted.

The argumentative in her arose and restored her balance. "You *said* you would. Won't you?"

"Would you?" he demanded.

"What have I to do with it? You've got all you need from me." Oh, woman, woman! "Anyway, I must stay here. But if I were you—if the town was acting on me the way it is on you—I'd go. You can do just as good work back there. Better, I'm sure, Jack."

"I ought to go—ought I?" questioned the grand giant.

She smiled, in spite of herself. "Jack Hodge, are you going back or are you not? For goodness' sake, make up your mind. Try to be practical for a few minutes." She came over to him, reached her two hands up to his shoulders, and gave him a diminutive shake. "Wake up and pull yourself together," she pleaded, with soft energy. "Are you going back West, or are you going to stay here? Now, answer."

Feminine readers will probably say that Jim's mother acted purely on impulse when she placed her hands on Jack's shoulders. Masculine readers, on the other hand, will loudly assert that Jim's mother was a clever intriguer, or worse, a woman with a purpose.

At any rate, her touch put an ecstasy in his throat. He was just about to say "I don't know" when the supernal current from her hands filled him with indescribable throbbings and leapings and played a giddy interlude between his thought and his speech. For one long, vivid aeon the universe was filled with Jim's mother; she was glory, melody, light, color, serenity. In his arms they both dissolved, melted away in a fabulous young fairyland, watched from coverts by angel's eyes, carried afloat through clouds of rose petals, dazzled by shafts of a most brilliant sunshine. For the first time in his life Jack held her in his arms; for the first time in his life he bent to her lips and kissed her.

With the kiss came incomprehensible splendor. His harshness slipped away; and all his uncouthness, his vulgarity, his egotism, his impatience, his irrational precocity, his disdain. He kissed her, and he knew he loved her. And the spell of her kiss and the knowledge of her love brought to him an abiding patience, a sense of calmness, maturity, and frank humility. He was strong with a different strength, a strength that took its strength from eternity. He closed his eyes a moment and murmured: "My God! All on the same day!"

"Wake up and pull yourself together."

She looked up at him. There was awe in her eyes, a thrill in her breath as it rustled at her heart. "Are you going back?" she asked.

"I don't know," he answered humbly.

Jack Hodge sat at his sub-sub-editor's desk and read over the second page of a letter to his mother:

. . . and so we have bought a little place down on Long Island. I thought I would come back. But there is something in the lure of the game here. I simply cannot leave it. I don't expect to be much of a success; but I'm happy and I'm going to try my very hardest now. I used to say this city was rotten. Maybe it is. All I can say is, it doesn't seem so any more. For one thing, I don't spend any more time in it than I have to. Jim and I have weighty affairs in the way of two rabbits and a chicken yard. Even if I am a parasite——

He scowled as he wrote the next line:

The sting of it is gone.

At the moment he sealed the envelope, Jim mother, out on Long Island, was sowing the lawn with white clover.

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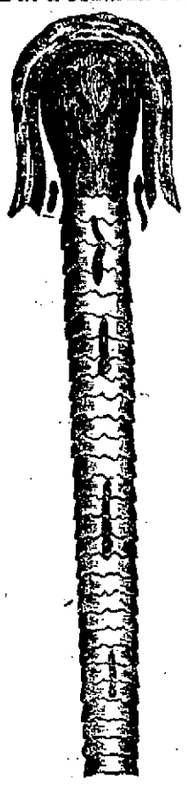

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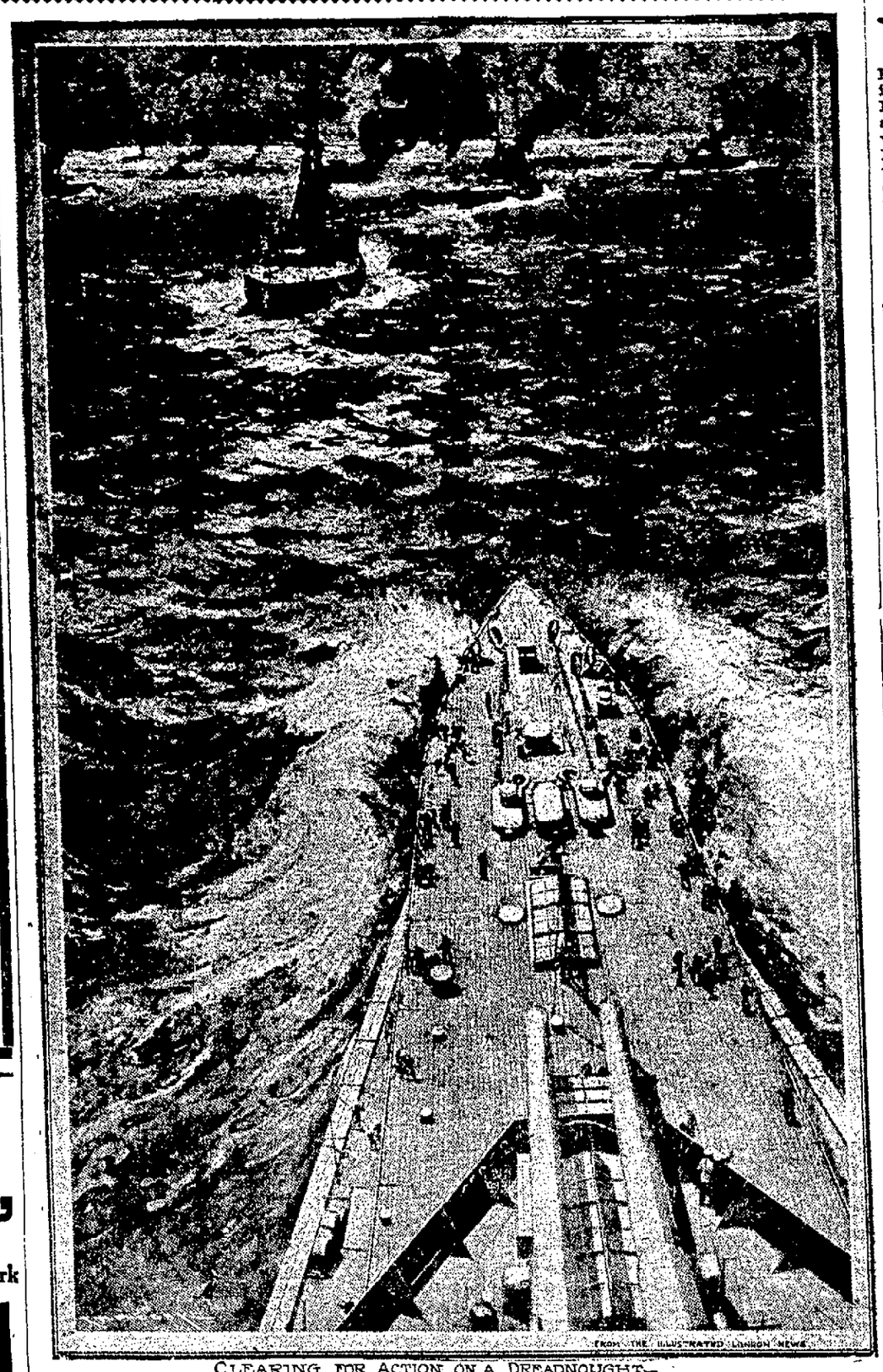

FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

CLEARING FOR ACTION ON A DREADNOUGHT—

The fire control top, or platform has taken the place of the old "fighting top" of earlier British war ships. It may be termed the "eye" of the modern battleship, for by instrumentality the sighting and laying of the guns will be carried out in battle, at any rate during the all important earlier stages of the firing. In action the gunnery lieutenant, or "range officer," of the ship would be stationed in the control top with a party of picked men, for whose use the top is fitted with an array of special telescopes, telephones and electric gear for transmitting information to the admiral and captain in their conning towers, and to the turrets and all guns elsewhere, giving variations of range, checking every shot fired, and reporting all other details of the practice made. From the control top also, by means of special electric mechanism, it is possible to train and fire any of the guns below attached to the retaining gear of the gun. One moves as the other does, up or down, to right or left, until the cross wires in the telescope, which is automatically adjusted according to the range, get "on" the enemy. Then the officer presses a button, and the gun (or guns) is discharged on the instant. This picture was made from the fire control top of the Superb during the recent British naval manoeuvers.

BOWSER IS BALKED

The Unexpected Arrival of His Mother-in-law.

SHE TAKES HIM IN HAND.

Comes When Samuel Is Enraged at Wife's Accident—He Is Ordered to Kitchen to Get a Meal—Solace in a Sonnet—New Visitor's Glee.

By M. QUAD.

[Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.]

COMING home on the street car the other evening, a fat woman dug her elbow into Mr. Bowser's ribs and then called him a villain. He said nothing in reply, but he made up his mind that Mrs. Bowser should stand around to pay for it. He was ready to kick about the gas bill when he entered the hall, but there was no one to kick to.

Neither Mrs. Bowser nor the cat was visible.

He went to the head of the basement stairs, but all was quiet in the kitchen. He descended to find no signs of the cook and no preparations for dinner. Here was something to kick about; here was something visible and solid. If he didn't raise the roof about it then his name was not Bowser.

As he ascended to the hall he heard his name faintly called from upstairs, and he went up to find Mrs. Bowser lying on the bed. She tried to smile as she said:

"I'm sorry about it. It's cook's day out, you know, and two hours ago, as I started for the kitchen to begin dinner, I tripped and rolled clear to the bottom of the stairs."

"And broke your back, of course!" he exclaimed.

"No."

"Then both legs!"

"No; I don't think I broke any bones at all, but I was badly jarred and lamed. I hope to be all right by morning."

"You hope, but you know better. You know you won't get around again for a month—perhaps not for three!"

"It's only the nervous shock and a few bruises."

"Only both hips and shoulders and all your ribs broken, you mean! Let me understand this thing. Were you walking down stairs on roller skates?"

"Of course not."

"Did you have a bureau or bedstead on your shoulder?"

"No."

"Were your eyes open?"

"Yes."

"Then there was no accident about it. Mrs. Bowser, you deliberately tumbled down those stairs to spite me. When I left the house this morning I suspected you'd do something of the kind."

"You are talking very foolishly. I am sorry the cook is out, but you can manage to get yourself a bite to eat. Please don't scold."

"Oh, I'm not going to scold. You never heard me scold in all my life. It doesn't put me out in the least. I'll just take a week's vacation out in the country. People who deliberately tumble head first downstairs mustn't look for sympathy. I'll see you later."

BOWSER MEETS HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW.

An Unexpected Vision.

Mr. Bowser went whistling downstairs to get the shock of his life. The front door opened, and in walked his mother-in-law—same carpetbag, same woman, same iron jaw.

"You—you!" he gasped.

"I thought I might be needed, and so I came along," she grimly replied. "Where is Sarah?"

"Upstairs. She fell downstairs awhile ago."

"And you were whistling over it when I came in. Samuel, take a chair in the sitting room till I come down. We may have to have a little chat together."

"There's no one here to get dinner, and I'm going out to a restaurant."

"If you do I'll follow you and talk at the top of my voice. You've known me long enough to know that I'm a determined woman."

"And I'm a determined man!"

She took him by the arm and led him into the sitting room and sat him down in a chair. Then she removed her hat and gloves and walked upstairs. Mr. Bowser kicked and gesticulated like a mad child, but he didn't leave the house. After a quarter of an hour the mother-in-law came down to say:

"Only a few bruises and the shock."

"But who ever heard of a grown woman tumbling downstairs?" he complained.

"That will do, Samuel. I've known of a grown man tumbling into a churn before now. It's not for you to make one single kick about things. I felt it in my bones that I ought to be here, and I started without stopping to tie my shoes. You can go down and get some sort of a dinner for us both."

"I told you I was going out to dinner."

"Yes, but you are not. I want you right here. Go down to the kitchen and start the fire."

"Now, look here," he said as he rose up with pale face, "I run this house. I run myself. I don't propose that you shall dictate to me one instant. That's flat."

His Bluff Called.

"Samuel," said the visitor in a very quiet voice, "I don't think you ever encountered an earthquake. You have read of them, however, and you know how things sway and totter and the ground opens to receive humanity. You'd better light that fire and pick up some sort of a dinner."

Mr. Bowser hung off for about fifteen seconds and then shuffled down to the kitchen. In lighting the fire he shoved the stove covers about and made as much racket as he could, and presently a voice at the speaking tube said:

"Samuel, if you want me to come down there and pull that range out by the roots I will do so, but you'll be pulled with it. Notify me in a pleasant and well modulated voice when dinner is ready, and be sure to have the tea good and strong.

It was half an hour later when she was notified. As she was coming down she met Mr. Bowser going up. She said nothing, but took him by the arm and walked him back to the dining room. He sat down, but refused to eat.

"It's just as well that you should fast a few days," she said as she noticed his sulks. "You are too fat anyhow. I noticed your stomach as I entered the door."

His teeth could be heard gritting together, but he made no reply.

"You weren't going to telegraph me, were you?" was sweetly asked after a bit.

Rounded Up at Last.

"No, I wasn't."

"Well, as I said, I felt it in my bones, and so there was no cost for a telegram. Samuel, can't you realize how useless it is to kick against a stone wall?"

"I dunno what you mean."

"I'm your mother-in-law—the only one you've got. You blow and bluster, but I understand you. You are afraid of me. I am seventy-three years old, but hard as nails, and I am going to live to be a hundred. You will be under my wing for the next fifteen or twenty years. You need me every hour. All such men as you need a mother-in-law around the house. You've been good enough to get the dinner, and now if you want to go up to the library and read Shakespeare to quiet your nerves you can do so. But don't attempt to sneak out of the house, Samuel. I can see like a cat at night, and I never leave a trail when I've once bit it."

Mr. Bowser disappeared, and it was two hours before he was seen again. Then the mother-in-law slipped into the library and found him fast asleep in his chair and his head on the table. Beside him was a sheet of paper on which he had started to write a lament, as follows:

The prisoner sits in his prison cell,
And his heart is aching with woe.
The future is nothing but black despair,
And the days they will go so slow.

O man who has a mother-in-law!
O man in the shadow who walks!
O man who beats at the iron bars!
By thunder—

And the mother-in-law lifted the sheet and read and grinned and chuckled.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

SEAL

A. W. GLEASON, NOTARY PUBLIC.

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Baby's Voice

Every woman's heart thrills at the cooing and prattling of a baby, and motherhood is her highest and purest joy. Yet the suffering incident to this great consummation of her life's desire, robs the anticipation of some of its sweetness. Most of this can be avoided by the use of Mother's Friend. This great remedy prepares the expectant mother's system for the coming event, and its use makes her comfortable during all the term. Mother's Friend assists nature in gradually expanding all tissues, muscles and tendons, it strengthens the ligaments, keeps the breasts in good condition, and brings the woman to the crisis in healthful physical condition. The regular use of Mother's Friend lessens the pain when baby comes, and assures a quick and natural recovery for the mother. For sale at drug stores. Write for free book for expectant mothers.

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Mother's Friend

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Charles Clark, Farmer—"I cheerfully recommend it."

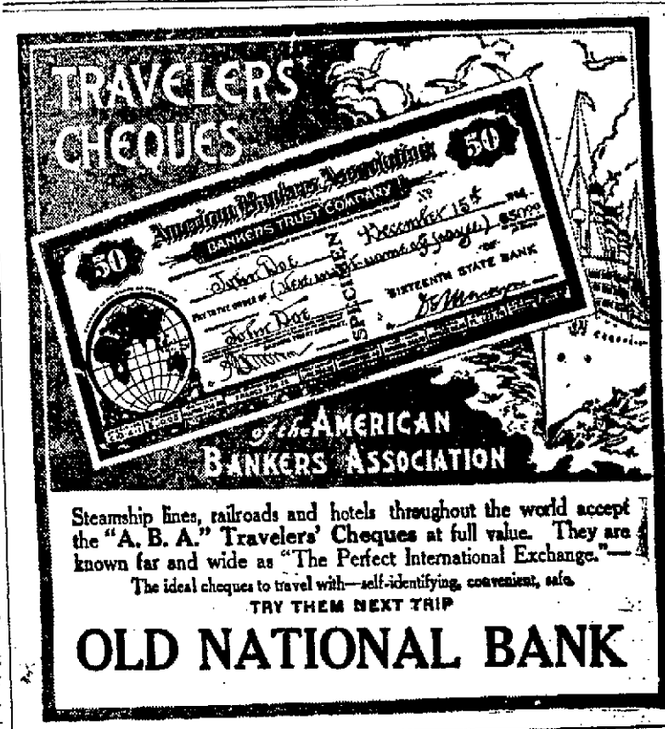
C. W. Johnson, Farmer—"I used it in a severe case of horse colic and it produced immediate results."

J. L. Valentine, Farmer, L. F. Wilson, Trucking and Coal, Harry Bunn, Auctioneer, and Levi T. Fryback, Liveryman, are equally as strong in their praises. If you are a horse owner protect yourself and your animals by having a bottle always on hand.

Remember the Name

Hoover's X-Ray Healing Oil

For Sale by all Druggists.



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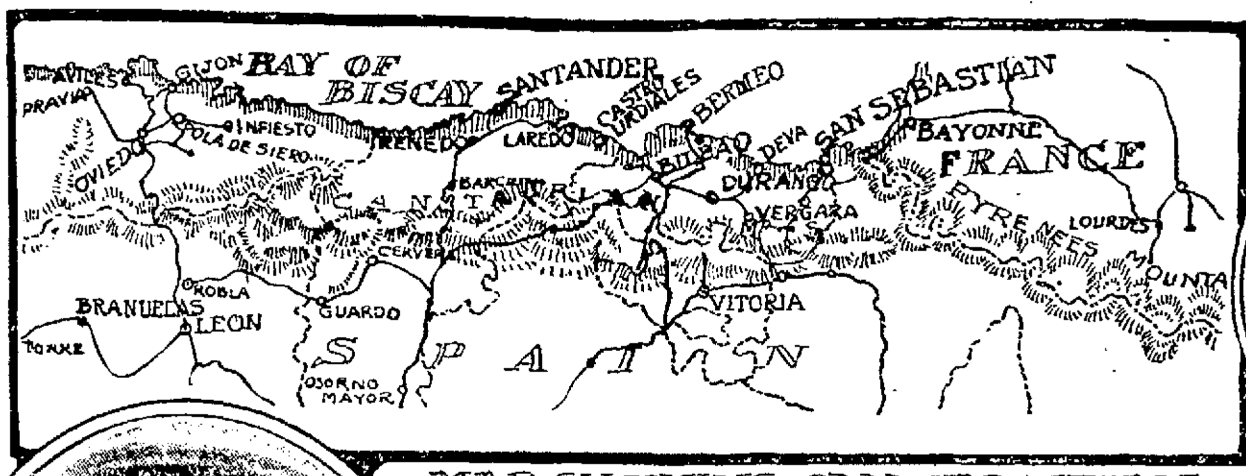
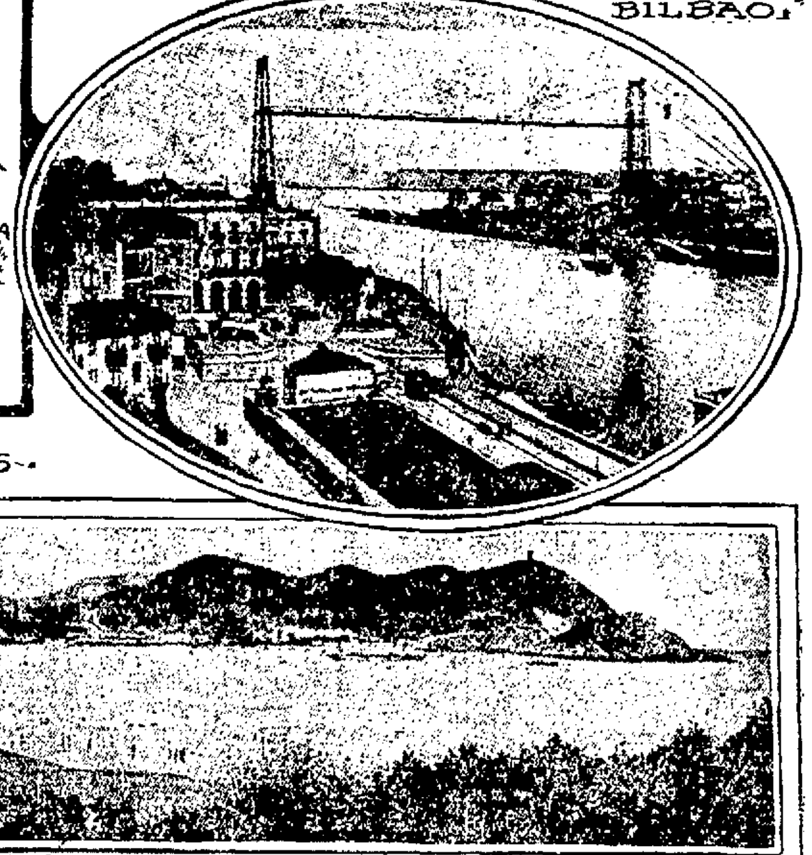
PERSONAGES AND SCENES THAT FIGURE IN THE GREAT RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY BETWEEN SPAIN AND THE VATICAN

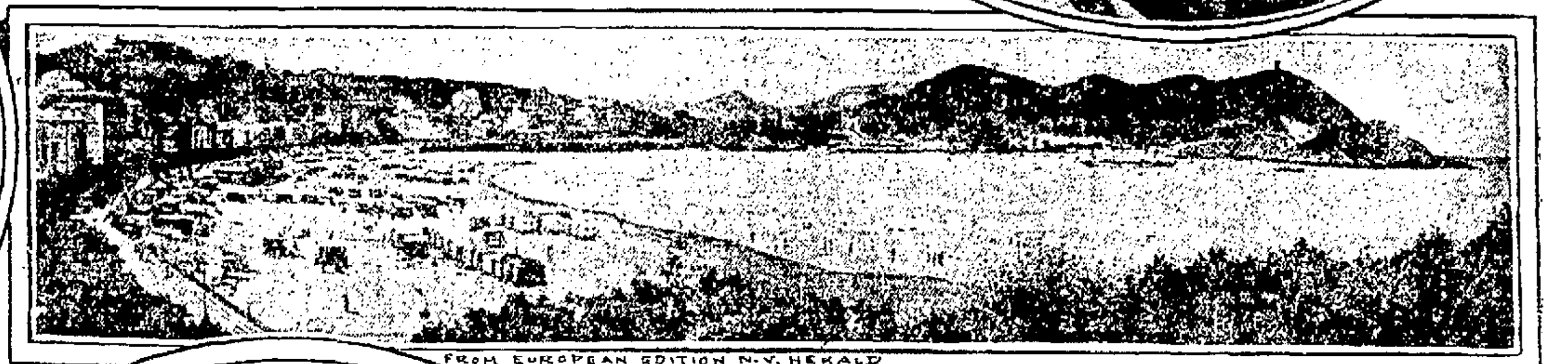
STREET IN SAN SEBASTIAN.



MAP SHOWING SAN SEBASTIAN AND NEIGHBORING TOWNS.

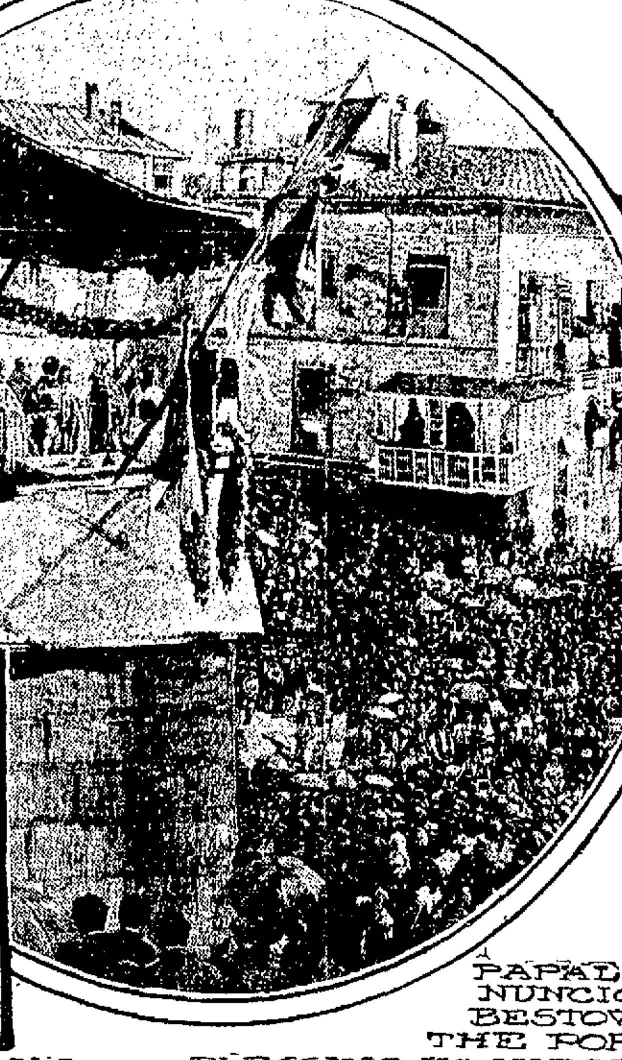

BRIDGE AT PORTUGALETE, BILBAO.

DON JAIME OF BOURBON.



ALONG THE WATER-FRONT, SAN SEBASTIAN.

SANTANDER FROM THE HILLS.


PAPAL NUNCIO BESTOWING THE POPE'S BLESSING IN VITORIA.

SEÑOR CANALEJAS

THE MARKETS

GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

Chicago Market.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 13.—Circumstances affecting the foreign demand for wheat had a bullish cast today and prices here turned upward. Unfavorable reports were received in regard to the Argentine drought and to wet weather in southern Russia and in Roumania. The Liverpool market was excited and higher and Antwerp showed an advance of 8⅛c for the week, both centers being governed by fears of general scarcity of supplies. Sentiment here leaned to the bull side, although Chicago has received 6,774,000 bshels of wheat in the last two weeks, the largest run in more than four years during the first fortnight of August. Arrivals for the corresponding month last year were only 4,550,000 bushels. Opening prices here were ¼@⅜c to ½c higher with September covering the extreme range at $1.03¼ to $1.03⅜. A reaction to $1.02⅞@1.03 was followed by a rally to $1.03¼.

Foreigners bought some wheat here today for May delivery. General trade, however, was light, with September at $1.03⅝, a net gain of ⅝c to ¾c.

A general rush to sell corn resulted from unexpected rains which were apparently progressing eastward across districts that have been suffering from lack of moisture on the ensuing decline the property was absorbed by resting commission orders. September started ½c down at 64c to 66c, a wider range than was shown by any other month. Comparative steadiness was reached at 64¾c.

Reports of farmers selling old corn because they were satisfied with their prospect for a coming crop caused some setback to prices. The close was steady at 64½c for September a net decline of 1c.

Oats were weakened by the big receipts, although demand from the east has been active. September opened ¼c to ¼@⅜c off at 36⅞c. Later the market touched 37⅛c.

There was practically nothing doing in the provision pit. Quotations at the outset were from 2½c lower to 7½c higher, with the September delivery at $21.55 for pork, $11.80 for lard and $11.70 for ribs. Some further advances were recorded.

Range of Prices for the Day.

August 13.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Wheat—				
Sept.	1.03¼	1.03¼	1.02⅞	1.03½
Dec.	1.06⅝	1.07	1.06⅛	1.06⅞
May	1.11½	1.11¾	1.07⅞	1.11⅝
Corn—				
Sept.	.64	.65	.64	.64½
Dec.	.61⅛	.61¾	.61⅛	.61½
May	.63½	.64	.63½	.63½
Oats—				
Sept.	.36⅞	.37⅛	.36¾	.36¾
Dec.	.39	.39	.38⅜	.38⅝
May	.41½	.41⅝	.41¼	.41½
Mess Pork, per bbl.—				
Sept.	21.57½	21.80	21.57½	21.80
Oct.	20.85	21.00	20.85	21.00
Jan.	18.65	18.75	18.65	18.75
Lard, per 100 lbs.—				
Sept.	11.80	11.97½	11.77½	11.97½
Oct.	11.65	11.82½	11.65	11.82½
Nov.	11.40	11.52½	11.37½	11.52½
Short Ribs, per 100 lbs.—				
Sept.	11.70	12.00	11.67½	12.00
Oct.	11.15	11.37½	11.15	11.35

Car Lot Receipts.

Receipts today were 405 cars, with 251 of contract grade.

Corn—Receipts today were 83 cars, with 80 cars of contract grade.

Oats—Receipts today were 747 cars. Total receipts of wheat at Chicago, Minneapolis and Duluth today were 701 cars, compared with 867 cars last week and 284 cars the corresponding day a year ago.

Chicago Cash Grain.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 13.—Cash prices: Wheat—No. 1 red, $1.03½@1.04½; No. 2 red, $1.03½@1.04; No. 3 red, $1.02@1.03½; No. 1 hard, $1.03¼@1.04½; No. 2 hard, $1.03¼@1.08; No. 3 hard, $1.02½; No. 1 northern, old, $1.24@1.25½; No. 1 spring, new, $1.15; No. 2 spring, new, $1.07@1.11; No. 3 spring, $1.04@1.08; durum, 90@97c.

Corn—No. 2, 67c; No. 2 white, 67¼c; No. 2 yellow, 67@67½c; No. 3, 66½@66¾c; No. 3 white, 66½@66¾c; No. 3 yellow, 66½@66¾c; No. 3 yellow, 66½@66¾c; No. 3 white, 37@37½c; No. 4 white, 36@36½c; No. 4 white, 35@36½c; standard, new, 37@37½c.

New York Grain and Provisions.

New York, Aug. 13.—Flour — Market firm with a slow demand; spring patents, $5.65@6.00; winter straights, $4.00@4.60; winter patents, $4.75@5.10; spring clears, $4.35@4.60; winter extra No. 1, $3.75@5.00; winter extras No. 2, $3.50@4.50; Kansas straights, $4.55@5.10; receipts today were 19,654 bbls.

Rye—Market dull; No. 2 western, old, 84c f. o. b. New York.

Wheat—Opening higher on cables, wheat soon reacted in sympathy with corn weakness, but again rallied on bullish foreign crop accounts, improved export outlook and covering of shorts. September, $1.09½@1.10. Receipts today were 18,000 bu.

Corn—Receipts today were 27,450 head.

Beef—Market firm; mess, $15.00@15.50; family, $19.00@20.00; beef hams, $22.00@24.00.

Pork—Market steady; mess, $24.50@25.00; family, $25.00@25.50; short clear, $23.50@25.00.

Lard—Market firm; middle western, $11.55@11.95.

Sugar—Raw, market firm; Muscovado 89 test, $3.86; centrifugal 96 test, $4.36; molasses sugar 89 test, $3.61; refined sugar, market steady; crushed, $5.55; granulated, $5.15; powdered, $5.25.

Petroleum—Market steady; refined, barrels, $7.55.

Coffee—Spot, market firm; No. 7 Rio, 9c; No. 4 Santos, 9¾c.

Molasses—Market steady; New Orleans, open kettle, 32@42c.

LIVE STOCK.

East Buffalo Market.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 12.—Hogs—Receipts today were 4,000 head; shipments today were 2,850 head; shipments to New York today were 2,660 head; official shipments to New York yesterday were 3,040 head; market closing steady; mixed and heavies, $9.00@9.20; yorkers, $9.30@9.40; light yorkers and pigs, $9.50@9.65; roughs, $9.35@9.40; stags, $6.50@7.00.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts today were 1,600 head; market steady; top lambs, $7.00.

Cattle—Receipts today were 25 head; market steady.

Chicago Market.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 13.—Cattle—Receipts today were estimated at 600 head; market steady; beeves, $4.60@8.25; Texas steers, $3.50@5.60; western steers, $4.00@6.75; stockers and feeders, $4.00@6.25; cows and heifers, $2.50@6.40; calves, $6.50@8.50.

Hogs—Receipts today were estimated at 8,000 head; market strong; light, $8.55@9.05; mixed, $7.95@8.95; heavy, $7.70@8.55; roughs, $7.70@7.90; good to choice heavy, $7.90@8.55; pigs, $8.60@9.05; bulk of sales, $8.05@8.35.

Sheep—Receipts today were estimated at 3,000 head; market steady; natives, $2.25@4.35; western, $2.50@4.25; yearlings, $4.00@5.40; lambs, natives, $4.25@6.75; western, $4.25@6.60.

Cincinnati Market.

Cincinnati, O., Aug. 13.—Cattle — Receipts today were 344 head; market steady; fair to good shippers, $6.00@6.85; common, $2.00@3.75.

Hogs—Receipts today were 1,216 head; market active and 15c and 20c higher; butchers and shippers, $8.80@8.90; common, $9.00@9.25.

Sheep—Receipts today were 2,825 head; market slow and 10c and 15c lower at $1.75@4.00; lambs, market slow and 10c and 15c lower, at $3.75@6.75.

Pittsburg Market.

Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 13.—Cattle—Supply light and market steady.

Hogs—Receipts today were 15 double decks; market higher; heavies, $8.65@8.75; mediums, $9.15@9.20; yorkers, $9.25@9.30; pigs, $9.55@9.60.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts today were light; market steady.

PRODUCE AND POULTRY.

Chicago Market.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 13.—Cheese—Market steady; daisies, 18c; twins, 15¼c; young Americas, 16c; long horns, 16c.

Potatoes — Market steady; choice to fancy, 93@95c; fair to good, 92@93c.

Poultry—Market steady; turkeys, 20c; chickens, 12½c; springs, 15c.

Veal—Market steady; 50 to 60 lb. wts., 8@8½c; 60 to 85 lb. wts., 9@9½c; 85 to 110 lb. wts., 10@10½c.

New York Market.

New York, Aug. 13.—Butter — Market unchanged; receipts were 3,588 packages; creamery specials, 29¾@30c; extras, 28¾@29c; thirds to firsts, 24@27c; state dairy, common to finest, 22½@28c; process, seconds to specials, 25@28c; western factory, 22@23½c; western imitation creamery, 24@25c.

Cheese—market firm, unchanged; receipts today were 1,124 boxes; exports, 250 boxes; state, whole milk specials, 15¼@16½c; do fancy, 14¾c; do average prime, 14¼@14½c; do fair to good, 13@14c; do common, 10@12c; skims, full to specials, 2½@12¼c.

Eggs — Market firm; receipts, 7,031 cases; state, Pennsylvania and nearby hennery white, 27@32c; do gathered white, 25@28c; do hennery brown, 25@27c; do gathered brown, 22@25c; fresh gathered extra firsts, 21@22c; firsts, 19@20c; seconds, 16@18c.

Poultry—Alive, market dull; western broilers, 18c; turkeys, 10@14c; dressed poultry, market steady; western broilers, 16½@18½c; fowls, 14@18c; turkeys, 17@21c.

OIL.

Toledo Market.

Toledo, O., Aug. 13.—North Lima, 84c; South Lima and Indiana, 79c.

STOCKS AND BONDS.

The Day on Wall Street.

New York, Aug. 13.—The rising tendency of prices at the opening of the stock market today was common to the whole list, Amalgamated Copper offering the only important exception. Chesapeake & Ohio rose 1 and Northern Pacific, Great Northern preferred, Brooklyn Rapid Transit and Central Leather fractions. The demand was in good volume and well distributed.

A slight reaction in prices was followed by an upturn again, in which the strength of American Smelting was an influential factor. Reading, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific continued their advance of yesterday in a moderate way. American Smelting, Allis-Chalmers preferred and United Railways and Investment gained 2, the preferred 2¼, United States Rubber 1½ and Reading and Great Northern Certificates 1. Central Railroad of New Jersey sold at the previous sale.

The market closed firm and dull. Reading rose 1½ in all, St. Paul preferred 3, Louisville & Nashville 1½, Sheffield Steel and Westinghouse Electric 1¼ and St. Paul, Iowa Central preferred, Kansas City Southern preferred, United States Steel 1 and National Lead 1. The crop news was hopeful and the bulk of the New York banking surplus was assumed to promise more freedom in extending mercantile credit. The decreasing surplus of idle freight cars gave an encouraging index of traffic conditions.

NEW YORK STOCK MARKET.

(Furnished and Corrected Daily by E. W. Wagner & Co., Room 207 Shoaff Bldg.)

August 13.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Amer. Sugar	120½	.....	.....	.....
Amer. Smelter	66	67¾	65¾	67¾
Amal. Copper	66½	66½	66¼	66½
Atchison	99⅛	99½	99⅛	99½
Anaconda	40¾	40⅞	40¾	40¾
Car Foundry	47¼	47⅜	47⅛	47⅜
Brook. Rap. Tr.	77	77¼	77	77
Baltl. & Ohio	108¼	108⅜	108	108
Ches. & Ohio	74½	75	74½	75
Canadian Pac.	192⅞	193¼	192⅞	193¼
Erie	26¼	26½	26¼	26½
Illinois Central	130	130	130	130
Lead	51¾	52	51¾	52
Louis. & Nash.	143	143	142¾	143
Missouri Pac.	51¼	52½	51¼	52½
New York Cent.	113¾	113¾	113½	113¾
Kansas & Texas	33	33¼	33	33¼
Pennsylvania	130⅛	131	130⅛	131
Reading	143	144½	142	144½
Rock Island	30½	30¾	30½	30½
St. Paul	124⅞	125¾	124⅞	125¾
South. Ry. pfd.	54	54½	54	54⅛
Southern Pac.	115⅝	116⅛	115⅝	116
Union Pacific	168⅛	168¾	168⅛	168¾
U. S. Steel	71	71½	71	71⅜
U. S. Steel pfd.	116¾	116¾	116¾	116½
Utah Cop.	47⅛	47⅛	47⅛	47⅛
Southern Ry.	23½	23¾	23½	23¾
Wabash pfd.	35⅜	35½	35⅜	35½
Norfolk & West.	97	97⅜	97	97

NEW YORK BANK STATEMENT.

The following is the New York clearing house summary of the weekly statement of banks for the week ending today:

Clearing House Banks, Daily Averages.		Increase.
Loans	$1,224,305,000	$16,113,000
Deposits	1,256,741,000	25,988,000
Circulation	48,186,000	107,000
Specie	296,238,000	12,033,000
Legal tenders	71,217,000	*1,317,000
Reserve	367,445,000	10,716,000
Reserve required	311,185,000	6,497,000
Surplus	53,260,000	4,218,000
Ex-U. S. deposits	53,674,000	4,213,000

*Decrease.

Clearing House Banks Actual Condition This Day.		Increase.
Loans	$1,223,909,000	$20,797,000
Deposits	1,271,103,000	31,290,000
Circulation	48,421,000	*195,000
Specie	302,107,000	11,176,000
Legal tenders	71,412,000	*410,000
Reserve	373,519,000	10,166,000
Reserve required	317,776,000	7,823,000
Surplus	55,743,000	2,943,000
Ex-U. S. deposits	56,156,000	2,911,000

*Decrease.

State banks and trust companies of Greater New York not reporting to the Clearing house:

		Decrease.
Loans	$1,107,670,000	$ 2,205,000
Specie	119,258,000	4,541,000
Legal tenders	21,419,000	21,000
Total deposits	1,219,682,000	3,143,000

FORT WAYNE MARKETS.

Wholesale Prices.

Wheat—97c bu.
Corn—60@65c bu.
Oats—33c bu.
Barley—55c bu.
Rye—65c bu.

BUTTER, EGGS AND POULTRY.

[Corrected by Geo. H. Crouse & Co.]

Fancy Elgin creamery, tub, 29c lb.; fancy Elgin prints, 34c lb.
Process butter, 26c.
Country butter, 19@25c lb.
Eggs—Fresh gathered extras, 16@17c doz; gathered, 17c doz.
Fancy comb honey, 12@14c lb.
Potatoes, 90c and $1.00 bu.
Beans, $2.35@2.40 bu.
Chickens—12@15c lb.
Ducks, 12@13c lb.
Turkeys, 15@18c lb.
Onions, 80c and $1.00 bu.
Cream cheese 17c lb; brick cheese, 17c lb; Swiss cheese, 20c lb; Limburger cheese, 18c lb; long horn cheese, 17c lb.

RETAIL STREET MARKET.

Eggs—Fresh gathered extras, 18@20c.
Fancy Elgin creamery; tub, 34c lb; Elgin prints, 36c lb.
Process butter 30c lb.
Country butter, 26@30c lb.
Butterine, 14@20c lb.
Country fresh eggs, 19@20c doz.
Lard (country), 12@14c lb.
Fancy comb honey 15@16c lb.
Potatoes—$1.00@1.25 bu.
Ducks, 15c lb.
Chickens, 14@15c lb.
Cabbage, 50@60c doz.

MILL QUOTATIONS.

Quotations of Mayflower Mills—Winter wheat, straight, $5.00@5.40; graham flour, $4.40@4.80; rye flour, $4.20@4.80; pumpernickle, $4.40@4.80 ton; bran, $22.00 ton; shorts, $22.00 ton; chop feed, $24.00 ton; middlings, $22.00 ton; cornmeal, fine, $1.00@1.70 cwt; cracked corn, $1.50@1.60 cwt; cornmeal, coarse, $1.50@1.60 cwt; screenings, No. 1, 75@80c bu; No. 2, 60@65c bu; rye, 65c bu; flaxseed, $2.00 bu; corn, 60@65c bu; wheat, 97c bu; oats, 33c bu.

C. Tresselt & Sons Quotations—

Winter wheat, straight	$5.00@5.40
Winter wheat, patents	$5.60@6.20
Spring wheat, patents	$5.20@5.80
Graham flour	$4.60@5.00
Rye flour	$4.20@4.60
Pumpernickle	$4.00@4.20
Bran, per ton	$23.00
Shorts, per ton	$23.00
Middlings, per ton	$24.00
Screenings, per bu., 65c; per ton	$22.00
Chop feed, per ton	$32.00
Cornmeal, fine, per cwt	$1.60
Cracked corn, per cwt	$1.60
Cornmeal, coarse, per cwt	$1.60
Street bid on wheat, per bu	97c
Street bid on corn, per bu	60@65c
Street bid on oats, per bu	33c
Street bid on rye, per bu	70c
Street bid on barley, per bu	55c

HIDES, SEEDS, ETC.

Quotations by S. Bash & Co.—Cured hides, 9½s; green hides, 8c; cured calf hides, 14½c; green calf hides, 13c; horse hides, $3.50; red cloverseed, per bu, $5.50@6.00; wool, unwashed and merchantable, 21c; wool, burry, black cotted and fine, 16c lb.

Quotations of Well Brothers & Co.—Cured hides, X9½@10c lb; No. 1 horse hides, $3.60@3.75; No. 1 green calf hides, 13c lb; No. 1 green hides, 8c; tallow, 6½@7c; country mixed rags, 80@85c cwt; No. 1 rubber, 9½@10c lb; cut arctics, 7½c lb; light copper, 10c lb; heavy copper, 11@12c lb; heavy red brass, 10c lb; light brass, 6c lb; tinfoil, 23@25c lb; wool, No. 1, 21c lb; rejection, 16c lb.

CITY SCALES—RETAIL PRICES.

Hay—$14.00@16.00 ton.
Corn—60@70c bu.
Oats—33@35c bu.

COMMISSION HOUSE PRICES.

[Quotations of Geo. H. Crouse & Co.]

Chickens, 10c lb; dressed chickens, 15c lb; ducks, 12c lb; turkeys, 15@18c lb; country butter, 18@20c lb; process butter, 26c lb; eggs, fresh gathered extras, 17c; dirties, 15c; new potatoes, 30@40c bu; honey, 12c lb; packing butter, 19c lb; creamery butter, 30@34c lb; onions, 50@70c bu.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

(Corrected by Leikauf & Co.)

Hogs—Best heavy, 180 to 200 lbs., $8.00; mediums, 150 to 180 lbs., $8.00; lights, 120 to 140 lbs., $7.75; roughs, $6.00@7.00.

Steers—Good to choice, $5.00@6.00; mediums, $4.50@5.50.

Heifers—Good to choice, $4.00@4.50; mediums, $4.00@4.25.

Bulls—Good to choice, $3.50@4.50.

Cows—Good to choice, $3.25@4.50.

Calves—Good to choice, $6.50@7.25; mediums, $5.75@6.00.

NORTHEAST INDIANA PRICES.

(Corrected daily by Thos. R. Riddle.)

No. 2 red wheat, new, per bu	$ .94
No. 2 white wheat, new, per bu	.93
Standard white oats, new, per bu	.32
Yellow shelled corn, per bu	.60
White shelled corn, per bu	.60
Mixed shelled corn, per bu	.58
Yellow ear corn, per cwt	.88
White ear corn, per cwt	.88
Mixed ear corn, per cwt	.85
No. 2 rye, new, per bu	.62
No. 2 barley, new, per bu	.48
No. 1 timothy hay (baled), new	12.25
No. 1 clover mixed hay (baled), new	10.25
No. 1 clover hay (baled), new	8.25
Mow hay, $1.25 less.	
Grade discounts—No. 2, $1.25; No. 3, $2.50.	
Prime red clover seed, new	7.50
Prime alsike seed, new	7.00

RIGHT BACK AT HIS UNCLE NELS IS BRISTOW

Gives the Lie to Aldrich as to Job With the Rubber Schedule.

Milwaukee, Aug. 13.—Without using the "short and ugly word" Senator Bristow, of Kansas, passed the direct lie to Senator Aldrich here last night when, in a speech at the West Side Turner hall in behalf of the candidacy of Senator La Follette for renomination, he answered Senator Aldrich's reply to the former charges of the Kansan that Aldrich juggled the tariff on rubber to further his own financial interests.

As specifically as Senator Aldrich drafted his reply, just so specifically did Senator Bristow draft his answer. That it does not contain much of the data he has in his possession regarding the benefits derived by Senator Aldrich and his business associates in the Intercontinental Rubber company, Senator Bristow admits, and he indicated that later in the campaign he would have a still more detailed answer to make.

Will Have More Later.

"I got this up on street cars and trains from memory," said Senator Bristow. "If I were at home, where I have my records, I would have much more to say to Mr. Aldrich."

The reference to the insurgents as "a little body of men," and the statement that they depend for their political existence upon "their capacity for misrepresentation and the ignorance of their adherents," Senator Bristow passed over lightly.

"He also made a number of sarcastic references to myself and other republicans," said Senator Bristow, "who saw fit to vote in the interest of our constituents rather than as Mr. Aldrich wanted us to. His opinion of myself and the other senators is of little consequence."

Says Date is Wrong.

In regard to Senator Aldrich's statement that the Intercontinental Rubber company was incorporated in 1906, "with the general powers of a business corporation," Senator Bristow says that the charter of the Consolidated Intercontinental Rubber company was filed Dec. 6, 1909, and that the purposes of the corporation included the collection, purchase, sale, distribution and production of manufactures of crude rubber as well as that commodity itself.

"Mr. Aldrich knows that the Guggenheims, Thomas F. Ryan, H. P. Whitney and himself," said Mr. Bristow, "are the controlling interests in this Intercontinental Rubber company and that under its charter it is empowered to transact any kind of business on earth except preach the gospel; that it was organized for the purpose of getting control of the market and to supply crude rubber and do other things, and by controlling the supply of crude rubber that every manufacturing concern in America would be absolutely under its control.

"The organization of this holding company is a developing process in the organization of the rubber business, just as Rockefeller organized the oil business, Ryan the tobacco business and the Guggenheims the lead and smelting business, and this Mr. Aldrich knows."

Holds Jump Not Needed.

Senator Bristow said that the increased duty on the manufactures of rubber were not needed, but that because of the increased duty manufacturers could increase the price of their products to the public and that Aldrich in turn could exact from manufacturers a higher price for the raw materials produced by his company. If they refused to patronize them under the charter of his company he could begin manufacturing rubber products himself and drive them out of business.

The letter from Thad S. Sharretts, which Senator Aldrich included in full in his reply, Senator Bristow calls "one of those ridiculous statements that this man Sharretts is accustomed to make to suit the convenience of Mr. Aldrich when there is any explanation to be made in regard to the tariff bill. It is a long, involved effort to mislead and deceive those who are patient enough to read it and has no practical bearing on the case."

ADDITIONAL SOCIETY

There will be a reunion of the Roebuck family at Decatur tomorrow which will be attended by a number of relatives from this city. About seventy in all will be in attendance. From this city Mr. and Mrs. Homer Roebuck and family, Mr. and Mrs. Asa Roebuck and family, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Somers and family, Mrs. Susanna Paul and Will Roebuck are going tomorrow morning to spend the day.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Quicksell and son, of South Harrison street, have gone to Lake Wawasee for an outing. Mrs. Quicksell has recently returned from Mattoon, Ill., where she visited her sister.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Ropa, of Michigan avenue, and Mr. and Mrs. E. Campbell, of West Jefferson street, are going to Rome City tomorrow for a week's stay.

A pretty surprise party of yesterday afternoon was the one given at 832 West Creighton avenue in honor of a small boy, Charles Briant, who had reached the fifth anniversary of his birth. The rooms were prettily decorated with the colors of red and white, and the children had a fine time playing different games. Prizes in a contest were won by Celia Harper and Frances Stevens. Delicious refreshments were served the little friends who enjoyed the afternoon with Master Charles. The guests were Helen Diamond, Irma Steilhorn, Ruth and Frances Wagner, Clarence and Ensien Fairfield, Elmer Steilhorn, Herbert Feeple and Allen Briant.

HARSHMAN LET OUT ON A TECHNICAL POINT

Loan Company Did Not Give Him Proper Receipt—City Court.

Levi A. Harshman, arrested on an affidavit charging that he had removed goods mortgaged to the Wayne Investment company through John H. Sayre from the county without permission, was acquitted by Judge Mungovan in the city court today.

It was shown that Harshman had paid $5 on the account and that he did not get the kind of a receipt provided for in the statutes and that without this sort of a receipt the mortgage became invalid. He is a laborer who borrowed $75 from the company and gave a mortgage on his household furniture for $94.24. The difference between the legal interest for six months and the exorbitant price charged by the company was, Sayre said, for commissions and expenses. Examination revealed that the actual expenses were about $2. The interest on the loan at the legal rate of 6 per cent would have been about $2.25.

Women in His Place.

Violet and Dolly Livingston, two women from Eureka avenue, who spent all of yesterday afternoon and part of last night drinking in a saloon conducted by William Williams on Wells street, were fined $5 and costs each and sent to jail for ten days. The police are making an investigation and will probably file an affidavit against the proprietor of the place for allowing women of ill repute to loiter in his saloon.

The Other Cases.

Mike Higgins and Philip Seery, drew $1 and costs each for drunkenness, and Peter Dinius, an old offender, got $5.

Children's wash hats at half price.
PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

OARSMEN AFTER HONORS.

Washington, Aug. 13.—The rowing championship among North American oarsmen is expected to be determined on the Potomac today. Six races this afternoon are scheduled to conclude the two days' regatta of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen. Interest centers largely in the contest of the senior eight-oared shell event, where two crews from the United States are lined up against the men of brawn from Canada.

Men's Panama hats at half price.
PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

Arthur Parry went to Mansfield, O., this noon to visit with relatives for a week or so.

TOO LATE for CLASSIFICATION

WANTED—Twenty men for sewer work on Calhoun St., under Pennsylvania railroad; bring shovels. Inquire of Sullivan. 13-2t

FOR SALE

7-room house large lot, paved street; a nice home. Price $2,200.
Several 5-room houses from $1,000 to $1,700 each.
6-room cottage on Killea St.; fine home; $2,000.
7-room house; lot 52x150. Price $2,300.
3 acres; fairly improved; near city, $1,400.
And many others.

FREISTOFFER,
Calhoun St., next to Hamilton Bank.

Do You Realize

People of Fort Wayne that there has been added to the beauty spots of Fort Wayne another beautiful Park and that at no expense to the City? Come out and see IRVINGTON PARK. It is yours. Use it for your picnics and outings. Take the Spy Run car to end of line, walk one block North. The PARK lies in the center of Irvington Park addition. It costs YOU NOTHING to use this Park. IT IS YOURS. You will not be importuned to buy lots. If after seeing what a beautiful place it is, you desire to buy a lot in the addition, call at my office, 514-16 Shoaff Bldg., or telephone 2736 and we will call and see you. The Park is ABSOLUTELY YOURS FREE and you incur no obligation to Buy, by using the Park for your picnics, etc. A beautiful stream winds through the Park adding greatly to its beauty and picturesqueness.

JOHN H. VESEY

Klaehn & Melching

UNDERTAKERS and EMBALMERS

—205 WEST MAIN.—

Office—Home Phone 228.
Best of Services at Reasonable Prices.
PRIVATE AMBULANCE.

GETZ & CAHILL

Undertakers and Licensed Embalmers
Fine Funeral Furnishings.
103½ Calhoun St. Ft. Wayne, Ind
Both Phones—69. Private Ambulance.
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

Prices LOW enough for EVERY man.

Quality HIGH enough for ANY man in Suits at $10.00 and Hats at $2.00 at

Extra Pants $2.00 & $3.00 — THE BUCKEYE 818 Calhoun St.

DR. RANKE

FT. WAYNE, IND.
207 Washington Boulevard West.
EYE, EAR, NOSE, THROAT.
GLASSES ADJUSTED.

RAILROAD TIME CARDS

PENNSYLVANIA COMPANY.

In Effect June 26, 1910.

Eastbound.

No. 6	5:05	A.M.
No. 18	7:00	A.M.
No. 36	12:10	P.M.
No 16	1203	P.M.
No. 22	2:05	P.M.
No. 28	5:27	P.M.
No. 8	7:45	P.M.
No. 2	9:10	P.M.
No. 38	10:45	P.M.
No. 24	11:55	P.M.

Westbound.

No. 25	3:25	A.M.
No. 15	4:00	A.M.
No. 5	4:55	A.M.
No. 29	5:55	A.M.
No. 37	7:00	A.M.
No. 39	11:10	A.M.
No. 23	12:05	P.M.
No. 21	12:20	P.M.
No. 19	4:20	P.M.
No. 11	8:30	P.M.
No. 9	4:10	P.M.

NEW TIME CARD. WABASH RAILROAD

In Effect May 29, 1910.
All Trains Daily.

Trains Going East.		Trains Going West.	
No. 2	5:35 A.M.	No. 9	5:18 A.M.
No. 12	5:30 A.M.	No. 1	11:43 A.M.
No. 26	8:17 A.M.	No. 5	5:20 P.M.
No. 18	11:50 A.M.	No. 3	9:30 P.M.
No. 6	4:05 P.M.	No. 21arr.	10.40 A.M.
No. 4	4:51 P.M.	No. 11arr.	11:20 A.M.
No. 14	5:05 P.M.	No. 13arr.	9:00 P.M.

Trains 11, 13 and 21 do not go west of Fort Wayne.

Eastward Service—Trains 2, 4, 26 and 6 via Butler road. Trains 18, 12 and 14 via old road.

Westward Service—Trains 1, 3, 9 and 11, via Butler road. Trains 5, 15 and 21 via old road.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA RAILWAY

North Bound.

12:50 A.M. Daily	Northland Limited
8:50 A.M. Daily	*To Grand Rapids
6:20 P.M. Daily	Except Sunday
1:00 P.M. Daily	Except Sunday
6:00 A.M.	Sunday Only

*Except Sunday north of Grand Rapids.

South Bound.

1:10 A.M.	Daily
1:45 A.M.	Daily
6:25 A.M.	Except Sunday
12:25 P.M.	Except Sunday
7:20 P.M.	Sunday Only
7:50 A.M.	Arr. form Rome City Ex. Sun.
10:50 P.M.	Arr. Except Sunday

NICKEL PLATE.

Departing time of trains from Ft. Wayne:

East Bound.

No. 6	2:35	A.M.
No. 2	3:10	P.M.
No. 4	6:05	P.M.
No. 10 (Local Freight)	7:25	A.M.

West Bound.

No. 5	2:20	A.M.
No. 1	12:30	A.M.
No. 3	4:40	P.M.
No. 21 Local Freight)	1:00	A.M.

C. H. & D. RAILWAY.

From Wabash Station.

Depart.		Arrive.	
No. 1-F	6:10 A.M.	No. 4-F	7:05 P.M.
No. 87-F	6:45 A.M.	No. 86-F	2:50 P.M.

Daily except Sunday.
Trains 1-F and 4-F Passenger.
Trains 86-F and 87-F Local Freights.

LAKE ERIE & WESTERN—BIG 4 ROUTE.

Southward Trains.

No. 39—Indianapolis Express	7:15	A.M.
No. 37—Cincin. Mail and Ex	11:15	A.M.
No. 35—Express	5:00	P.M.
No. 43—Sunday Special	6:00	P.M.

Northward Trains.

No. 42—Express, Daily	Ar. 11:00	A.M.
No. 38—Express	Ar. 2:45	P.M.
No. 36—Mail and Ex	Ar. 10:25	P.M.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

Trains South.

No. 456—Express	Ar. 10:35	A.M.
No. 410—Express	Ar. 3:45	P.M.
No. 414—Ex. and Mail	Ar. 8:50	P.M.
No. 412—Sunday only	Ar. 7:15	P.M.
No. 452—Sunday only	Ar. 10:50	A.M.
No. 418—Sunday only	Ar. 10:55	P.M.

Trains North.

No. 411—	7:35	A.M.
No. 461—Jackson, Daily	8:30	A.M.
No. 457—Express	11:30	A.M.
No. 459—Express	4:45	P.M.

LINCOLN LIFE MEN SCATTER TO HOMES

W. H. Ingha mand W. C. Bishop Wrote Most Business During Year.

The forty-three agents of the Lincoln National Life Insurance company are scattering to their homes in Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Michigan this afternoon, following the close of a three days convention here.

The concluding session was held this morning in the company headquarters, when the officers of the "Lincoln Life" club, purely an honorary organization among the agents, were named. The men who have written the greatest amount of life insurance business during the year are elected to the highest offices and W. H. Ingham and W. C. Bishop, both agents in this city, hold that honor. Accordingly, Mr. Ingham is president and Mr. Bishop, the vice president.

Hon. J. C. Billheimer, auditor of state, was unable to be here this morning. Arthur F. Sheiden, of Chicago, delivered a very instructing and entertaining address Friday night in the Commercial club rooms upon "Salesmanship." Among those present were a number of Fort Wayne business men and salesmen who are not connected with the insurance company.

APPLE ORCHARD DAMAGED.

A grass fire in the apple orchard of George Hartman, 168 St. Joe boulevard, at 11 o'clock this morning damaged a number of the young trees badly, the total loss being about $50. The fire started from sparks.

Trunks, suit cases and traveling bags one-fifth off during our great half price sale that be gan Thursday.
PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

Packard Band Concert, 24 pieces, Robison park Sunday 12-2t

"HEADQUARTERS FOR TALKING MACHINES"

I make it a rule to carry in stock everything manufactured for both the EDISON and VICTOR machines.
GUY CONKLIN,
1008 Calhoun St. Phone 124.
Easy terms. 10-30-tf

25c will buy the 50c B. V. D. underwear during our great sale that began yesterday.
PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

FOR SALE—Strictly modern and first-class throughout, the elegant new home 435 Wildwood avenue. Open for inspection Sunday, 9 a. m. to 6 p. m. Phone 1331.

Children's "Peter Pan" waists at half price.
PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

I have high-class investments in Local Bonds and Local Stocks and Mortgage Loans. C. F. PFEIFFER, Shoaff Bldg.

Interurban Time Tables.

Ft. Wayne & Wabash Valley Traction Company.

Effective May 15, 1910.

Fort Wayne to Huntington, Wabash, Peru, Logansport, Delphi, Lafayette, Indianapolis and all intermediate stations.

Trains leave Fort Wayne: 6:00 a. m., †7:10 a. m., 8:00 a. m., *9:10 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 12:00 m., *1:10 p. m., 2:00 p. m., †3:30 p. m., 4:30 p. m., *5:30 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m. train runs only as far as Logansport; 11:20 p. m. train runs only as far as Huntington.

Trains not marked are locals to Lafayette.

†Limited trains to Lafayette.

Limited train 1:10 p. m. makes direct connection at Peru with Limited train for Lafayette.

*Limited trains to Indianapolis.

Limited train 7:10 a. m. makes direct connection at Peru with Limited train for Indianapolis.

Fort Wayne to Bluffton, Montpelier, Hartford City, Muncie Anderson, Indianapolis and all intermediate stations.

Limited trains leave Fort Wayne at 6:05 a. m., 8:05 a. m., 10:05 a. m., 2:05 p. m., 4:05 p. m., 6:05 p. m., 8:05 p. m., 10:05 p. m. train runs only as far as Muncie.

Local trains leave Fort Wayne at 7:05 a. m., 9:05 a. m., 11:05 a. m., 1:05 p. m., 3:05 p. m., 5:05 p. m., 7:05 p. m., 11:05 p. m. train runs only as far as Bluffton.

All local trains run only as far as Muncie.

For further information call Home phone 219; Bell phone 229.

Wabash Valley Route.

FT. WAYNE & SPRINGFIELD RY. CO.

Cars Leave Decatur		Cars Leave Fort Wayne	
5:50	A.M.	7:00	A.M.
7:00	A.M.	8:30	A.M.
8:30	A.M.	10:00	A.M.
10:00	A.M.	11:30	A.M.
11:30	A.M.	1:00	P.M.
1:00	P.M.	2:30	P.M.
2:30	P.M.	4:00	P.M.
4:00	P.M.	5:30	P.M.
5:30	P.M.	7:00	P.M.
7:00	P.M.	8:30	P.M.
9:30	P.M.	11:30	P.M.

THE TOLEDO & CHICAGO INTERURBAN RY. CO.

James D. Mortimer, Receiver.
OFFICIAL TIME TABLE.
In Effect May 15, 1910.
Leave Fort Wayne for Huntertown, Garrett, Auburn, Waterloo, Avilla and Kendallville: *6:04 †7:04, †8:04, *9:04, *10:04, †11:04 a. m.; †12:04, *1:04, *2:04, †3:04, †4:04, *5:04, *6:04, †7:04, †8:04, *9:04, *10:04, †11:04.

*Through trains to Kendallville.

†Through trains to Waterloo.

All trains connect at Garrett for points beyond.

For information regarding rates, etc., consult any agent or address
G. M. PATTERSON,
General Freight and Passenger Agent, Kendallville, Ind.

FARMS TO EXCHANGE

For city property or smaller farms: several 40, 80, 120 and 160-acres all well improved; 47 acres at $2,200. See me about acre lots and 5% money. S. Freistroffer, Calhoun St., next to Hamilton Bank. 6-4-tf

EVERYBODY'S COLUMN

Little Ads. for Thoughtful Buyers from the Daily Marts of Trade.

Watch this Column. There's Always Something Interesting That Will Pay You to Know About.

AUTOMOBILES.

We are offering the following list of Automobiles at Bargain Counter Prices:
One BUICK TOURING CAR.
One POPE-TOLEDO TOURING CAR.
One POPE-TOLEDO RUNABOUT.
One CADILLAC CAR.
One PREMIER CAR.
One SMALL ELECTRIC CAR.
The Fort Wayne-Auburn Auto Co., 205 East Columbia St.

ART PHOTOGRAPHY.

Say! The next time you have any kodak pictures to finish take them to Clear or telephone 2306 and I will send for them. CLEAR, the Photographer, 706 Calhoun Street.

BUILDERS' HARDWARE.

Before you place your order for the Builders' Hardware in your new residence see the complete stock of J. M. Stouder & Co.

BICYCLES AND MOTORCYCLES

Why do other makers or agents say "just as good as an "Indian, R-S or "Thor" Motorcycle? There's a reason. Indiana Bicycle and Supply Co., 111 West Washington Blvd., corner Calhoun.

CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES.

No concern in Allen county is more thoroughly equipped to meet your requirements in the matter of a buggy or carriage. Our prices are always equitable. City Carriage Works.

CLOTHING CLEANED—PRESSED.

We clean, press and repair garments for ladies' and gentlemen. Prompt. Reasonable. Louis H. Meier, Tailor, 1025 Broadway.

DRUG STORE WANTS.

Everything a drug store is expected to have you'll get at Clyde B. Jordan's, 826 Harrison St. Cheaper than most places in price.

DRUGGISTS.

Not one remedy leaves our store unless we have absolute faith in its efficacy and purity. That's the way we built this business and the way we hope to maintain it. B. F. Noll, 110 East Columbia St.

ELECTRICAL REPAIR WORK.

All kinds of Electric Motor repairing and rewinding. Rapp & Zollinger Electric Co., 451 East Columbia St. Home phone 2208.

GRANITE MONUMENTS.

Monuments, head-stones, vaults, grave enclosures, vases, and all kinds of cemetery work, at LOW prices for good work. H. L. Bates, corner Columbia and Lafayette Sts.

PRESCRIPTION PHARMACISTS.

If you're down town waiting for the car or shopping and feel tired or worn out, try one of our surpassing sodas. Bradley Bros., 627 Calhoun St.

RENOVATING AND CLEANING.

Men's Suits, $1.00; Trousers, 35c; Ladies' Coats, 75c and $1.00; Skirts, 75c and $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. ANTHONY DRY CLEANING CO. Call Phone 1393. 1312 Lafayette Street.

RESTAURANTS.

Next time you're hungry, just drop in and let us set you up a neat little lunch, a breakfast or short order. Quick service always and the quality is excellent. Weinand Bros, 711 Court St.

SHOES

Special sale on Ladies' and Gent's Oxfords. Geo. W. Bradshaw, 606 Clinton St.

SANITARY CLOTHES CLEANING.

As a "Summer Special" we will thoroughly dry clean and press men's two-piece suits for $1.00. Kid gloves cleaned, 5 cents. Regis French Dry Cleaning Co., 1205 Calhoun St. Phone 2198.

SECOND HAND FURNITURE.

I PAY CASH for all kinds of household goods. Phone 2231. L. Tomkinson, 1213 Calhoun St. 6-9-tf

SPORTING GOODS.

We are headquarters for Sportsmen's Goods and have been for years. This season we're setting another record for up-to-date novelties. Like to show you. John Trautman & Son, 221 East Main.

COAL AND WOOD.

—Best Grades of Coal—
Coke, Charcoal, Wood and Kindling at
Fort Wayne Coal Co.
Phones 1062 and 1000.
WEIGHTS GUARANTEED.

For best quality Anthracite and Domestic Coals at Lowest Prices, Call
OLDS COAL CO.
Home Phone 6034. Bell 261.

Wm. Kaough Coal Co.
COAL, COKE, WOOD, Etc
Yards at Lake Shore Tracks, West of Wells St.
—PHONE 502—

Manson, Fowler and Record Bicycles

$22.50, $27.00 to $35.00; Choice of Tires G. & J. Clincher (value $10) or Punct. Proof NON-SKID CUSHION TREAD (value $10) free on any of our Bicycles. FANCY TREAD BICYCLE TIRES 1909 goods not found in any other store.

"Won't Slip" Bailey Tread, red, now	$3.75
"Peerless" Basket We ave red or gray	3.50
Thorn Proof Heavy Tread only	2.50
Road Tires, not guaranteed	1.50

Last year's high grade tires to close, $2.00. Inner tubes, 75c, $1, $1.25, G. & J. $1.50. Bring Baby Cabwheels for new tires. Come to the Big Store for your Bicycle Tires and Repairs.
Brosius & Brosius, Now 126 E. Columbia St.
Open evenings April 1 to July 1. Good second hand bicycles $5.00 to $15.00.

OUR INSURANCE BUSINESS is growing every day. Are you helping it to grow by giving us all of your insurance?
Monroe W. Fitch & Sons,

WANTED.

MALE HELP.

WANTED—A boy at Paul E. Wolf Bedding Co.

WANTED—MEN: Learn Automobile business. Wages $25 weekly; $10 while learning. We teach by mail. ROCHESTER AUTO SCHOOL, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

WANTED—Railway mail clerks, postoffice clerks, carriers. Examination in this district in November. BUREAU OF INSTRUCTION, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

WANTED—A reliable salesman, capable of presenting a high-grade proposition for a manufacturing concern. A first-class opening. Call Monday at 10 a. m. Mr. Boyd, Room 202, The Wayne. 12-2t

WANTED—SALESMAN—Experienced in any line to sell general trade in Indiana; unexcelled specialty proposition with BRAND NEW FEATURE. Commission with $35.00 weekly for expenses. The Continental Jewelry Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

WANTED.

FEMALE HELP.

WANTED—Girls. General Electric Co., Holman St. 8-6-sats-26t

WANTED—Good girl for second work; 801 West Berry St. 10-4t

WANTED—Experienced and unexperienced bindery girls. Fort Wayne Printing Co. 11-3t

WANTED—At once, a few good saleslades; steady positions; at Knox's 5 & 10c Store. 8-10-tf

WANTED—An experienced girl for house work; two in family; good wages. Mrs. Frank L. Smock, 527 West Berry St. 8-13 dly 2t wky 1t

WANTED—An experienced laydy bookkeeper; must have at least on eyear's experience; also must be able to do stenography and write a good legible hand. Apply at once. The Seeleberg Store 126 East Berry St. 13-2t

WANTED.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—Sewers to put in, cisterns to clean out. Prompt service. Phone Martin, No. 7015-red. 8-26-tf

WANTED—Experienced feeders, and boy or girl over 15 years old, to learn to feed press. Fort Wayne Printing Co. 7-21-tf

WANTED—To buy a 40-acre farm, or trade on city property; near town. South of city preferred. W. C., care Sentinel. 8-12 2t.

WANTED—Will haul your ashes and dirt at a reasonable price. Leave orders at F. Fagan, phone 1840-black. John Light, 404 Parry Ave. 11-6t

WANTED—500 people to borrow money on real estate at six per cent interest, without commission, from THE PEOPLE'S TRUST AND SAVINGS COMPANY, 913-915 Calhoun St. 10-5-tf

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—Eight-room cottage at Clear lake, including one good boat. Call at 305 East Jefferson St. 12-2t

FOR RENT—We keep a rent list and are also prepared to sell you a home for a small payment cash, balance like rent.
W. E. DOUD,
1-16-tf 3d floor Shoaff Bldg.

HOUSES.

FOR RENT—Eight-room modern house; 305 Masterson Ave.

FOR RENT—One 7-room house, corner Melita and Hoagland. Inquire C. B. Flick, 207 West Berry St.

FOR RENT—Modern 8-room house at 819 Fairfield Ave., between Wayne and Berry Sts. Inquire 221 Shoaff Bldg. 9-6t

ROOMS

FOR RENT—Furnished or unfurnished rooms; 738 West Superior St. 10-6t

FOR RENT—Suit of four office rooms, 110-112 West Wayne St.; rent $20.00 per month. Apply Sentinel office. 8-1-tf

FOR RENT—Large furnished front room; electric light, soft water bath; phone; suitable for two gentlemen. Call at 225 Douglas, or phone 1607-green. 7-25-tf

FOR RENT—Two brick store rooms, 1102 and 1104 Broadway; office rooms lately occupied by Dr. Hull, 328 East Berry St. Schrader & Wilson, Main and Court Sts., first floor. 2-1-tf

FLATS.

FOR RENT—Two modern flats of four rooms each, adapted for housekeeping, centrally located. Inquire of D. C. Fisher, 128 West Wayne St. 13-3t

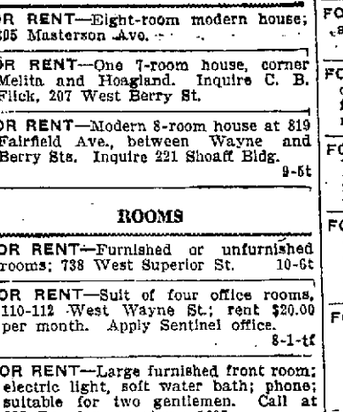
ALFALFA LAND.

Nothing equals an alfalfa farm. In ten years alfalfa land will be worth $200 to $300 per acre. We can sell it now for $30 to $40 per acre. Write for list. C. M. Niquette & Son, Garden City, Kansas. 11-5t

FOR SALE—STORE FIXTURES.

FOR SALE—Counters, Cash Registers, Flat and Roll Top Desks, Refrigerators, Show Cases, Safes, Scales and Hand Trucks. G. E. Bursley & Co. 6-24-tf

Schone & Ankenbruck



COR. BERRY & BARR
BOTH PHONES
HOME 377 BELL 324

DR. RUSH THE REGISTERED OSTEOPATH.

Graduate From Several Schools.
TWELFTH YEAR IN FORT WAYNE
Suites 49, 50, 51, Pixley-Long Bldg.
Diseases Cured. Examination Free.
Home Phone 589. Residence 2218.
"Cured me with his wonderful scientific treatment."—Mrs. G. Childers, Garrett, Ind.
TAKE NOTICE and pay what you owe Dr. Rush, or have the money ready when Ralph calls on you with the statement as business requires quick action.

FOR SALE.

REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—Lots in Drexel Park. Inquire 1233 Winter St. 11-5t

FOR SALE—A new 5-room cottage on Maumee Ave. A great bargain. $1,950. 1-16-tf W. E. DOUD.

FOR SALE—Hotel; 27 rooms, 2 squares from transfer corner. Inquire second floor 232 West Main. 7-16-tf

FOR SALE—OR RENT—residence located 2802 Fairfield Ave.; 8-room house, lot 40x200. Inquire within. 13-3t

FOR SALE—Dwelling house located at 1823 Force St. Must be sold at once. Inquire 1228 Eliza St. 8-6-eod-tf

FOR SALE—Five-room cottage on Union St. $1,675.
W. E. DOUD,
1-16-tf 3rd Floor Shoaff Bldg.

FOR SALE—Seven-room residence on Harrison St., near Superior; fully modern. Price $3,200.
1-16-tf W. E. DOUD.

FOR SALE—A new house on Archer Ave. near Wells. Oak finish, full lot. Price $2,700.
1-16-tf W. E. DOUD.

FOR SALE—Choice large high lake front lot, Wawasee Lake. Can be bought a few hundred dollars below value by calling or addressing C. P. Harris, 1233 Clark St., City. 6-7t

FOR SALE—A fine residence of 8 rooms. Tenth block Columbia Ave., Lakeside. Price $5,700.
W. E. DOUD,
1-16-tf 3rd Floor Shoaff Bldg.

FOR SALE—Eight-room house, nearly modern, corner lot 43x150, on Davis St., this at less than cost; a bargain. See W. H. Bieber, Room 19, Swinney Blk. Phone 2974. 81-3-eod-10t

FOR SALE—190 acres in Marion township; improved; ¼ mile from interurban; 20 acres fine timber; only $87.50 per acre if sold at once. Address Box 15, care Sentinel. 7-15-tf

FOR SALE—We represent CITY AND SUBURBAN REALTY CO., builders of new modern homes. Small cash payment only required, balance monthly.
W. E. DOUD,
1-16-tf 3rd Floor Shoaff Bldg.

FOR SALE—OR RENT—Excellent manufacturing property, consisting of large brick and frame buildings, with complete office equipment; also machinery, belting, pulleys, etc. Will sell on payments. 10 per cent cash and 10 per cent each year. Inquire A. B. White, room 5, North American Bldg. 7-11-eod-tf

Six-room house on Pontiac, near Hanna; for this week $1,550. Lots and homes near Wayne Knitting Mills; 2 new modern house in Nebraska, $2,200 on payments; 3 on Boone St.; 3 on Greenwood Ave., all modern. A very fine home near Broadway, all modern, up-to-date; must sell. Don't miss this bargain at 430 West Creighton, $2,650. 5 in east end; 3 on south side. Good lots and homes on south side. Good farms for sale or trade. Come and see me. I will help you to a good bargain. Wm. Klomp, 113 East Main St. 7-23-tf

FOR SALE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—Heavy oak bed-room suit, cheap. Inquire 2802 Fairfield. 13-3t

FOR SALE—Horse; cheap if taken at once; 1509 Cass St. 11-3t

FOR SALE—Good one-horse wagon; will sell cheap. Apply at 911 Eliza St.

FOR SALE—Five teams, wagons and harness, or will sell separate. 1410 Calhoun St. Telephone 2243. 8-8-tf

FOR SALE—Coal or wood range. Inquire at 450 East Leith St. Phone 6297-blue. 12-3t

FOR SALE—One hundred new kitchen cabinets, a bargain, prices less than factory cost; also 20 ranges good as new; 1410 Calhoun St. 8-5-tf

FOR SALE—950-lb. driving horse. John Vachon, R. F. D. No. 15, Fort Wayne. First house north of Reformed Orphans' Home. 9-6t

FOR SALE—One 5-year-old horse; one new truck; one new set of truck harness, $200; one 2-seated open surrey, one set of surrey harness, $75. L. J. LIBBING & CO., 205 East Main.

FOR SALE—If you are able to make moderate investment and take responsible position in a clean, legitimate mercantile business affording a rare opportunity, address Investment, this office. 12-3t

FOR SALE—Five-room house, south side, $1,150; two houses on one lot renting for $23.00 per month, $2,600; 7-room brick house on lot 65x150, $1,200. H. Goldstine, 10-11 Bank Blk. Phone 2460. 6-14-tf

FOR SALE—Cash or payments:

1 Ricca Piano	$110
1 Baldwin Piano	75
2 Oak Extension Tables, each	8
1 Oak Kitchen Cabinet	10
1 Oak China Closet	15
1 Oak Bookcase	15
1 Oak Davenport	20
1 Garland Range (cost $50)	25
1 Oak glass door Wine Cabinet	15

And a miscellaneous lot of other household goods.
FORT WAYNE LOAN COMPANY.
Room 2. 706 Calhoun St. 7-27-tf

FOR SALE.

An 80-acre farm, eleven miles from Fort Wayne, three miles from good grain market; $4,800.
Have a cottage on East Washington St.; will sell on payment of $200 cash, balance on monthly payments; price $1,600. Money to loan.
SWAYNE & SWAYNE, 111 W. Main St. 8-12-1m

FOR SALE—Have just purchased the J. R. Julian store at Auburn, Ind., consisting of all kinds of new and second-hand furniture that will be sold at a bargain.
L. J. LIBBING & CO., 205 East Main St.

PIONEER REALTY CO.,

TODAY'S BARGAIN.

Nine-room modern home on Webster, close in. A fine home worth $3,500. Price now only $2,800.
817 SHOAFF BLDG. PHONE 1051.

SEWING MACHINES

DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE
Needles, Oils, Parts and Supplies for any Machine.
Fine Bargains in Second-hand Machines from $4.00 up.
H. C. HITZEMAN
Sewing Machine and Supply Company.
No. 8 Arcade. Phone 2430.
Repairing a Specialty.

DETECTIVE.

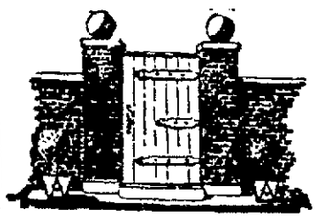
RYAN DETECTIVE and INFORMATION BUREAU; confidential, reliable, reasonable. 611 People's Trust Bldg. Telephones—Office 2524; residence, 6777. 6-17-tf

STORAGE.

STORAGE—Pettit's Storage Warehouse fireproof. Household goods stored. Strong, clean, safe. 414 East Columbia St. Phone 1108. 10-6-8-1y

Try Sentinel Wants Ads.

The Wildwood Builders Co., Homes



BUILDERS' OFFICE
722 Wildwood Ave.

City Office
720 Shoaff Bldg.
Phone 2866.

FOR SALE—One 8-room house that is most complete and attractive. Handsome interior finish, soft water plumbing and all modern conveniences. The ventilation in this house is especially good and it is both pretty and comfortable and ready for occupancy, $4,000.

We have a complete house also finished for $3,500, with all the conveniences. It is of the mission type with broad verands.

JOHN H. VESEY, Sales Agent
Builders, Office 722 Wildwood Avenue.
Phone 5533.

PEDDICORD & SIGRIST

REALTY BULLETIN.

Business has been good, thank you! However, we still have many bargains in homes and investments.

Specialties: This week we must sell two choice SOUTH SIDE HOMES, fully modern, seven rooms and bath, one on corner lot. These houses are new and in perfect condition, within one block of car line and in select neighborhood. The price this week, only $2,500.00 Cash or terms payment. Also fully modern 7-room house on East Suttenfield St.; lot 30x150, only $3,000.

Nine choice lots at low figures, one on Oliver street, 25x150, only $165.00. Easy terms.
Phone 158. "LET'S TALK IT OVER." 611-12 Shoaf Bldg.

Auction Sale

TUESDAY, AUGUST 16, AT 10 A. M., 301 WEST SUPERIOR STREET.

Household goods consisting of Bedroom, Parlor, Dining Room and Kitchen Furniture, including a new "Hoosier" Kitchen Cabinet, Favorite Steel Range, Kitchen utensils, etc.

H. W. SIGRIST, Auctioneer. MRS. TURNER.

JOHN H. VESEY

YOU ARE TOO LATE

Now to get that Putnam St. bargain, but there is one on Cherry St. Eight rooms, light, gas, both kinds of water, barn; price $2,400.

I STILL HAVE

That beautiful six-room home near Creighton, on Harrison. Finished in oak. Completely modern. A perfect home. Price, $2,750.
PHONE 2730.

IF YOU WANT A HOME

On John St., south of Creighton, I have it. Six-room cottage with bath, lights, gas, cement cellar and barn.

THERE'S NO EXCUSE

for paying rent when you can buy a Wildwood Builders' Co. house on corner Fairfield and Packard, on easy terms.
514-16 SHOAFF BLDG.

Walsh & Kierspe

GENERAL INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

5 acres with open gravel pit, near city; good contracts on hand; very cheap.
Beautiful new all modern 6-room house 400 block East Creighton; lot 30x150; $500 down.
10-room house 800 block East Washington; lot 30x150; very cheap.
Splendid all modern 7-room house, 1800 block Broadway; beautiful location.
A new 8-room all modern house 300 block East Woodland; bargain.
Splendid all modern 8-room house, South Fairfield Ave.; lot 72x150; big bargain.
Beautiful 8-room all modern house South Calhoun, near Creighton Ave.; lot 45x150.
10-room strictly modern house, oak finish, hardwood floors; corner lot, 44x145; 400 block East Pontiac St. It will pay you to look this up.
134 E. BERRY ST. TELEPHONE 2476.

For Sale—Real Estate.

Strictly modern residence, lot 180x180, in South Wayne; $3,600.
Nice suburban residence, lot 84x150, would trade for city property.
Modern 7-room house, East Pontiac St., near Calhoun, at a bargain.
Several new modern residences, in South Wayne, on payment plan.
FARM LANDS A SPECIALTY.
40 acres, good soil, well improved, fine orchard. $3,000.
55 acres, good soil, 9-room house, good outbuildings, stock and farm implements. This is a bargain; $4,750.
Also a fine list of farms ranging from 40 to 400 acres, at prices that are right. Before investing in real estate, see

Geo. L. Ashley & Sons

Phone 2905. 420-421 Shoaff Bldg.
FIRE INSURANCE.
Open Saturday Evenings.
See our Rent List.

HITZEMANN & ASH

REAL ESTATE
402-3 People's Trust Building.

Good modern house, with large lot, West Pontiac St.
5-room cottage, John St.; will be sold cheap.
7-room modern house, a bargain, Liberty St.
6-room house, Montgomery St.
New modern house, Hoagland Ave.
A dandy house on Force St.
Lots in all parts of the city.
FARMS
70 acres of best farming soil, only four miles from city.
80-acre farm in Aboite township; will sell cheap if taken at once.
Some choice garden spots.

H. L. Van Meter
REAL ESTATE
Over Old National Bank.

One of the best investments in business property in the city. 6-room modern house, west end, $3,300.
10-room modern house, hot water heat, south side, will sell at a bargain.
7-room modern house, Columbia Ave., the best bargain in Lakeside.
Business property on Calhoun St.; will accept good residence in exchange.
PHONE 327

Dandro

Will Grow Your Hair Long and Thrifty —It is a Real Hair Grower.

It will make hair grow on anyone's head where the hair bulbs are not dead Sold at the Niswonger's Drug Store 128 West Main street, and for delivery call phone 2002 Home.

Peddicord & Sigrist

Real Estate, Investments and Rentals.

611-12 Shoaf Bldg. ..Phone 158.

X Telephone "MARTIN'S PLUMBING SHOP" for a Plumber. Twenty years at the business. Phone 6379. Hanna and Buchanan Sts. X

TYPEWRITERS.

Special bargains for a few days; 50 Remingtons, 25 Smith-Premiers at $20 each; 10 No. 3 Olivers at $30. They are fine; write at once. Gaerte Typewriter Co., 235 South Clinton, St., Chicago. 6-7t

FOR SALE.

Modern 8-room residence, opposite reservoir; lot 50x150; $3,850.
Six-room cottage, John St., near Creighton; $2,000.
Six-room cottage, E. DeWald St.; $1,700.
Six-room cottage, North Barr St.; $1,800.
Rooming house, 8 rooms, on Montgomery St., near Clinton; $2,800.
Strictly modern 7-room house, S. Clinton St., near DeWald; $4,100.
Eight-room house, large lot, on Walnut St., near Fairfield; $2,800.
Fine building lot, East Suttenfield St., pavement paid; $1,100.
A good 7-room house, Michigan Ave.; $2,300.

FARM LANDS.

55 acres only six miles southwest of Fort Wayne, near interurban line. Fine 8-room house, barn 40x55, windmill, good orchard, 8 acres timber, level sandy soil; $5,500; will take city property in exchange.
40 acres St. Joe township; fine 6-room house, barn 40x60; nice bearing orchard; well fenced and tiled; sandy loam soil; $4,100.
2½ acres, only 1½ miles from court house; fine buildings; will take city property in exchange.
15 acres, only 3 miles from city limits; good 6-room house, barn 28x40, good outbuildings; will take city property in exchange. Price $3,300.

K. VORNDRAN

GENERAL FIRE INSURANCE.
Rooms 3-4, 2d Floor Pixley-Long Block.
Phone 460. Open Saturday Evenings.

K. J. BAUER & CO.,

5-room house on High St., near St. Mary's Ave.; only $1,500.
6-room house with extra large lot, east side; price $1,900.
6-room modern home, Mechanics St.; can be bought for $300.00 down.
A bargain in an 8-room modern home, corner lot, close in; $2,600.
7-room house; bath, lights, water; Archer Ave.; easy payments.
Lots 40x150, near Pontiac car line, suitable for railroad employes.
Lots corner McCulloch and Hugh Sts.; price right.
10 acres with 6-room house close to city limits.
40 acres; will trade for city property.
No. 717 Clinton St. Office Open Evenings.

FOR SALE Real Estate

7-room dwelling in west side "Nebraska," $1,350.
5-room dwelling, west side, $1,875.
7-room modern dwelling, west side, $3,500.
6-room modern dwelling, south side, $2,650.
5-room modern dwelling, near Bass Foundry, $1,500.
Double dwelling, modern, west side, $10,000.

LENNART & ORTLIEB,
Second Floor. 819 CALHOUN ST.

FOR SALE

Modern home on Pontiac street; possession immediately; non resident; must sell. For price and terms see

G. W. McKee

Phone 639. 8-9 Bank Block.
Real Estate and Fire Insurance.

Fred Lambert

REAL ESTATE AND FIRE INSURANCE

Good 6-room cottage, strictly modern; close to reservoir; paved street. Price $2,600.00.
Eight-room house, best of location in William's Grove; strictly modern; hardwood finish. Price $4,400.00.
Nice lot, close to St. Peter's church. Price $1,000.00.
New 7-room modern house, southwest of Bowser's, close to car line. Payment plan. $2,000.00.
Good 7-room house, East Wayne St.; fine location. Price $3,600.00.
Fine lot, 50x150, 360 square on East Wayne St. Price $2,200.00.
ROOMS 209-210 SHOAFF BLDG.
Open Wednesday and Saturday Evenings.
Phones—Office, 2524; Res. 7090.

Sentinel Want Ads. Pay.

Strenuous...

That is the word that best describes the efforts now being made to effect a clearance in our

Cloak and Suit Department

The man with the blue pencil is busy all the time, getting out the lingering lines and pricing them for quick selling. Everything must go that price will sell. We want to greet you at the opening of the fall season with an entire new stock. Here are some of the startling offerings:

Odd sizes in fine tailored and lingerie waists, values from $1.50 to $5.00, now half price.

Odd lots in fine silk waists in plain colors, Persian and fancy stripes, values from $5.00 to $12.50; your choice now at $3.98.

A small lot of fine white lingerie dresses, in size 36 only, $25 to $50 values, at half price.

Odd sizes in long silk, pongee and cloth of gold coats, plain and trimmed, values from $16.50 to $25; your choice for $7.50.

Odd sizes in long linen coats, loose and semi-fitting, $10 to $18.50 values, now $5.00.

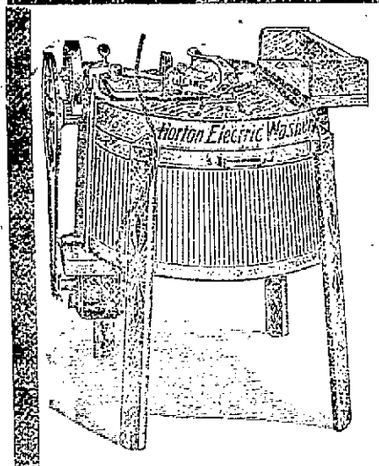
A lot of fine Japanese silk kimonas, beautifully made; some are hand-embroidered; to close out at less than cost.

A lot of flannelette kimonas, self and satin trimmed, loose, empire and belted styles, $2.50 and $3.50 values, now $1.98.

Special prices on all children's dresses and some very dainty styles to choose from.

COME IN, LOOK, IF SATISFIED, BUY.

The Rurode Dry Goods Co.



The Horton Electric Washer

Is the Washing machine that will give you entire satisfaction.

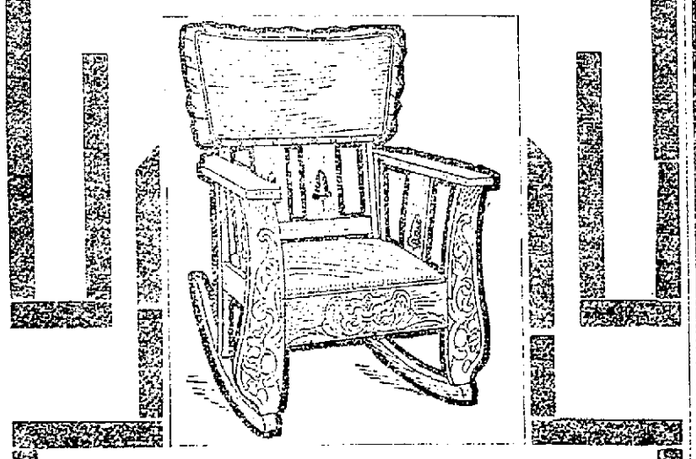
It embraces all the good qualities of the best hand power machines made, and in addition, wit ha small amount of electricity, will do your washing for you, while you can be doing something else, less fatiguing.

If you have a Horton Rotary Hand Power Washer we can supply you with a motor that can be easily attached, and again detached and used to furnish power whenever desired.

These machines are made in your home city and thoroughly practical and reliable in every way. You take no chances in selecting this Electric Washer as you have both the manufacturer and dealer back of them. The Horton Manufacturing Co. make and we sell them. You try them.

C. C. SCHLATTER & CO.

Corner Columbia and Clinton Streets.



ROCKER

(LIKE CUT.)

Made of heavy oak, golden finish, finely embossed, with full spring auto seat, upholstered in the best Besto leather. Regular price $8.50.

A BARGAIN THIS WEEK AT $5.48.

Indiana Furniture Co.

121-123 East Main Street.

Some New Things

Meyer's

Just received a big lot of Harmony Carnation Talcum Powder. It's an odor that's very popular in talcum powders. Harmony Talcum has never been sold for less than 25c. We introduce Harmony Carnation Talcum at a special price.....15c

Harmony Glycerine Soap—Considering the quality and size of this soap it is a regular 25c value. Our price is.....15c

Rexall Pearl Tooth Powder—There are very few people who haven't used some of the Rexall preparations. Every one is high-class, made of the finest materials. We want you to try Rexall Pearl Tooth Powder. It's the finest powder put up in a neat improved box that makes it safe to carry in your grip for traveling. It's a 25c article. Our price 19c

Violet Dulce Toilet Water—the ordor that's different, a true and sweet odor that is fascinating. Bottles, 75c and $1.40.

Violet Dulce Talcum....25c
Violet Dulce Complexion Powder 50c
Violet Dulce Toilet Soap 25c
Violet Dulce Sachet.....50c

SUGGESTIONS

If you have a gift to make, give a few Violet Dulce Toilet articles. Supply your guest room dressing table with Violet Dulce preparation. The distinctive odor and the unequalled beauty of the Dulce package will show your good taste.

"Get the Meyer Quality."

Meyer Brothers Co.

Four Drug Stores.

FLIES FLEE FROM "FLY-FOE" FUMES.

Everyone knows that when Flies, Mosquitoes, etc., worry cows, the yield of milk is greatly reduced. They cause animals to lose flesh and vigor, thus rendering them more liable to acquire diseases. Every owner should give all possible comfort to his live-stock, by making them immune from Flies, Mosquitoes and vermin of every sort. This is easily accomplished by the use of Fly-Foe, and it is money in the pocket to spray it. Call and let us tell you about it. We guarantee it to do the work.

S. Bash & Co.

LIVE STOCK

Insured against death from any cause.

NO ASSESSMENTS.

Federspiel & Shorey, The Insurance Men

628 Calhoun St. Phone 611.

100 Silk Kimonos On Sale

We can save you 40 per cent. on Silk Kimonos, Oriental Rugs, Cluny Laces, Drawn work, Battenberg and Hammered Brass.

OPEN SATURDAY EVENING.

THE Oriental Store

122 E. WAYNE ST.

CITY BREVITIES.

The Zahrt property on the corner of Fairfield avenue and Baker street has been purchased by A. A. Martin.

Esther, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Carmer, of 1123 Columbia avenue, was thrown out of an automobile at the corner of Wayne street and Broadway Friday afternoon, when the machine collided with a street car, and sustained a bad scalp wound and other bruises. A party of five young ladies was on a pleasure ride and were directed towards Swinney park when the mishap occurred.

All 50c belts 25c during our great half price sale.

PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during August.

7-16-sat-tf. KEIL & KEIL.

Silver Dollar Flour now on sale at all grocers in 2-lb. and 5-lb. sacks, to accommodate light housekeeping for the summer season; also put up in usual sizes of 24½ and 49-lb. sacks. This is "the" flour for all purposes, for the whitest bread and the finest pastry.

C. TRESSELT & SONS.

7-19-eod-12t

WOLF & DESSAUER

If You Haven't Attended the Basement Sale, Come Tonight

There's surely something you want in this Basement sale, and something you can buy for almost nothing.

If you've a use for remnants—and who has not—buy them during this sale for just half price. Splendid opportunities for buying material for Children's Dresses, Waists, House Sacques, Trimmings, etc.

COME DOWN AND RUMMAGE TILL 10 O'CLOCK TONIGHT.

NEWS OF FORT WAYNE'S NEIGHBORS

"AT LAST I HAVE A TRUE DIAMOND"

And the Montpelier Man Who Makes Them from Coal Dreams of Great Riches.

Montpelier, Ind., Aug. 13.—"At last I have a true diamond." That is the statement which was made yesterday by Isaac Musselman, age 86, the father of Mrs. D. M. Spaulding, and who for years has been living with the Spaulding family on West Henderson street.

Readers will remember an announcement which was made some time ago about Mr. Musselman manufacturing diamonds out of nut coal and charcoal. At that time Mr. Musselman thought he had a perfect stone, but upon a test it was found to be a little off. But the aged inventor was not discouraged. He has been working on the invention for the past sixty years, and he is a firm believer in his process, that of in some manner, which he keeps secret, crystallizing an almost worthless mineral into a diamond as true and pure as any to be found upon the market.

Mr. Musselman has several stones which he recently completed, and while he has not had them tested by a chemist, he says he has tested them himself in every known manner and they are at last perfect. The stones range in size from a few carrots to one as large as a hickory nut and have a light blue color, the crystal being clear and brilliant, and to the naked eye look like a real diamond.

Just what the process of crystallization is, no one knows, not even Mrs. Spaulding, the daughter. Mr. Musselman has guarded his secret well, and should the stones prove to be what he claims for them, his invention would reap him a massive fortune.

AROUND WITH A CANE.

Stephen Trentman Lame as Result of Old Injury.

Hartford City, Ind., Aug. 13.—Stephen Trentman, of Fort Wayne, who is spending a few days in this city, is badly crippled. He is suffering from a severely bruised knee cap and a badly sprained ankle.

Several years ago Trentman was one of the star members of the local basket ball team and in one of the games sustained a serious injury to his right knee. Several days ago at Fort Wayne he fell and since that time the old injury has been troubling him. Thursday while in this city he vaulted over a fence at the rear of the Mrs. H. B. Smith home, on West Washington street and sprained his left ankle. The ligaments were torn loose and he is able to be around only with the aid of a cane.

OLD SETTLERS OF NOBLE.

Meeting This Year Well Attended—Officers Elected.

Albion, Ind., Aug. 13.—The Old Settlers' reunion held this week was well attended, the crowd present being larger than that of last year. The principal addresses were made by Judge Bowersox, of Bryan, and F. H. Ritter. In the business session, the old officers were re-elected as follows: O. P. Barnum, president; W. W. Cary, vice president, and W. H. McEwen, secretary and biographer.

Mrs. Ellen Wiley, of Washington township, who carried off the honors last year for being the eldest settler, was again awarded the honor this year, and aside from the beautiful cup, was presented with a fine bouquet from admiring friends. She came to Washington township in 1825.

HOME HARVEST PICNIC.

Columbia City, Ind., Aug. 13.—The eighteenth annual Sunday school picnic will be held at Spring Fountain park, west of Etna on Saturday, August 27. There will be good band music, good singing and recitations. A prominent orator will deliver an address. The occasion is observed in the nature of a Harvest Home picnic with a basket dinner. Thousands of people attend these picnics annually.

COMING TO FORT WAYNE.

South Whitley, Ind., Aug. 13.—Mrs. Jennie Dickey, of South Whitley, who resigned her position this summer with the Clugston store, when it became the Judson West company, has accepted a position with the Wolf & Dessauer store in Fort Wayne and will commence Sept. 10th. She has been a saleslady for years and is amply qualified to take charge of any branch in the dry goods line.

THE VALLEY LINE TO BE EXTENDED

Have Begun Laying Three More Miles of Track from Angola Towards Pioneer.

Lagrange, Ind., Aug. 13.—Information reaches Lagrange that the St. Joseph Valley railroad company has commenced to lay three more miles of track from Angola eastward and when this is fully completed work will immediately commence on the grading, the object being to complete the work to the eastern terminus as early as possible. A force of men is at work now grading the road and it is given out that no time will be lost in pushing the work.

The Valley line will, in the near future, unless unforeseen causes prevent, be extended either to Pioneer or Metz, Ohio, and when this task has been fully accomplished it will give patrons of the line accommodations that have long been looked for. The road now taps some of the richest territory in Elkhart, Lagrange and Steuben counties, and although young, is proving all and more than the management claimed it would.

Business on the line from Lagrange to Angola is good. Four cars are run daily except Sunday between Middlebury and Lagrange, with business only fair. Steam power is used.

It is said that traffic between Elkhart and Bristol, which was disappointing at first, is getting better. The Murdocks operate the line, using electric power.

WELLS COUNTY TEACHERS.

Program is Out for the Annual Fall Institute.

Bluffton, Ind., Aug. 13.—The program has been issued by County Superintendent A. R. Huyette for the annual fall institute of the Wells County Teachers' association, which will be held in the circuit court room in this city August 29, 30 and 31 and September 1 and 2.

The instructors this year include three of the best educators in their respective lines in the country. They are Dr. J. George Becht, principal of Clarion State Normal school, of Clarion, Pa.; Dr. John Coulter Hockenberry, head of the department of pedagogy and sociology, State Normal school, of Westfield, Mass., and Mrs. K. G. Hankemeier, director of music, Indianapolis public schools, Indianapolis, Ind.

AT HOME OF DAUGHTER.

Death at Lagro of Former Well Known Resident.

Lagro, Ind., Aug. 13.—Yesterday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. George Noonan, in this town occurred the death of William Stoops.

He was a resident of this county until about six years ago. Then he removed to Kalamazoo, Michigan.

For the past three months he has been suffering from nervous and brain trouble. A week ago he was moved to the home of his daughter at Lagro, it being thought the change would do him good.

However his decline was rapid and death came. His widow and two daughters, Mrs. Noonan and Mrs. James Hickey, of Anderson, survive. He was fifty-six years of age.

SPRING BEACH HOTEL

Has Been Closed and Guests Get Homes Elsewhere.

Rome City, Ind., Aug. 13.—Owing to certain conditions Spring Beach hotel at Rome City which has been under the management of Dr. Winkleman has been closed for the remainder of the season. Parties who were making their headquarters at the hotel were obliged to seek other places as the result of which the other hotels of the resort are overcrowded and the proprietors have practically all they can conveniently care for. Just what Mr. Winkleman will do in the future is not definitely known.

SHOT HIMSELF IN FOOT.

Noah Hammon Thought Gun Wasn't Loaded.

Warsaw, Ind., Aug. 13.—Noah J. Hammon, residing a short distance south of Claypool, was the victim of a peculiar accident when he shot himself through the right foot with a 22-caliber rifle. Hammon had taken his rifle to kill rabbits and when he returned home extracted all the cartridges from the magazine, so he thought. He was sitting with the gun in his hand and the muzzle rested on his right foot, and in some manner the gun was discharged and the bullet plowed through his foot, lodging there. The bullet cut around the bone and did not strike any blood vessel or leaders. The wound is not serious, but he will be obliged to use crutches for some time.

SANTAL-MIDY

These tiny CAPSULES are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebs or Injections, and RELIEVES in 24 HOURS the same diseases without inconvenience. MIDY

DIED AT WINONA COTTAGE.

Warsaw, Ind., Aug. 13.—John S. Lambert, of Liberty, Ind., died at the Lambert cottage on McDonald island, at Winona, Thursday. He was 81 years old on last Monday. Death was caused by a fractured hip received in a fall near Mount Memorial about a month ago. His condition gradually grew worse and his suffering more intense and during the past couple of days had been so serious that death was constantly expected.

ACQUITTED OF CHARGE.

Huntington, Ind., Aug. 13.—John Fair was acquitted yesterday afternoon in Squire Moffett's court, of the charge of obstructing the Salamonie road with dirt thrown from a trench which he and his men were digging in taking up some pipe for the Huntington Light & Fuel company. Mr. Fair showed that it was a better move to throw the dirt so that it partly obstructed the highway, than to pile it in the road ditch on the other side of the trench.

WAS BADLY INJURED.

Decatur, Ind., Aug. 13.—Alva Baker was quite badly injured Thursday afternoon while assisting in threshing at the Andy Schurger place west of the city. The young man was riding on a load of wheat when the load gave way and slipped from under him. Mr. Baker was thrown off and in the fall struck on the wagon on his head, and then fell to the ground. He was brought to the city for treatment, but has suffered severely at times from pains in his head.

PIONEER TEACHER ILL.

Columbia City, Ind., Aug. 13.—John Betzner, of Richland township, a well known pioneer school teacher of this county, who saw more than one generation of children pass through his hands, may not be able to attend the school teachers' association on Old Settlers' day. He has been ill with hardening of the arteries, and after being up for a couple of weeks, was again compelled to take to his bed Friday.

CHILD MORTALITY IN SUMMER

Every summer the newspapers are full of horrifying stories of the death list among infants and children and extremely old people. In nursing infants and children still being fed largely on milk this is usually due to the quality of the milk itself, and in aged people to a general weakening of the system because of extreme heat. Still, a great many of the deaths are due to digestive trouble, and these can usually be avoided by the timely use of a reliable laxative-tonic. There is no remedy for this purpose that lends itself better to the uses of children and aged people than Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which for a generation has been the reliance of thousands of mothers and which is gaining in favor every year. This remedy, unlike a purgative, salt, laxative water or "infant medicine," contains nothing that is dangerous to the health of the weakest or youngest person, and its repeated use does not form a habit, as is the case with narcotic remedies for children. Go to your druggist this very day and buy a 50 cent or $1.00 bottle, and like thousands of other parents, keep it on hand for an emergency. You can obtain a FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE by addressing

USE DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN

DR. W. B. CALDWELL, 400 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill.

THE MOST SERIOUS ATTENTION

is given to all orders at this drug store, whether they be for simple household remedies or for the most important prescriptions. Carelessnes in this business is too apt to result seriously fo rus to tolerate it. This is a distinctly safe drug store to come or send to and any doctor will tell you so.

Geo. H. Loesch, J. C. Wenzler.

Good Samaritan Drug Store

GEO. H. LOESCH & CO.

Cor. Wayne and Barr Streets.

Fort Wayne, Ind.

We Furnish THE HOME ON EASY Payments

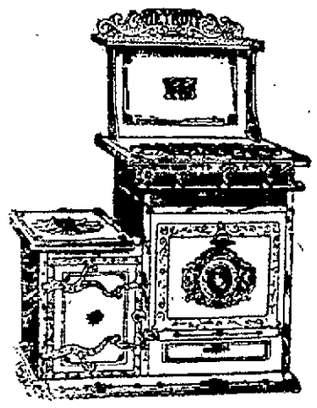
PICKARD HOUSE FURNISHING CO.

112 AND 114 EAST COLUMBIA ST.

Store only ONE SQUARE north and a FEW FEET east from the TRANSFER CORNER

If its a good thing Seavey's have it

Out of the Many Choose the Best



Now is the time to buy a GASOLINE STOVE AT REDUCED PRICE. You will find none other equal to the

DETROIT VAPOR STOVE

We have them in all sizes and styles. Will give a discount of 20% on all purchases made before September 1st.

Come in and let us show you the superiority of this make to all others.

Phones 149 and 2648.

Seavey's

119-121 W. Main St.

The First Newspaper Established in Northern Indiana.

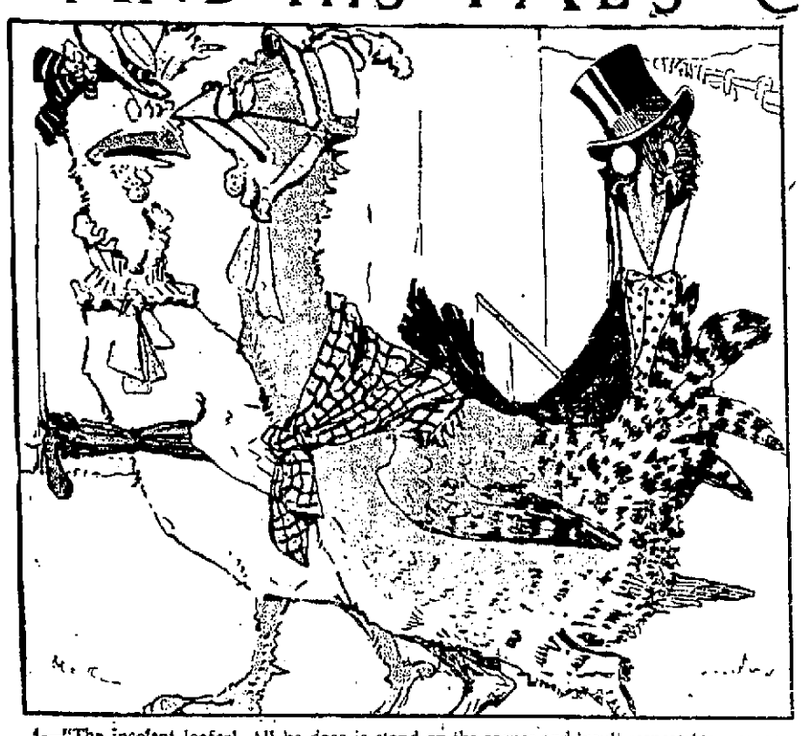
The Fort Wayne Sentinel

All the News All the Time that is Fit to Print.

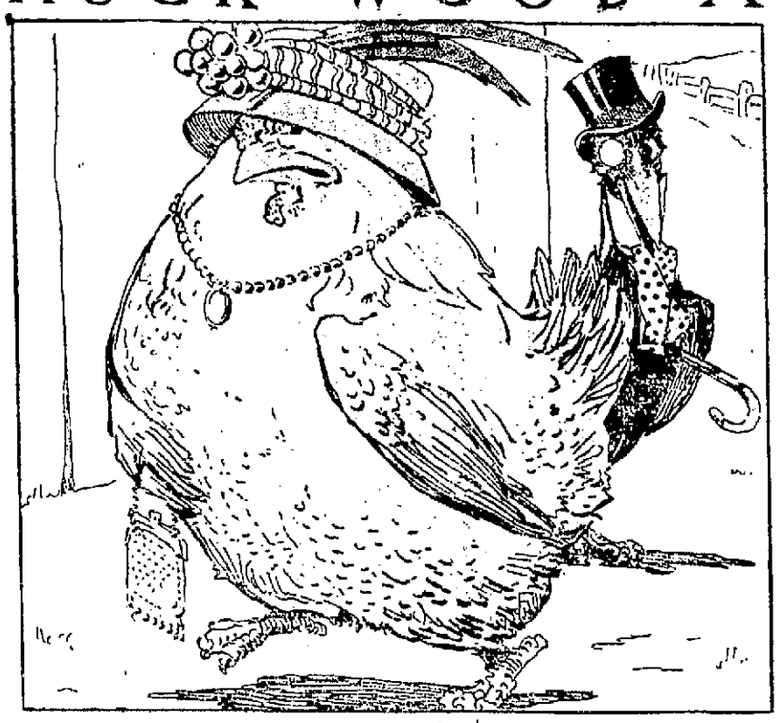
SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 13, 1910.

JOHNNY QUACK

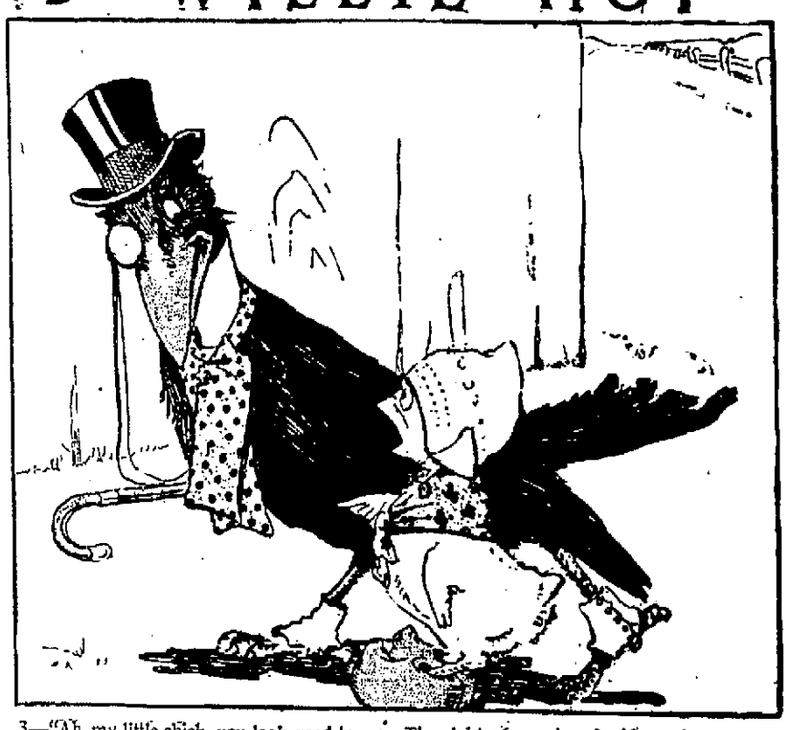
AND HIS PALS CHUCK WOOD AND WILLIE HOP



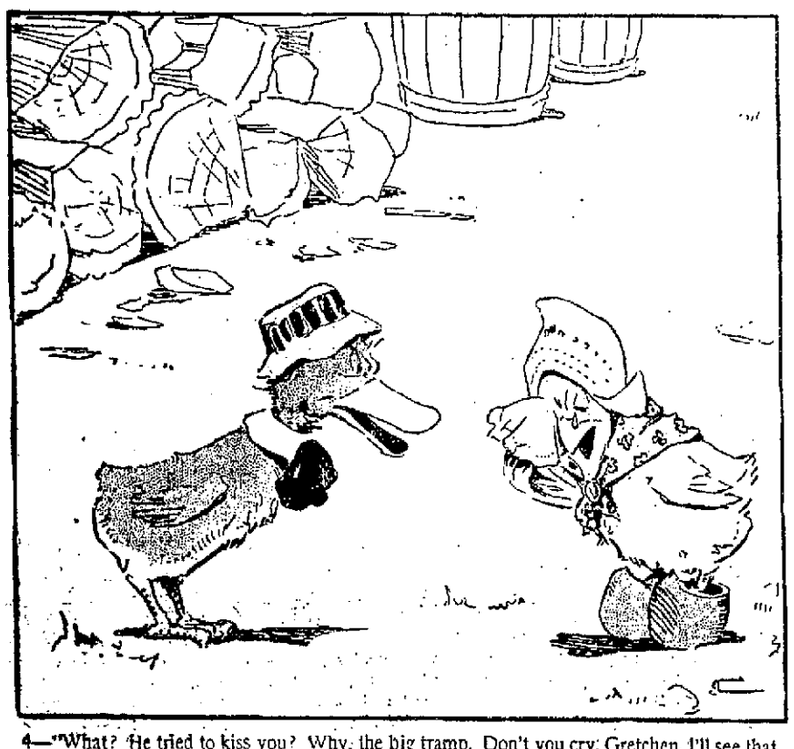
1—"The insolent loafer! All he does is stand on the corner and insult respectable women. Did you hear what he said about lemonade?"
"Yes, but it wasn't lemonade, it was 'lemon maids.'"



2—"It must be coming pretty soft for you, lady; it's very evident you don't have to scratch hard for a living. My goodness, but you've certainly lost your figure. Why don't you diet or try Turkish baths?"



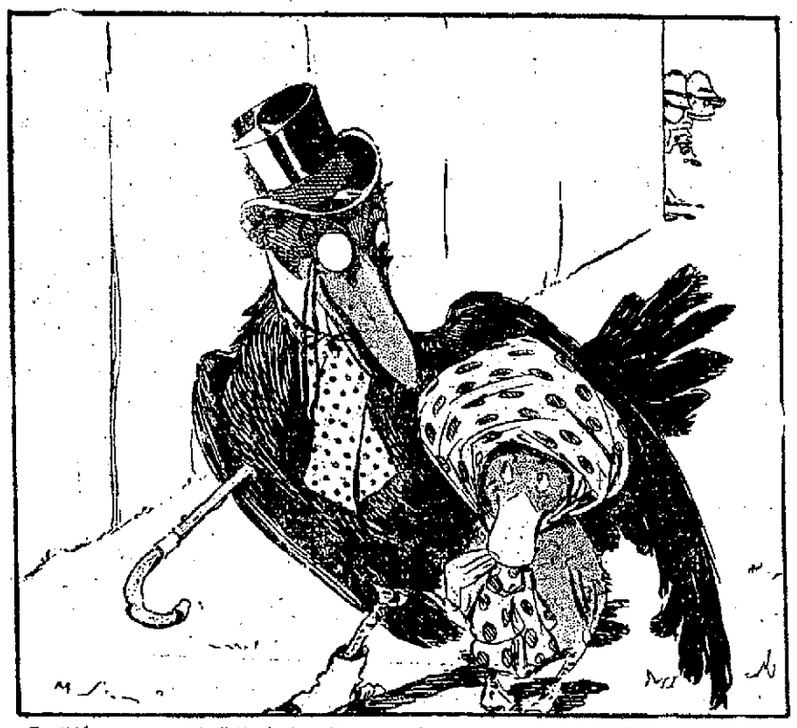
3—"Ah, my little chick, you look good to me. The sight of you is refreshing, after seeing antiques and balloons for the last hour. Are you going far?"



4—"What? He tried to kiss you? Why, the big tramp. Don't you cry, Gretchen, I'll see that he gets what's coming to him."

5—"It's this way, Chuck. The rooster folk around here can't catch him. They tried to the other day, but he flew up into a tree, laughed at them and told them all their pedigrees. I wish Willie Hop would hurry with that veil."

6—"Put it over lightly, fellows; just enough to cover all the points."



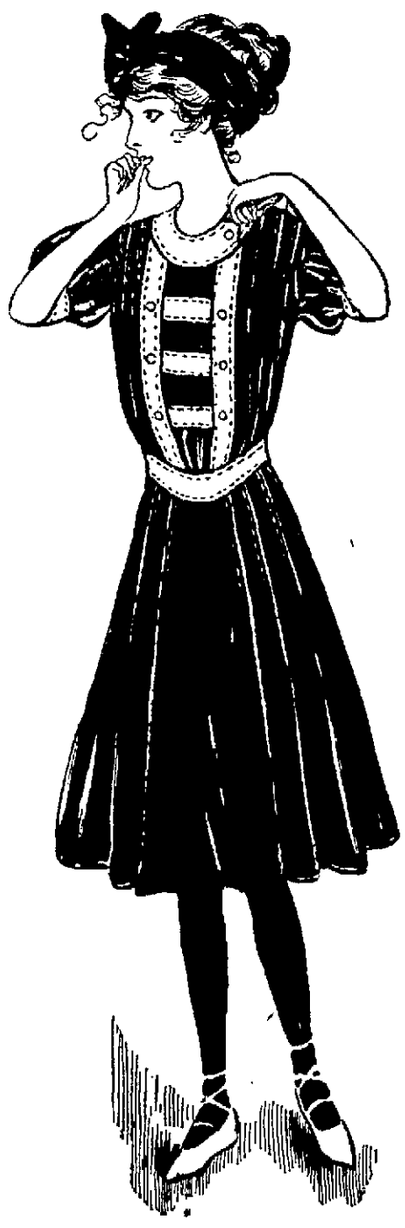
7—"Ah, you're a cute little ducky. Have you been motoring? I guess I'll have to give you a hug. You won't mind."

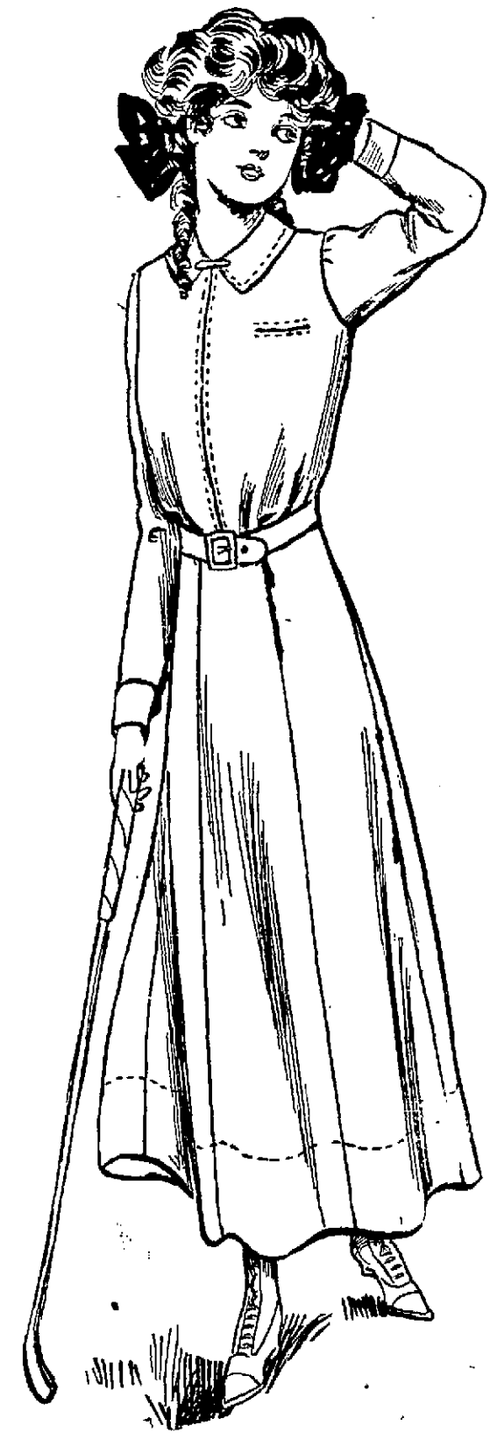
8—"Certainly not. Help yourself. Wow-oo-ouch! Have another, old man, and another. Whee, have lots of 'em!"

9—"He's going yet, Johnny, but, say, didn't he yell! When he turned this corner he was going like a blue streak. His eyes were sticking out of his head, and he was howling something about hornets and pincushions."

10—"Oh, I think Johnny Quack is just a darling. Yes, I know he's a dreadful little pig, but he can't help having an appetite. Just think what he's done for us girls. He not only drove off that horrible old flirt, but he has designed the dearest little chestnut burr bonnet that is a sure protection against insults. I notice none of the men seem pleased. Look at them. They know, the wretches. I am going to propose at the club that we give Johnny a party."

FASHIONS in FROCKS for OUTDOOR SPORTS





THE outdoor girl of to-day is in every way a charming being, for apart from being an expert in her special line, she manages always to look so trim and neat that it is a delight to watch her whatever she does. In the golf links or tennis court, guiding her own motor or sailing her yacht, riding horseback or driving four-in-hand, dressed for climbing or fishing or attired in swimming costume—wherever she is, in fact, the true sport of the present generation never forgets that she must not for a second forfeit the charm of her femininity in enthusiasm for her favorite form of outdoor exercise.

All varieties of outdoor dress are therefore thought out with particular care nowadays that the costume may be comfortable, practical and appropriate as well as smart and becoming. Practically every form of sport and exercise has to-day its enthusiastic adherents, and as each calls for a totally different style and kind of costume, the girl who is, so to speak, cosmopolitan in her tastes requires a very large trunk indeed to contain her decidedly varied outfit.

OF all sports, one of the most difficult to gown one's self for at once becomingly and yet sensibly is that of swimming. No exercise, however, is more delightful, more exhilarating or health giving than swimming, so that special care must be devoted to the planning of the bathing dress and all its accessories. A young girl naturally does not require stays or even a boned lining in her bathing dress, but the gown should fit well, nevertheless, and look just as trim as any other costume.

Navy blue relieved with white is the favorite shade, one reason being that every other color fades in distressingly short time, while black is worn so much by older persons that it is a pity for a young girl to adopt it.

There are many shades of bright blue which retain their hue and are most effective, especially when relieved by the white. Mohair is, on the whole, the most satisfactory material for a bathing dress, but silk and soft satin are unquestionably smarter. If the salt water be carefully rinsed out every day after wearing a silk or satin suit will often outlast a mohair.

No style of bathing dress is ever so pretty for a young girl as the simple sailor blouse with wide square white collar and tie. Little one piece gowns made with square cut Dutch neck are, however, now made up for young girls, and are exceedingly pretty. A belt or tight girdle is necessary on even the princess model, as otherwise the lines are apt to be too straight to be pretty.

Naturally the skirt must have more fulness and flare than is allowed the ordinary skirt of the moment. Any plaited or tucked model is good so long as the plaits are not fastened too far down.

It is a mistake for a bathing dress to be cut in a V or even a deep square Dutch yoke, for whatever the line of the bathing dress at the neck that line will be clearly burned about the throat for all summer. Older girls who have commenced to wear décolleté evening gowns should really have a collar and vest piece in their bathing dress, and long sleeves cannot be too strongly urged if it be desired to keep the skin soft and free from burns and freckles. Long, tight sleeves do not interfere with swimming or diving, and are seen in many of the smartest bathing gowns.

TO thoroughly enjoy an ocean bath it is necessary to have no fear of going under water or being splashed by the breaking waves, so that a rubber headgear is obligatory. The rubber cap can always be covered with a silk 'kerchief of becoming shade tied on so as to show just a little of the hair in front. For still water bathing large straw hats are often worn. These are trimmed simply with a scarf or a ribbon bowknot which water cannot harm, and they are decidedly becoming.

The stockings must match the suit in color and should be of medium weight cotton or lisle thread. Silk stockings are too impractical to be worn by the sensible girl of to-day.

To carry the bathing dress back and forth from the beach a small waterproof bag should be provided. It will look much neater than if the costume be just tied up in a damp towel, and will besides be infinitely more comfortable to manage.

FOR riding the pleasantest part of the day in summer time is just at sunset, but even then it is apt to be so warm that a cloth habit is uncomfortable. A dark linen habit, brown or a mixture of gray and black, is very smart this year. Natural colored linen and crash are also popular, while the all white habits, either duck or pique, are exceedingly pretty for very little girls. Riding habits are constantly growing shorter, both in the skirt and jacket. The safety skirt, which is opened in the centre of the back and buttons over when in the saddle, with bloomers of the same material, is now worn altogether.

A riding jacket is much like the smart tailor coat of the moment. Semi-fitted back and front, plain tight sleeves, absolutely plain collar and revers, the coat reaching a few inches below the hips—this is the smart riding coat.

Plain round sailors and three corner straw hats are both worn, while the softer Panama is also in vogue. The sailor is of medium size, fits down far on the head and is of unusually rough straw. White with a black band is sometimes seen, but black is apparently preferred, even with the light linen suits. White chamois gloves are smart for riding, but brown are always permissible.

FOR driving four-in-hand, a pair or a tiny pony a linen coat and skirt costume looks smarter than anything. It is a fashion of the moment to always wear a jacket of some sort, so that if there be no coat to match each separate skirt there must be worn a long semi-fitted coat of white or natural colored linen.

For driving, of course, the coat is a most sensible feature of a costume, as it keeps the sun from burning in weird patterns through a fine lingerie bodice and also protects the gown from dust to no inconsiderable degree. There must be provided also one warm ulster cloak of rough tweed or some such texture. One of the so-called polo coats or tan blanket coats is a useful investment, as it answers so many requirements.

FOR motoring the variety of different garments that can be provided is innumerable. For regular everyday use a long linen or pongee dust coat fastening close at the throat and wrists is a necessity, while for longer runs there must be a warm long, loose cloak quite different from the ulster provided for driving and coaching.

It is an excellent plan to have made a detachable leather lining to button inside the ulster and make it warm enough for any weather. There must also be a rainproof coat of Rosebery or some such waterproof cloth.

A motor hat can either be a thing of beauty or hideous according to whether some little pains are taken in its selecting.

The small hoods which completely cover the head and hair and protect it from dust are comfortable to wear and can be decidedly becoming. A sailor hat, if the veil is firmly pinned to the brim in front, open about four inches, with the ends brought to the back and tied there tightly at the yoke of the neck, will stay on well and afford a good shade to the eyes at the same time.

Light colored veils, pinks and blues especially, are much more becoming than the dark shades, and if carefully washed in lukewarm soapsuds they really wear well and retain their color through a summer at least.

THE girl who sails her own catboat looks best in a simple white waist and skirt and a plain sailor or Panama hat. A sailor blouse with a plaited or plain gored skirt is year after year the fashionable sailing costume, and there is no real alteration in this dress from summer to summer.

For yachting heavy duck or canvas coat and skirt costumes worn with simple white bodices are smartest. The sailor blouse and plaited skirt are also worn on a yacht, and there must be provided a white flannel or serge dress and coat for the days when the ocean breezes blow cool and fresh.

If it is the ambition to some day become a real tennis champion naturally the tennis costumes receive first consideration. White always looks best on the tennis court, but the white waist and skirt should be of simple design and the hat must be attractive but of all things not elaborate.

The prettiest tennis dresses are of white linen or madras, waist and skirt alike, the skirt showing a few tucks or plaits and the waist fastening in front with a ruffle or ruche at one side of the studs or buttons. The sleeves are comparatively small and full length. The collar may consist of a tucked band of the material, well boned, or else a soft low collar may be worn. The belt may be of stiff gros grain ribbon or else an inch and a half wide stitched band of the material. A tennis skirt should escape the ground by about four inches, and the greatest care must be exerted that it hangs evenly all around when the flat rubber soled heel shoes are put on. Nothing is more ungraceful than an ill hanging skirt on a tennis court. The new narrow skirts must be avoided, as considerable width in the skirt is essential for tennis.

White stockings and white canvas or buckskin shoes are worn altogether with white skirts, even when the skirt reaches but to the knees. A soft wide brimmed straw hat adorned very simply with a large fancy bow knot of plain silk or flowered ribbon is the favorite this year for all morning wear. For tennis a hat must, of course, be light, must fit comfortably on the head and must have considerable width of brim to shade the eyes and protect the skin from burning and freckles, those enemies to the summer girl which are ever lurking close by.

A white blanket coat is almost a necessity in a summer outfit, unless its place is taken by one of the newer "polo" coats. Another essential in the wardrobe is one of the new sweaters, which, fastening in front, is as easy to slip over one's gown as any cloth jacket, and is also sufficiently long to often take the place of the heavier ulster.

For the mountains a sweater of this description will prove of inestimable use, for it can be so easily carried on every tramp. At the seashore also there will be scarcely a day when it will not prove of service.

NOVEL JEWELRY SETS.

JEWELRY sets designed expressly for young girls are of various types. For the tailored shirt waist there are outfits consisting of cuff links and four studs of white or pink coral, baroque pearl, silver, platinum or enamelled metal.

Other sets include three little pins for fastening the cuffs and belt. They are of wreath, horseshoe or heart shape, in amber, silver, embedded with turquoise or garnets and of gun metal brightened with English diamond chips.

The latest novelties are the collar and sash sets of elaborately decorated sterling, silver plated or white metal, equipped with a chain to which is attached a tiny purse for coins.

PRACTICAL TALKS BY THE APRIL GRANDMOTHER

"DIMPLES are fascinating," admitted the April Grandmother, then instantly qualified her remark with "provided they are not so numerous as to make their possessor look dumpy. This is the era of the tall woman, and if a girl has not actual inches she must acquire the appearance of having them.

"As most girls attain their maximum height by the time they are fifteen years of age," continued the April Grandmother, "it is a good plan for those of short stature to adopt a series of lengthening exercises to be gone through with every day as a sort of hostage to that soft muscled, middle aged period when the figure seems to contract like a telescope—an appearance which more than any other makes a woman seem old.

"Among the various lengthening methods resorted to thirty years ago by my abundantly dimpled schoolmates was one which involved standing against the wall and lifting the body up by resting the elbows upon a shelf at their back. This is not considered easy to do. In fact," admitted the April Grandmother, "like everything that is worth doing, it is extremely difficult, but it will keep down the weight of the dimpled girl, make her look straight and, consequently, tall.

"Another old fashioned method was the practice of balancing a glass of water on the head while walking. To accomplish this feat the shoulders must be squared and the head thrown far backward. This has the effect of elevating the face and stretching the neck; and the girl with a long throat and a single chin never looks dumpy.

"Few generally dimpled girls stand so perfectly that a cord held against the lips will touch the breast and escape the abdomen," announced the April Grandmother. "Nearly all plump girls lean forward, yet they might look almost as queenly as their slender, perfectly erect associates if they would practise holding a rather heavy chair straight above the head for as long as one can hold the breath. In order to perform that exercise the chest must be thrown forward, the stomach held in and the figure balanced upon the balls of the feet—the correct standing position.

"No matter how tall she may be, a short waisted girl is certain to look dumpy," continued the April Grandmother. "Yet the thickness at the waist line may be gradually lessened by endeavoring to touch the elbows behind the back. It is not possible for every one to accomplish this, but persistent effort will be rewarded by a lengthened waist.

"However prone to dimples a schoolgirl may be, she usually consoles herself with the reflection that many of her older friends who were partridge plump at fifteen became slender as withes by the time they were twenty years of age. But the girl who has abnormally wide hips makes a mistake when she consoles herself with the idea that in the near future her proportions will be sylphlike and therefore neglects to practise holding her knees straight while touching the floor with her fingers or swinging each leg backward and forward one hundred times. And she would best take time by the forelock," concluded the April Grandmother in warning tones, "for wide hips are an unmistakable sign of a predisposition toward dimples which their possessor will be obliged to fight against so long as she wishes to appear graceful, shapely and youthful."

USES FOR OLD BROCADE

PIECES of fine old brocade that have belonged to her grandmother or perhaps a great-aunt are among the most valued possessions of many a girl who has probably often looked at them and wondered how she would ever be able to use them.

Of course she enjoys their beauty, and yet it seems a pity to do nothing with them. Now some one has discovered a most delightful way to use them. A piece of handsome old brocade will make a most ornamental tea tray. It is used over the actual wooden tray and under a piece of glass. A girl cannot make this herself; she can only plan what she wants and have a cabinetmaker do the work.

In having a tray made to order in this way she can choose whatever shape she wants, and if she wishes to use some particular table to serve tea the tray can be made in a shape especially suited to that table.

In the same way she may use one of the beautiful pieces of Chinese or Japanese embroidery that are often brought home by people who visit those countries and almost as often do not seem to fit into any particular place. The effect of these brilliant embroideries or the rich old fashioned brocade under glass is most charming, and this use of it preserves the material indefinitely.

If a girl has more than enough of the material she can use the left over pieces to make a tea cosey to go with the tray. This will not last as long as the piece that is under glass, but it is very pretty to have the two match and will give pleasure for a long time.

For a Girl's Room in a Bungalow

SO many families spend their summers nowadays (or a part of each summer) in a simple bungalow in the country or in an idealized camp in the mountains that the problem of space to keep clothes, &c., is a most important one. Every girl who has some such home as this takes a keen interest in the arrangement of her own room and each one will plan some pretty scheme of decoration. When she comes to the question of how to take care of her clothes and small possessions generally she has reached the most difficult part of her work. These delightful little summer homes rarely have adequate wardrobe space and one has to devise schemes to help out.

One very good arrangement is a kind of trunk covered with cretonne to match the decorations of the room. It is not necessary to have a real trunk for this purpose; indeed, it is better to have a wooden box made like a trunk, for that is not so heavy. But the box should have trays like a trunk, either as the ordinary travelling trunk is made or it may open in the front like a bureau trunk and have trays that slide in and out; but trays it must have to hold a girl's dainty summer muslin gowns. These gowns can be kept much fresher if they are folded and laid out flat than if hung up, but they must not be piled on top of each other. Not *more than two should go in one tray.* When the box has been made by a carpenter the owner can easily cover it herself with the cretonne. It needs only to be tacked smoothly around and finished with a simple gimp. One of the trays might be arranged in small compartments to hold collars, gloves, veils and other small accessories.

The girl who is having one of these "trunk boxes" made will find it very convenient to have a similar but much smaller one made to hold sewing materials and cover that with the same cretonne. It is a great comfort to have one's needles, thread, scissors, thimble and buttons ready for use at a moment's notice. Such a sewing box as this can be planned to exactly fit with one's own idea as to *what is the most convenient way to keep* these various things. The girl can make an exact design of how she wants the box and have the carpenter copy it. If *she has a sewing table in her city home,* arranged according to her own ideas, she can copy the plan of that in this simpler fashion for the summer bungalow. A box is better for the country than a table, because it can be so easily picked up and carried out to the porch if one wants to sit there and sew.

SKIBBY BAT'S IT UP TO THE MONK

By William Chester Estabrook

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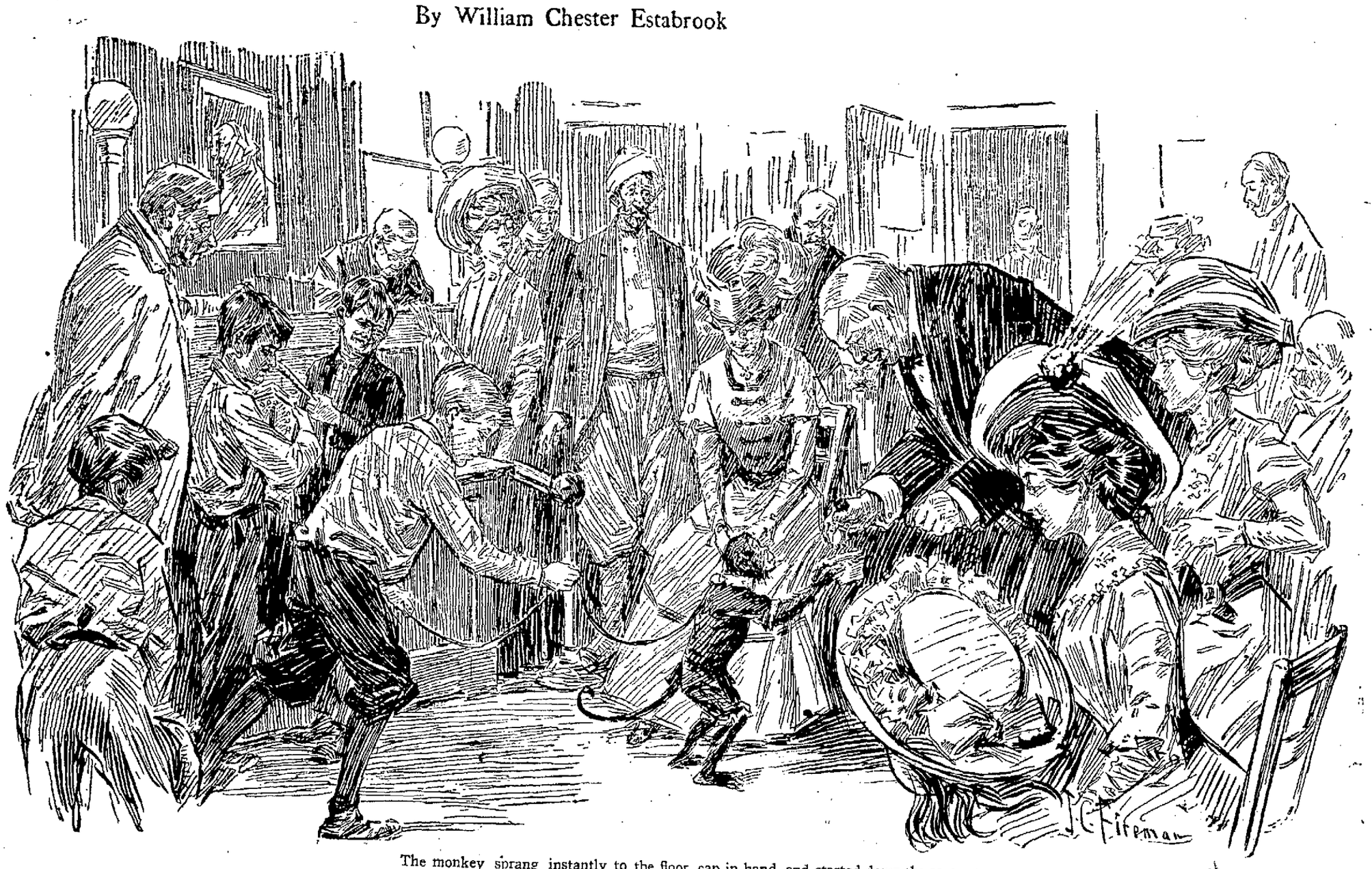

The monkey sprang instantly to the floor, cap in hand, and started down the row.

WALTER SKIBBONS, rounding the corner into the little parked court which screened the Kensington from the street, heard a sudden burst of music from the direction of the big apartment house's rear. Since the peculiar quality of the music was perfectly familiar to him, and because it had been some time since he had seen those who were responsible for it, he turned into a path that led to the area around three sides of which the Kensington was built.

It was a pretty place back in there, despite the fact that only the rear apartments looked out upon it. The numerous wrought iron balconies held flowers and vines, the awnings were fresher than those in front, from being less exposed to the sun, there were a fountain and a bird bath in the centre of the lawn, a few comfortable seats, a few flower beds and a few trees.

Two Italian boys were playing under a balcony. One of them teased an agile tune from a cracked flageolet, while the other furnished an improvised but marvellous accompaniment on a battered old concertina. A monkey, clad in a scarlet coat and cap, was somersaulting about them. Some children crowded around, looking delightedly on.

Skibby had known the Limani boys, Frank and Dominick, in his old "commons" days. Their father, who had been a barrel organ man, was dead. He had hastened frantically to teach them the flageolet and concertina after the Italian doctor down on Lombard street had told him that he had but a year to live at the most. Limani had argued that the organ would be too heavy for the two little fellows to carry around, so he had taught them less unwieldy instruments. Nor had his instructions stopped at that. He had taught them also how to handle "da monk."

As Skibby approached the group he glanced, by the merest chance, to the balcony under which they were playing. A fire escape led from it to the tier of balconies above. At the moment a pair of hands reached from a small window and deposited a mass of something which resembled a woman's hat on the lowest step of the fire escape. The hands immediately withdrew, and Skibby, with no thought whatever of the significance of their act, turned his attention to his old acquaintances.

The Limani boys nodded in a friendly manner to him, without ceasing for a moment their "business." When they had finished their tune, however, they broke into broad, welcoming grins and the most voluble chatter.

Meanwhile the monkey, cap in hand, was making his rounds for the children's pennies. He turned the scant collection over to Dominick, who signalled him to climb to the balcony, where there was always hope of a greater reward at adult hands.

"Well, Nicky, how's de monk?" Skibby inquired, his glance following that active animal as he went scrambling up the trellis.

"Jocko? He all right," Dominick replied, smiling slowly, but there was a note of discouragement in his voice that immediately caught Skibby's attention.

"How's business?"

"Business on da bum!" they both answered with a simultaneity which was convincing at least.

They had begun to recount to Skibby the long streak of bad luck that had pursued them, when they were suddenly cut short by a woman's scream from the apartment above. The monkey set up an excited chatter and came flying down in the midst of a strange shower of pieces of ribbons, artificial flowers, bits of felt, fragments of wire form and every other thing of that peculiar conglomeration which constitutes a modern woman's hat.

The Call of Alarm.

The boys stood gazing blankly up. There was another scream. A woman rushed out on the balcony alternating her cry of "Oh, my hat, my hat!" with "You little villains! Police! Police!" She was followed by a tall man in a white turban, black whiskers and baggy white trousers. He gesticulated wildly toward the boys beneath and spoke in a tongue that was no less intelligible than the excited monkey's own.

"She t'ink Jocko he spoila da hat? No, no!" groaned Dominick, pulling the monkey close to him. His brother muttered what might have been a supplication for deliverance, in Italian, and the boys started out of the court, the monkey between them and Skibby bringing up the rear.

At the entrance they ran squarely into the arms of a policeman, who, hearing the woman's screams, had come on the run. He gathered the little group in, monkey and all, and upon getting their side of the story took them back to the court to learn what their accusers might have to say.

It was a grateful salve to the woman to know that the boys had been caught, at least she said so again and again, as, facing there over the balcony rail and answering the cop's questions, while the baggy trousered, black whiskered, beturbaned menial was picking the pieces of ribbon and felt and flowers and wire from the ground.

The woman's name was Cromer. Miss Madeline Cromer, she informed the cop, with special emphasis on the "Miss." Miss Cromer was young and far from bad looking. She occupied the apartment with her mother. The servant who was picking up the pieces of her precious hat was an Arab who came to the flat twice a week to sweep and dust. They had engaged him only a fortnight ago and were immensely pleased with him. He could not speak a word of English, and that fact she thought was more in his favor than otherwise. Servants usually talked too much.

She said she had gone to the window when the music ceased, a few minutes ago, and had been just in time to see the monkey hurrying down the trellis with the wreck of her best hat tumbling about him. He had evidently come up the trellis at the command of his masters, and once out of their sight had entered the wardrobe through the little window opening onto the fire escape, had taken her hat, pulled it to pieces out of pure deviltry and then had descended, bringing the wreckage after him. Surely it was all plain enough! She did not want to be too hard on the little Dagos, neither did she intend to stand for the loss of a fifty dollar hat at the hands—or feet—of their imp of a monkey. Ten days ago she had missed a valuable fur collarette, and while she was not willing to swear to it, she was perfectly sure her loss followed immediately upon the heels of a serenade from this same trio. Doubtless the monkey was trained to steal. She wanted the matter probed to the bottom.

Skibby looked up at her curiously. The monkey did not have to enter the wardrobe for the hat. Had not Skibby himself seen some one put the hat out on the fire escape the moment he approached the boys? He did not say anything, however; he had hung around the Juvenile Court long enough to know better than to disclose his hand till he was sure of his play.

The Limani kids were loyal to their monkey. Jocko was a good monkey; he had never done anything like that before "Jocko, he da fina monk, he da bones' monk!" they declared vehemently. They were appalled at the price of the piece of headgear. Feefty dol' for da hat! They could never hope to make good an amount as large as that. It struck Skibby, too, as being an outrageous price. Why, it was twice as much as his mother's whole outfit had cost that time she had bought her clothes for the reception at the State Dependents' Home! "Hully gee! Who puts up de dough?" he demanded of himself.

The Arab had finished gathering up the wreckage and stood before the officer, a menacing look toward the monkey showing in his black eyes.

"Where are my plumes, my beautiful willow plumes?" Miss Cromer demanded, leaning far over the rail to scrutinize the contents of the Arab's arms. "It was the plumes that counted. There were two on that hat and they cost $20 apiece. Surely he must have left some trace of them!"

The officer made the Arab put the wreckage on the ground and pawed all over it for some sign of the expensive ostrich plumes, but all in vain. He examined the monkey's coat and cap, he made the little bare legged Dagos roll up their short trousers and unbutton their shabby waists, he even subjected Skibby to a rigid search, but no trace of the plumes could be found.

"I'll take the whole bunch down to the Juvenile Court," he said finally to Miss Cromer. "I'll ask you and your servant to come down at two o'clock this afternoon."

Miss Cromer assured him that she could make the Arab understand at least that much and that they would be on hand. The cop and his unique little retinue then departed for the nearest car.

The Juvenile Court room seemed strange to Skibby because of the absence of Judge Dugane, who was away on his honeymoon. Dugane had found it difficult to get a substitute and was compelled to be content at last with obtaining Judge Clews, a young man who was only fairly well acquainted with Juvenile Court work. Judge Clews was a deadly in earnest young fellow, with a saving sense of humor but an unfailing determination to always maintain the dignity of his court.

Skibby on Parole.

He heard the policeman's story, questioned the boys briefly, put Jocko and his masters in charge of a bailiff and let Skibby go on his promise to return for trial after luncheon.

Skibby was very much concerned over the outcome. He could testify that the monkey had not entered the wardrobe for the hat, but he could not absolve the animal from the charge of finding the hat on the fire escape and destroying it. It seemed foolish to disprove that part of Jocko's guilt. What then? Judge Dugane could always be depended upon to find an easy, reasonable way out of it. What about this new Judge, with the terribly solemn face? Nicky had told Skibby on the way to court that they had but $15 to their names. If their hard luck continued they'd be "up against it" sure enough! Nor was that all. The City Council had lately passed an ordinance making it an offence subject to fine for itinerant musicians to invade a hostlery or the premises thereof without the owner's consent. Older Italians had advised the Limani boys of the law, but the youngsters, made desperate by scant contributions, had repeatedly ignored it, hoping that their youthful years would furnish sufficient excuse.

A larger and more elegant crowd than usual assembled at the Juvenile Court room that afternoon, drawn there by a case which involved the children of some of the wealthiest families in town. Indeed, it was the "silkiest push" Skibby had seen there since that long ago time when the grandson of rich old "Turkey" Givens had been on trial. Knowing the limited capacity of the courtroom they had come early in order to get seats. The place was crowded long before Judge Clews called the Limani case, which came first.

The boys entered with the bailiff, their precious monkey with them, and sat with Skibby on the bench directly in front of the Judge's desk. Almost immediately Miss Cromer, her mother and their strange servant took neighboring seats.

The boys at a nudge from Skibby doffed their caps, and a smile ran around the room when Jocko, at a signal from Nicky, politely removed his own gaudy headgear.

Miss Cromer told her story with many fetching glances at the youthful judge. Her mother corroborated her testimony in detail. To Skibby's surprise and satisfaction the Judge showed far more interest in the Arab than in that worthy's employers. What language did the man speak, anyhow? What was his name? The latter question was directed to the Arab himself, who replied in a most wonderfully mixed string of linguistic splutterings.

"I can't make a thing out of it!" the Judge exclaimed despairingly. "We'll have to send out for an interpreter."

"I beg your pardon, Your Honor, but I think I caught a few words of German in the mix-up," said the bailiff, who was of Teutonic origin.

"Ask him his name in German," the Judge suggested.

The bailiff did as directed and the Arab beamed. Yes, he spoke German; not German alone, but also Arabic, Thibetan dialects and Hindoostanee. His name was Abdul Adhem. He was an Arab tramp, not from choice, he said, but from beautiful filial duty. He was searching for his father, who upon migrating to Egypt had been driven from that country by the English. That was the reason why Abdul had refused to submit to the disgrace of learning the accursed English language. Before his father left Egypt he had taken Abdul to a camp of sheiks who were performing sacred rites.

At this point of his narrative the Arab pushed aside a fold of his strange costume and revealed a tiny silver filigree ball that swung from his neck by a silver chain, and through whose interstices a piece of parchment was visible. The Judge and the audience began to be interested. The bailiff was a trifle slow with the interpretation, but that only added to the eagerness of the listeners.

"A baby crocodile was made to bite off the little toe of my left foot," the Arab went on, "in order that I might escape all danger, and my father then hung my toe around his neck to guard him from harm. He wears a little silver sphere like this one about his neck, and in it is the little toe of my left foot."

"Hully smoke!" Skibby muttered under his breath. He sat as if fascinated, his eyes glued to the Arab's dark face.

"In my sphere is an invocation in Arabic," Abdul continued. "We both wear them on the outside of our shirts, like this, so that we may recognize one another when we meet. He told me to wear it so always when he left me in Egypt. I have followed him all over the world. I believe he's here in America. I shall find him if he is alive. I work a few months here, a few months there, and sometimes I beat my way. Nothing shall deter me; I am determined to find my blessed father."

After this rather startling sketch of himself and his ambitions, the Judge asked him, through the bailiff, concerning his present position, his duties, where he lived when away from the flat and what other work he did to fill the time. Brought to the case in hand, he declared that he had seen the monkey enter the wardrobe, snatch the hat down, dart out on the fire escape, where he tore it to pieces—all before Abdul could recover from his astonishment in time to prevent the deed.

Skibby knew that part of the Arab's testimony to be a lie, a malicious, deliberate lie. And realizing that, he couldn't help feeling that the weird story of the toe in the silver filigree sphere was another monumental falsehood.

The Arab and the Hat.

When his time came he swore to seeing some one place the hat on the fire escape outside the wardrobe window. He had seen only the person's hands. He told his story with directness and precision of detail. The monkey couldn't have taken the hat out of the wardrobe because the hat was already on the fire escape. Since the monkey hadn't taken the hat, what was the Arab's object in falsifying against the boys, he wanted to know.

"It seems to be your unsupported word against the Arab's, corroborated by his employer," the Judge said coldly. He had been not a little impressed by the Arab's beautiful story of filial affection.

At that Skibby came to his feet excitedly. "Jedge," he cried, "I an't never faked de truth in my life! Jedge Dugane, he'll tell ye dat, right off the bat. Ye say dat one o' us has lied, me or dat pie faced camel rubber! He puts up a ballyhoo dat his ole man is carryin' 'round his little toe! Is dat straight, or is he four-flushin', Jedge? Search me! But if ye wants to make him cash in, tell him to show up dat left foot wot de crockerdile snips de toe off of!"

His indignant protest ceased with that and he sat down, overcome suddenly by the stern face that looked at him over the desk. There was a murmur, almost of approval, in the crowd.

For a moment the Judge sat, a little dazed at this unheard of interruption on the part of a boy, then something grim lit 'way back of his bespectacled eyes.

"Bailiff," he said, "tell the Arab to remove his left shoe and show us his foot."

When the bailiff made known his demands Abdul Adhem protested in all the languages at his command. When he did lapse into German it was to inform the bailiff that an Arab's left little toe—or the place an Arab's left little toe ought to be—was not to be trifled with. All the curses of Allah upon them! What had his foot to do with the case? He would never submit to such foreign iniquity, never!

"Take his shoe off for him if he refuses to remove it himself," the Judge commanded.

The bailiff called another bailiff. Abdul resisted. He seemed capable of squirming clear around in his baggy trousers. One bailiff pinioned his arms, the other bailiff wrestled with his left leg. The shoe came off with a thump. The sock followed. The bailiff at the leg extended a bare Arab foot in the Court's direction—a foot that was beautifully perfect in every detail, even unto the smallest of its five toes.

Skibby could have shouted for joy. But something else far more vital to the case of the Dago kids was happening right there before his eyes. In the melee Abdul's left trousers leg had been torn from the button which fastened it at the ankle. Just below the trousers edge which had been pulled up by the bailiff a fluffy something moved in a peculiar, gyrating manner.

Skibby leaned forward. One scrutiny was enough.

"Jedge," he shouted, regardless of what was going on behind the desk, "de guy's got de lady's oyster plumes. He's got her oyster plumes up his pants!"

The bailiff, too, peered down, and grasping the struggling leg more firmly than ever removed two magnificent plumes somewhat the worse for their strange experience.

Miss Cromer and her mother were astounded. Abdul, of the beautiful filial affection, was completely broken. He soon made a clean breast of everything.

He was an Arab—the single assertion of his "spiel" that harbored a grain of truth. He spoke enough English to make his confession in it without any great trouble. It was his scheme to get work in an apartment house where he had no lack of opportunity to filch valuables, mostly women's finery, which he concealed in his baggy trousers. He had been sent that morning into the wardrobe to carry the clothes out for an airing. The Limanis had just begun to play in the court below, and, knowing their habit of sending the monkey up the balcony, he had pulled the plumes from the hat, demolished it and put it on the fire escape. As soon as the monkey reached the balcony and approached the hat out of the curiosity so natural to him Abdul had slapped the beast and hurled the wreckage after him. It was all soon told, and Abdul the faithful, who admitted to the Judge that his weird tale of the little toe had saved him from more than one embarrassing charge of vagrancy, was given ninety days and costs.

The little Limanis were the happiest kids in the world. They hadn't been "stuck up" for "da hat" after all! Jocko, too, seemed to understand the victory, for he replaced his cap and hopped up into Skibby's lap. The crowd chuckled with satisfaction.

More Trouble.

Skibby rose to go and the Limanis followed him, but the Judge waved them back to their seats.

"There's another charge against you," he said, "made by the proprietor of the Kensington Hotel. He charges that you have violated section 3 of ordinance 86 regarding beggars, pedlers and itinerant musicians. You admit that you have repeatedly played on the Kensington premises. Did you ever have a permit to do so?"

Four black eyes that had shone with triumph a moment ago turned in sombre trouble to the floor. No, the boys had never had a permit.

"Didn't you know that you had to have one?"

Yes, they knew, but—but——

Nicky looked despairingly at Skibby. Jocko, glimpsing the sudden change in his masters' faces, took off his cap and scratched his head in seeming great perplexity. Abdul Adhem, who had not yet been removed by the bailiff, glowered over at them, a leer of enjoyment in his dark face. Even the crowd, utterly unprepared for this contretemps, listened with renewed intensity.

"The least I can fine you is ten dollars," said the Judge, in a troubled manner.

After the victory of a few minutes ago his voice came to Skibby like a blow in the face. Oh, if Judge Dugane were only behind that desk! Why had he chosen this Clews guy to take his place—this four eyed gazeboo who didn't know a kid when he saw one—this man who held that thing called Law above everything else; above kiddies facing hard times, kiddies with no one to look after them, kiddies as harmless as Frank and Nicky? Oh, if the Judge had only not married Miss Marvelle and gone away! If he had only stayed at home as he should have done!

Maybe, after all, this Judge was only "stalling!" Maybe he only intended to "t'row a scare" into the boys!

"What have you to say about it?" the Judge asked, the troubled look still in his eyes.

Nicky, who always spoke for his brother, when he spoke at all, blinked the tears back from his long lashes. His slim throat at the edge of his shabby neckband swelled. This sudden turn of affairs—this whirling of victory into defeat—was too much for him.

Skibby saw frantically how helpless he was. He'd like to "crack dat Jedge one fer keeps." Then, like a flash, he had the inspiration that seemed never to come to him except in a crisis where some one else was more concerned than he.

Slipping his hand around Nicky's shoulder, he released Jocko's chain and chirruped twice—the signal for a collection.

The monkey sprang instantly to the floor, cap in hand, and started down the row. So astonished were the first three or four persons that they let him pass without contributing. Then a fat man with a fat, broad smile and a fat long watch chain dropped into the cap a silver dollar, which he took good care to hold first aloft, as a shining example for all men to see. With that the coin began to chink.

Judge Clews sat staring through his big glasses as if turned to stone. Suddenly he took the glasses off and rubbed them. Then he put them back on and rubbed his chin till a smile came out and stretched clear across his deadly in earnest face. Even Miss Cromer and her mother did not look with entire disapproval on the scene.

When Jocko had made the rounds he came back to Nicky with the cap well filled with silver. Nicky lifted it to the desk.

The Judge counted out ten dollars—and then put them back again.

"I—I'll remit this fine—if you'll promise me never to do it again," he said. Clearly, he wasn't in the habit of doing such things.

The well dressed crowd which had lost all thought of the trial it had come to see seemed to approve of that use of its money, for it applauded unstintedly.

The world looked rosy to Skibby again. Sure de Jedge was hot stuff all right, all right! The Limanis were fairly stunned with their good fortune.

But Skibby didn't want to run any more risk. The ebb and flow of the last hour's luck had got on his nerves. He turned to Nicky.

"Say, kids, let's skidoo!" he whispered hurriedly, "before dey digs up sumpin' else!"

THE PANACEA.

WHEN all my plans are turned awry
And fickle fortune fails me;
When every blunderbed is by
And every ill assails me;
When all creation seems to lower,
In sullen wrath or sadness,
One thought alone hath magic power
To turn my grief to gladness—
My Nenia loves me.

I seek for wealth's alluring prize—
Perchance I may attain it—
But in my heart the reason lies
That makes me wish to gain it.
For her sole sake I toil for pelf
'Mid worldly strife and clatter,
But all the while I tell myself
One thing alone can matter—
When Nenia loves me.

The pious say my course is ill,
And I shall suffer by it;
In holiness I have no skill,
And I cannot deny it.
But while they give me sage advice
This thought sets me a-glowing—
I'll get my share of Paradise,
Pressed down and overflowing—
While Nenia loves me.

For what are power and pelf to me
If Nenia does not share them?
And what are want and misery
If Nenia helps me bear them?
No other hell can me affray
But that my dear should doubt me.
My heaven is this—to hear her say,
With her tense arms about me,
"The Nenia loves thee!"

ORIGIN OF THE PEARL.

It was once a widespread belief that the beautiful pearl was formed in the oyster shell by the solidification of a drop of dew. Pliny the naturalist fostered the idea, and many a poet has utilized the pretty idea.

Columbus found the same notion prevalent among the savage tribes of the New World. But since science dealt with the question in her usual matter of fact manner it has been generally believed that the formation of a pearl is due to the presence in the shell of some small fragment of foreign matter—such as a grain of sand or a small particle of drift wood. This intruder irritates the mollusc, which pours forth an extra quantity of nacre, the secretion which solidifies into mother of pearl, so as to cover it, by which process it gradually becomes a pearl.

In other cases the valuable product may be formed in the shape of a hillock to defend the inmate of a shell from the incursion of some boring creature.

Some authorities differentiate between a pearl produced by the irritation of a foreign substance and what they call a true and natural pearl, which is stated to be due to the presence of a parasitic worm.

SALLY PRUE TAKES A DAY OFF

BY ELISE WILLIAMSON.

HEREWITH is a continuation of the story of Sally Prue, the girl whom we all know from "back home." Discontented with her humdrum life in the little town with the old folks, she decides to burn her bridges behind her and take up a new and livelier existence in the Big City, the lure of all who are of the temperament of Sally Prue. Elise Williamson, who is the historian of Sally Prue, knows her subject well, and as the story is developed it will be found not only interesting but containing a lesson that is well worth reading, marking and learning.

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"BRIGHTON BEACH! Train for Brighton Beach!" The conductor flung back the iron grating and the good natured holiday crowd, pushing and shoving, scrambled onto the train.

I was swept into the car, found a vacant seat and all into it joyfully.

Outside on the platform a little newsboy, miraculously dodging the elbows of the mob, was selling his newspapers through the car window. The sight of his small, careworn face smote my heart. This was no holiday for him. I had an impulse to ask him to go with me, but let the moment slip by.

Just then the bell, like a giant alarm clock, sounded and we were off for Brighton.

It was going to be a very wonderful holiday indeed. Had I not saved fifty cents to spend upon the trip? Bah! Who wanted money on a day like this? It was good just to be alive and one of this light-hearted crowd. Springtime was in the air.

The man and the girl opposite me sat very near together. He had his arm upon the seat back of her and every now and then he touched her arm with the tips of his fingers, so softly. That was the springtime, too.

Before long we came to Brighton and the sea. Oh, I love the sea! It stretches out so far; so far. It is so restless and deep and wild—so untamed. It just smiles at the little ships that puff across it. I watched it for a long, long time and then I strolled along the board walk that runs beside it, past the hotel, with its pretty, clean cut lawn in front, where an orchestra played on the long veranda and people sat about little round tables and drank all kinds of drinks and listened to the music.

There were benches along the walk. Some people sat upon them and watched others go by. People, people everywhere, a restless throng that seemed to be searching for something they never found.

I, too, sat and watched them pass. The sunlight was warm and sweet about me and, oh, how it danced and sparkled on the waves at sea! The music quickened the blood in my veins. I wished that there had been some one to whom I could tell how glad I was. Then the music stopped and a cool wind sent me again a-walking. I leaned over the rail to look down upon a sand sculptor at work on the beach. He had modelled a mermaid of the wet sand, and there was an elusive grace about the figure despite its crudeness.

"Vot iss, papa?" inquired a small German of his portly guardian.

"Dot iss rust nuddings but sand," he was told.

The old man who modelled paid no heed. He was working on a lion that gazed with fierce eyes out to sea. Evidently, through the long hours he had toiled over these figures in the sand.

It was now one o'clock and I was hungry. Twenty-five cents was left after buying my return trip tickets on the train (for it was double fare), and the five cents spent for car fare to the Bridge. I could afford two sandwiches and a glass of ginger ale, I decided.

I saw an inviting looking restaurant and went in, but, alas! I discovered the pitfall too late. The waiters were French and the prices in accord. The cheapest thing on the bill of fare was a sandwich for twenty cents. The waiter fixed me with an eagle eye. There was no escape. I read everything on the menu and then ordered a corned beef sandwich.

"Nuzzing to drink, Mees?"

"Nothing to drink."

The Situation Impossible.

When the order came there were four tri-cornered sandwiches, and the water was very nice. I ate slowly, dreading the moment when I must needs face the scorn of the untipped waiter. If only I had possessed the exact change! But no! I held only a quarter. I must let him bring to me that nickel change and take it before his eyes. Yet to leave it, I knew, would be an even more heinous offence. To offer His Imperial Highness a five cent tip! Common sense prompted against this lèse majesté. Ah, my cup was bitter indeed!

"Oh! I cried, in an agony of pity, "don't you know, can't you see? The baby is dead."

beating against the shore drove away my ill temper. But after all, a holiday isn't such a gay affair when you are quite alone just because you didn't know any one well enough to ask to come with you.

I wished I had a book with me. I had no money to buy a magazine. I thought of the little newsboy and wished that I had asked him to come with me. We could have bought two sandwiches from some stand and he could have had a bottle of pop and then there would still have been five cents left for a ride on the merry-go-round.

Then of a sudden I realized that the fare would have been forty cents instead of twenty, and there would have been no lunch at all if the little newsboy had come. That would have been great hospitality. Again resentment surged over me. I could not even be kind. I had not the money to afford it. I stared across the sea, all out of tune with the glad spring sunlight.

Soon I noticed a couple near me—the man and the girl who had sat opposite me on the car. She was seated upon the beach and he stretched at full length with his head resting against her knee. His hat shaded his eyes, but at such an angle that he might look up into her face, and she bent above him with a brooding tenderness. I was shocked by this brazen display of affection. The instinct acquired through generations of repression rose up in protest. My sense of what I was pleased to call "the nice things" was outraged. I was shamed. But I watched them, nevertheless, and I envied them, too, and then I was disgusted. But they were blissfully unconscious of my horror or my disgust or any other feeling I might entertain toward them. They were together and that was enough.

All at once I understood. A swift shame deeper than I had felt before and much more wholesome swept me, for this time it was for myself. I had made an ugly thing out of something that was not ugly at all.

They were alone, those two, because for them no one else existed. The look in the man's eyes was clean and good and she was just a woman that loved, unashamed. Something rose in my throat and choked me. A longing fierce and awful shook me. I, too, wanted this thing that the woman possessed. Yet I felt that if love were there beside me I could not have worn my heart so frankly as did this girl. I should have been conscious of the crowd. Was something childlike and ineffably sweet lost to me forever? I did not know. But oh, what did all the sunlight in the world matter? What meant the springtime to me? I was alone. Hot tears sprang to my eyes, but I shut my lids tight and would not let them fall. Then with my blinded eyes I caught one glimpse of that awful abyss, a city's loneliness, and drew back in terror.

As if in answer to my mood the sun became clouded, a chill wind swept the beach. I rose and came away; back to the walk where the restless crowd was moving on and on, seeking something that they never found.

"Nothing but Sand."

I passed the place where the old sand sculptor had worked. The tide had risen and mischievous waves had swept the spot. Of the mermaid and the lion, of all the toil of the day's work, there remained no trace.

"Dot ain't just nuddings but sand," I smiled bitterly.

Oh, what was the use of working, working, working, day after day, to have saved nothing from all the toil! To-morrow I would go back to the toy department and at the end of six more months I might have saved as much as seventy-five cents to spend on a holiday. The air was growing cold. I had as well go home, I thought, and waited with the crowd for the train. When it came we all scrambled into it pell-mell. People no longer seemed good natured. Every one wanted a seat. They pushed and shoved, men and women together, all fighting to get there first.

I was crushed into a seat near the door, while a giant in a checked suit, swinging on a strap overhead, stood guard over me. The only possible outlook was through the window. I turned to it. The chill, gray wind kept pace with the train. The marshes looked unspeakably dreary. I was almost glad to get back to the squalor of the Brooklyn tenements, because it was human. A woman sat in one of the rooms rocking a little dirty baby against her heart. I turned my head to see her again.

We crossed the bridge at dark. The ferryboats on the river looked like monster fireflies. Across the bridge was the terminus. The train emptied and every one rushed madly for the first car, though the schedule was one a minute. While I was waiting for my car I noticed standing near me a ragged woman, so frail, and with the weariest face I have ever seen a human wear. She went up to a man who stood near me and touched his arm.

"I'm not a beggar," she said. "I'm not a beggar"——

"What is it?" the man asked shortly, shaking off her hand.

"I'm not a beggar," she whispered again. Her eyes looked dazed.

Just then the man's car passed. He shoved her out of his way, muttering something about missing his car and damned beggars. The woman stared after him dully. I went over to her.

"What is it you want?" I asked.

"A little money," she said simply.

Now, I am not a noble hearted person. I did not think, "Oh, you poor woman!" and give her my last cent joyfully. Instead I thought, "I have only five cents, and if I give that to her I shall have to walk all the way home, about four miles, and I am tired." Then I remembered the little newsboy and how I had missed that chance, and I gave her the money.

She took it. Her eyes closed and her face grew whiter, if that were possible. She reeled and would have fallen if I had not caught her arm. An ugly suspicion crossed my mind, but I only asked:—"Are you ill?"

She shook her head. "My little baby," she whispered; "he's hungry."

"Your little baby—where is he?" I asked.

A sudden life flooded her face. She caught my arm. "I must go to him; don't leave me. Don't leave me. I must go to him."

She was frenzied and spoke incoherently, but I read her meaning. She wanted me to go with her.

I was frightened, but I went. It still seems like a dream, my following that ragged woman, who moved on winged feet through the crooked, narrow streets, all strange to me. She commanded me to wait while she dived into a cellar black as the hole of Calcutta, and emerged in a moment with a dirty bottle of milk. Then we went on and at last up rickety, evil smelling stairs to that pitiful, bare room.

Light from an electric sign across the way shone in upon a bundle of rags on the floor. The woman ran toward it. I saw with horror that an infant lay there. She picked it up, hugging it.

"He's awful cold," she said.

Something impelled me to go swiftly to the child and touch it. I drew back in sudden terror. The woman had dipped her finger in the milk and was holding it to the baby's lips.

"Maybe the milk orter be warm?" she appealed to me with desperate eyes.

I opened my lips to speak, but no sound came forth.

"Hadn't it orter be warm?" she asked again.

"Oh!" I cried, in an agony of pity, "don't you know, can't you see? The baby is dead."

The Horror of Grief.

She did not speak nor make a sound. I could have shrieked at the silence. I watched her with fascinated eyes. She had been kneeling, and now she leaned back upon her heels and rocked to and fro, hugging the little dead baby. And after a hundred years she began to talk to it.

Oh! dear God! I hope I need never look upon such grief again. I seemed paralyzed, unable to move. I could not shake off the feeling that I but dreamed this thing.

When I did go to her she refused to let me take the child. I sat with her until almost dawn; then I explained to unheeding ears that I must go, but that I would send some one to her, and I would come again after the day's work was over. Her hopeless eyes turned toward me, unseeing, as I went out and closed the door.

I descended the tottering stairs to the street and stood utterly lost as to my whereabouts. Yet I felt no fear. Strangely enough the only thing in the world that now seemed real was that woman's face of despair. I looked at the house number and the street. I suppose I moved instinctively and came at last to lower Broadway, where I began the long tramp homeward. Stray policemen eyed me with suspicion, but I passed unmolested either by the law or by those night wolves that prowl outside the pale of it. I felt no fear; doubtless that was what protected me.

When I had gone half way I saw a line of ragged men and women standing single file in a line that extended the length of the block. I wondered much at first and then it came to me—this was the "bread line," the patient, hungry ones who wait each night to be fed.

I felt very grave and solemn when I passed them; more than I ever had at church. By the time I had reached the boarding house it was broad daylight. I rang the basement bell. Mme. Birot answered it. She stared at me in amazement; then a queer expression crossed her face, but it was fleeting.

I told her about the woman and how I had left her alone. Mme. Birot's dark eyes filled with tears.

"At once I will go!" she cried. "Oh, zees place! Zees New York! One starve an' die an' no pairson knows an' cares." This while she bustled about making ready to depart.

I smiled. "It can't be such a dreadful place, Mme. Birot, so long as you live in it."

"Oh, nonzenze!" she cried, flushing prettily. "I do nuzzing zat ees good; par du tout!"

I gave Madame what direction I could about finding the place and then I went to my room.

I'd had my holiday. It had not been exactly what one might call gay. I thought of the woman and the little dead baby. But, after all, I had found a friend, for had I not watched with this mother woman in her Gethsemane? At the end of the day's work I would return to her, because she needed me. It had not been such a bad holiday.

STANDISH AND THE MILLINER.

MR. STANDISH was mad when he went into the millinery establishment and the longer he stayed the madder he got. Presently he walked over to a stunning black creation that hung on a peg near the window and said:—

"This is the hat I want to see you about."

The proprietor came forward.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"You can fix this hat over the way my wife asked you to," said Standish, explosively. "She wants the feather put on the other side, that bow moved to the front, and she wants the rim to bulge a little more over the temples."

Seeing a guilty flush creep over the proprietor's face, Standish went on with increased heat.

"She says you have refused to make any alterations on the ground that a stitch added to or subtracted from the hat is bound to ruin it, but I tell you that's all nonsense. My wife knows how she wants her hat to look, and if she can't stand up for her rights I'll do it for her. She is coming around this afternoon to try the hat on again. If it isn't ready by that time there will be no end of a row."

The proprietor twirled the black hat on his forefinger and looked from it to the head saleswoman lugubriously.

"I remember," he said, "that the lady who ordered that hat did bring it back yesterday to be remodelled. Perhaps it will be possible to make the alterations suggested after all."

The manager's humility made Standish feel very proud of himself.

"That's the only way to deal with those fellows," he said when he left the shop. "You've got to meet them on their own level. It takes a man to do that. No wonder women get cheated out of their very eyeteeth. They haven't got sand enough to say the things that have to be said to secure their rights."

Throughout the day Standish continued to revel in self congratulations, and he actually went home half an hour ahead of time to see if his wife's hat had been metamorphosed into the thing of beauty he had suggested.

"Well," said he jubilantly, "was the hat all right?"

"All right?" said Mrs. Standish. "They hadn't even touched it. How could you expect it to be all right when you didn't stop in to see about it?"

"But I did stop," protested Standish. "I saw everybody about the place and laid the whole establishment out in great shape. Here's their card to prove I was there. I picked it up as I was passing out."

Mrs. Standish took up the card and read the name aloud.

"O-o-o-h!" she cried. "Is that where you went? Why, you got into the wrong place. What on earth will that manager think? He must think you are crazy."

"I don't care if he does," said Standish limply, "but I would like to know what the owner of that black hat will say if they make it over according to my directions."

POETIC JUSTICE.

A MAN whose soul has been tortured frequently by the remarks of his wife, who takes a fiendish delight in setting a price on the pretty clothes worn by other women, one day found sweet comfort in the incautious comment of a woman in a crowded car.

"Oh, yes," said that other observing woman, "the hat looks well enough, but it is cheap. It couldn't have cost a cent over $6."

Thereupon the luckless man said to his wife:—

"Why do you always pick out the most expensive clothes for especial notice? Why don't you look at something cheap once in a while? There are cheap things worn. There is a hat in this very car that cost only $6. The woman just behind us pointed it out a minute ago."

"Well," said his wife, "you are the last person on earth who ought to feel proud of it. It was me she was talking about."

JUST CAUSE FOR PRIDE.

THE man admired his wife just about as much as a man can admire a wife; nevertheless, when he saw that she was devoting more and more time each day to mirror gazing he determined to take her down a peg. Said he brutally:—

"I wouldn't be so stuck on myself if I were you, just because people happen to notice you when you go out. It isn't you they are admiring, it's your clothes. I heard a bunch of women say so just the other day."

For an instant the shock to the woman's vanity was overpowering; then quickly recovering she said:—

"In that case I am prouder than ever. Nature is responsible for me, but I designed the clothes myself."

And then the man shut up.

The KNIGHT OF THE UNUSUAL

BEING a Few Stories of Queer Things the Nonchalant Messenger Boy Is Called On to Do and Does.

White Scratched Valiantly and for Half an Hour.

BY GARNET WARREN.

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NEW YORK, Saturday.

YOU press the button and in his time he comes. Being unimaginative you will doubtless see him, a heavy youth, dusty footed, heavy eyed and unpotential of the strange things in life.

And, of course, being so obviously so, he is so unequivocally not so. Really he is a Knight of the Unusual, did you but know it—an adventurer in strange places at peculiar shrines. His activities are far more varied than are the colors of the rainbow or the vestments of the great Solomon. He is Proteus modernized, if you hanker after the classical. Kindly, then, be so inducted to him. Consider him the district messenger, a lily of his kind, as he goes at the instance of your call or of another's—where?

Well, if you are looking for records in the matter of distance—and you know that the human race likes records in anything—Messenger J. F. Smith in April, 1900, ventured as far as South Africa to present an address containing 28,000 names to Paul Kruger, then President of the Transvaal Republic. Smith arrived on the very eve of the evacuation of Johannesburg, delivered his message and returned.

Even prior to this feat, however, Mr. Richard Harding Davis had written three letters in London, one of which called for delivery in New York, another in Philadelphia, a third in Chicago. William Thomas Jaggard was the instrument of these deliveries, his purpose being to indicate how the mails might be beaten. Jaggard was two hours ahead of the United States mail in New York and many in Chicago, while Mr. Davis was referred to frequently upon each of these occasions.

It was far earlier than this, however (in 1887, in fact), that Mr. Daniel Frohman and Mr. E. H. Sothern, with fine theatrical instinct, scented the news value of messenger boys. They sent one to London to carry souvenirs to actors and actresses. Ellen Terry, Mrs. Brown Potter, Irving, Toole, Nat Goodwin, Willie Edouin and others receiving evidences of regard and proofs of a fine instinct for publicity. Frank J. Ryan and Albert V. Roe went to San Francisco from New York in 1899 and delivered letters there, while in September, 1900, Henry Owden and Ernest Morton, two Canadian Pacific messenger boys, came from Montreal to New York in sixty-two hours and delivered letters to the P. C. Cable Company.

More personal, however, was the experience of James L. Young, now telegraph operator in the main office of the A. D. T. It was in 1902 that he had a call to meet Mr. John Dryea Kitchen on his arrival from Europe. Mr. Kitchen was a millionnaire and an invalid. Young stood at the gangplank, calling out "Mr. John D. Kitchen, Kitchen," with that peculiar vocal messengerial energy, when an old gentleman came down the plank on a stick.

"What is it, boy?" he said.

"I've come to take you to Boston," said Young.

"Well, he started talking to me on the train," said Young recently. "He asked all sorts of questions about the messenger business, of how a boy was broken in, and I told him of how the green boy was always sent out accompanied by one experienced, about the Wall street messenger boys, who have to know every banker and broker in the street, and of the money the boys make by commissions; of the tips which people offer them; about all of the phases of life which the messenger boy touched.

Two Weeks at So Much.

"Well, Mr. Kitchen became very interested. The whole of the time we were in the train he was asking questions, questions, and I was answering them. Then, when we got to Boston and the time came for me to go back, he said:—'I want you to stay with me, boy, for a couple of weeks. I like to talk to you. You are well worth thirty cents an hour.' So he paid the charge of thirty cents an hour for the full two weeks and then decided to send me through college. I went to Columbia for two years, but had to leave when Mr. Kitchen died."

The ticker asserted itself and Young returned to it, an illustration of the mutability of fate and messenger boys.

I referred to the messenger boy as a Proteus. He is. His is a changing shape, and one liable to any duty. It was in 1906 that Joseph White sped on his sunny way along State street, Chicago, in response to a call. A large, urbane man met him at the door of an important office. The large man had a worried look.

"Say, son," said the man, "would you like to earn a couple of dollars?"

Possessing a true messengerial instinct, it is obvious that White could have no objection.

"Look here," said the fat man, locking the door, "this is hot weather, an' I'm sort of tingling, tickling all over the back." He removed his coat. He subjected his shirt to the same process—also that which came under his shirt. He exposed a large, pink expanse.

"Say, son," he said, "I want some one to scratch my back. Scratch it!"

So White scratched valiantly for half an hour.

"That certainly did feel good," said the man at the end of the time, and handed to White $2.

"I wouldn't have done it," said White recently to a fellow operator (there seems a destiny that messengers shall develop into telegraph operators), "but I'd only been three months at the game at the time. I was a green kid. I'd have handed him one if he'd have put that up to me a little later on."

In fact, the green messenger boy will often do things which his more experienced brother would scorn. It was another Chicago boy (they do such strange things in Chicago) who answered the call of a stout lady. It was also one of those warm summer days which are troublesome—to stout ladies. In the sun's full refulgence she complained of the flies. They were irresistibly attracted to her fair, perspiring face, and showed a peculiar attraction for the edges of her mouth and nose.

"Young man," said she, "I don't like to ask you, but the fact is I'm troubled by flies. I can't read for the flies. I can't go to sleep for 'em. You just sit here and keep them away from me and catch as many as you can. Do you hear?"

She disposed herself to read and the small messenger, being green and unproud, devoted himself to flies. He caught hundreds.

"It got to be a regular game," said he, when he told me about it. "I was catching 'em, catching 'em, when the lady commenced to laugh. Then I caught more and she laughed so she couldn't stop. She was rolling around everywhere, laughing. I was catching 'em for two hours like that. She was an actress, I remember. At the end of the two hours tears were streaming down her cheeks and she was helpless.

"'My!' said she, 'how much does it cost for you?'

"'Thirty cents an hour,' said I. Well, she paid the sixty cents and gave me a dollar for myself in addition. 'My,' said she, again, 'that's the best show I ever saw in my life!'"

On Death Watch.

The fly catcher (who isn't a messenger boy now) said that he wouldn't have done it if he'd been older at the game. "They take advantage of the green ones," he said, "and ask 'em to do all sorts of things."

Jim McDonagh is an illustration of this. He is now a theatrical electrician in New York. He was the instrument of a more grisly assignment. He answered the call of a city editor.

"You go," said that official, "to the Players' Club." He was assigned to watch for the death of Edwin Booth. McDonagh sat in the hall of the Players' Club throughout the night.

McDonagh Sat in the Hall of the Players' Club Throughout the Night.

A more tragic experience yet was that of a present telegraph operator of a New York newspaper. He answered the call of an undertaker.

"Now, see here," said the undertaker, "I just want you to wait around to-night. I'm going home. There's a body in there!" He jerked his thumb in the direction of an open door. "Some of the relatives may want to come around and see it. Just let 'em in and watch they don't take anything."

"Well, I sat there," said the messenger, "all night. There were mice in that undertaker's place, and a lot of big rolls of paper (I don't know what they were for) piled up in the corners of the room. Now and again the mice would rustle round among the paper and I'd jump a foot. I remember that I was afflicted with an awful curiosity to go in and see the thing in the other room. Three times I braced up my courage and tip-toed to the open door. Then one of the pieces of paper would rustle, and I'd jump and get back to my corner. Undertakers are not cheerful people, but, gee! I was glad to see that one when he showed up next morning."

A manager of one harbor for messengers, between Fourteenth and Forty-second streets, teemed with experiences.

"I chased a man round for a week," said he, "trying to deliver a message. It was a message to a man from his mother, who believed that she was going to die, and wanted to see him. The man had domestic complications at the time. He wasn't interested in seeing messenger boys. But I was told by the brother who handed me the message to keep after him until I got him. So I did. I trailed him, I think, in every hotel and restaurant in Broadway. I trailed him to his office and his home. That chase got to be quite exciting. I questioned elevator boys and hotel clerks and chauffeurs and servants. I got him while he was eating some quick lunch in the bar of a well known hotel. You should have seen that fellow's face when he found out what the message was. I found out afterward that his mother commenced to mend immediately she saw him. Women are queer creatures. He sent me a twenty dollar bill by post, that fellow. That chase was worth it.

"Yes," he continued ruminatively, "messenger boys get up against strange things. I remember a telegram which I delivered to a woman. They sent me up stairs and as I went into the room she was singing and playing at the piano. It was something from a musical comedy, I remember. I delivered the telegram and she fell down clean over the keys. I can remember the crash of the thing now. 'Oh, my darling, my darling!' she started saying. 'You're dead! You're dead!' She kept sobbing and working her elbows on the piano keys and making the queerest sounds.

"Whenever I hear a piano crash that scene comes up to me. I was standing there staring at her, not knowing what to do. I'd never seen anybody take on like she did. She was crying out that she couldn't live. I rushed down stairs and found out the name of her doctor from the servant and rang him up. I stood around watching her, till he came. He gave her something which sent her to sleep. He told me it was the best thing I could have done."

I Was Afflicted with an Awful Curiosity to Go In.

"I Was Catching 'Em, Catching 'Em, When the Lady Commenced to Laugh."

Tragedy and comedy are equally blended in the messenger business. A certain divorcée, living in the eighties, made a triumphant return from Reno a few years ago—justly celebrated now for more than divorces. Two days after she was married again and projected another honeymoon. She sent for the inevitable messenger boy.

"I have a little girl four years of age," she said. "I want you to walk her about every day while I'm away. I'll be back in about a month. Be careful of her, now, and I'll make you a nice present."

"So each day at ten o'clock I used to call for the kid," said the messenger, "and the housemaid would hand her over to me and I would take her out in the Park or walk her around the streets or ride her on my back until her newly married mamma came back from her honeymoon. The lady gave me $15. After that she used to call me up about once a week and I used to go and play with the kid. She said she was always asking for me."

Watching the Husband.

"Sure, I done detective work," said another messenger. "I trailed a man around for two weeks once and used to bring back reports of where he went to his wife every evening. She used to live in a big hotel in this city. Think of getting detective work done for thirty cents an hour! I couldn't get anything on the man, but that report didn't seem to satisfy his wife. 'You couldn't have watched him properly,' said she. 'I know him. I guess I'll have to get a detective, after all!' And I didn't get a cent for all my work. She was a tight wad, that one.

"Another woman who sent for me was more generous. When I called on her (it was an apartment house in Central Park West) I found that she'd been called out and was expected back in about half an hour. Well, I thought I'd wait in the Park, and I'd just started to walk in the hall when I heard a 'Brr-r-r-r-r.' I looked around and there was the ugliest bulldog growling at me from the door at the side. I started to walk on and he walked out growling. The girl tried to call him off, but he snapped at her when she tried to take hold of him. He lay down and started to watch me, and whenever I thought he was quiet and tried to sneak away an inch or so he would get up and I'd think he was going to come at me. So I just stood there, but the lady didn't come back in half an hour, or an hour. She didn't come back to dinner that night. She came back at twelve o'clock, after the theatre, and suddenly remembered me when she saw me standing there. I was nearly dead when she came. I hadn't been able to stir a finger the whole time. I got $10 from her—good old soul!"

She Kept Sobbing and Working Her Elbows on the Piano Keys and Making the Queerest Sounds.

Another messenger—he is a station manager of the A. D. T.—tells of putting a load of coal in the cellar.

"The coal man was suddenly taken ill," he said. "The driver was a unionist and refused to put in the coal. He said that he'd be infringing the laws of his union if he did any shovelling. So they sent for me. The driver looked doubtfully at me for a moment, but I guess he took a chance on the strength of my uniform. They knew our reputation for strikes. Anyhow I shovelled the coal."

But tales of the queer errands of messenger boys are numberless. A visit to Philadelphia or Boston is almost an everyday occurrence these days. The automobile business is a potent influence on messenger things. A tire breaks in some little town in New Hampshire, say. It is a peculiar tire, so what is there for it but to use the long distance telephone and call for a messenger with a new tire?—which that boy will bring as inevitably as anything in the wide world.

Frank J. McLeod, messenger boy of this city, had a more precious charge not six months ago. He carried a baby from West Sixty-seventh street to an aunt in Allendale, N. J., an hour or so in the train.

"That was a fierce assignment," said he. "I s'pose that the kid felt that there was somethin' wrong. He was only a little over four. He set up a howl as soon as he got used to my uniform, and I tried to nurse him goin' out on the train, and when I handed him over all I got was a glass of sour milk and a piece of bum pie."

Master McLeod's face suggested a chastened resignation. The lines of the messenger boy are far from being cast in such unpleasant places, however. There are those pleasant paths which lead to the theatre, to which some strange lady desires an escort. He has ridden around whole days showing the guileless stranger the sights and dining with him at the best hotels. He sees the city's sights, high and low. Sometimes he is a caddy on the golf links. He is frequently kissed by grateful women who have been successfully steered through the shopping districts. He is not unlucky.

But remember that next time you see him with presented face at your doorway, think not of him as unromantic. He is the creature of possibility. In half an hour he may be ranging and adventuring. And please don't try to think of freak things to make him do—he has had enough already.

FLY TALK.

EVER since Professor Garner, some years ago, departed for Africa to continue his study of the language of monkeys various gentlemen of science have amused themselves and the world by collating their investigations as to the "talk" of animals.

One such published the results of a long and careful study made in his poultry house of the language of hens, there being, in his opinion, many "words" concealed in the utterances which we ordinarily interpret merely with cut-cut-ea-dah-cut and cock-a-doodle-doo.

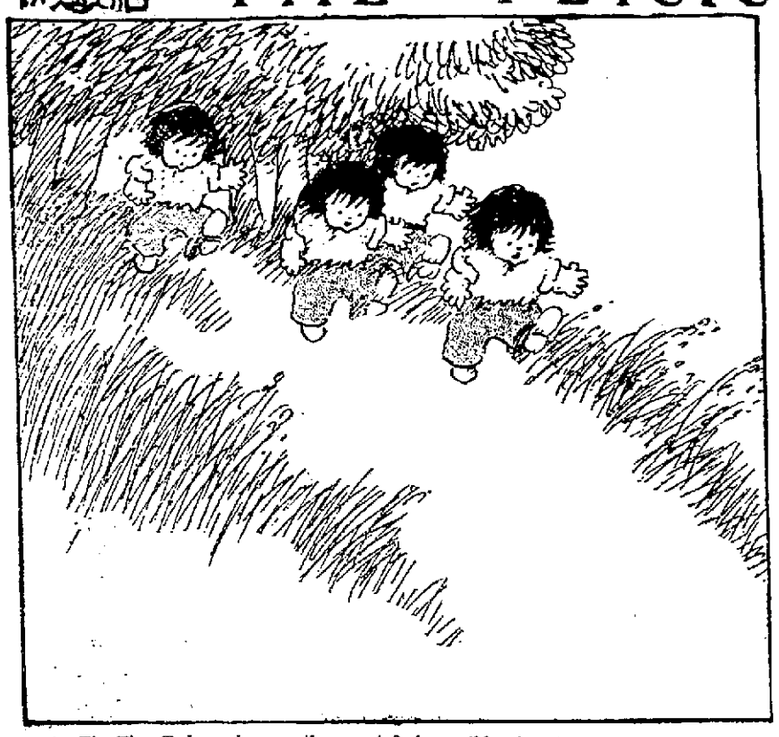
These studies in animal dialects have been supplemented by another, which is, perhaps, most curious of all. An English inquirer, armed with a microphone, or sound magnifier, has been listening patiently through long hours to the curious noises made by houseflies, and reports his belief that they have a language all their own.

This "language," it appears, does not consist of the buzzing sound which we ordinarily hear, which is made by the rapid vibrations of their wings in the air, but of a smaller, finer and more widely modulated series of sounds, audible to the human ear only by the aid of the microphone.

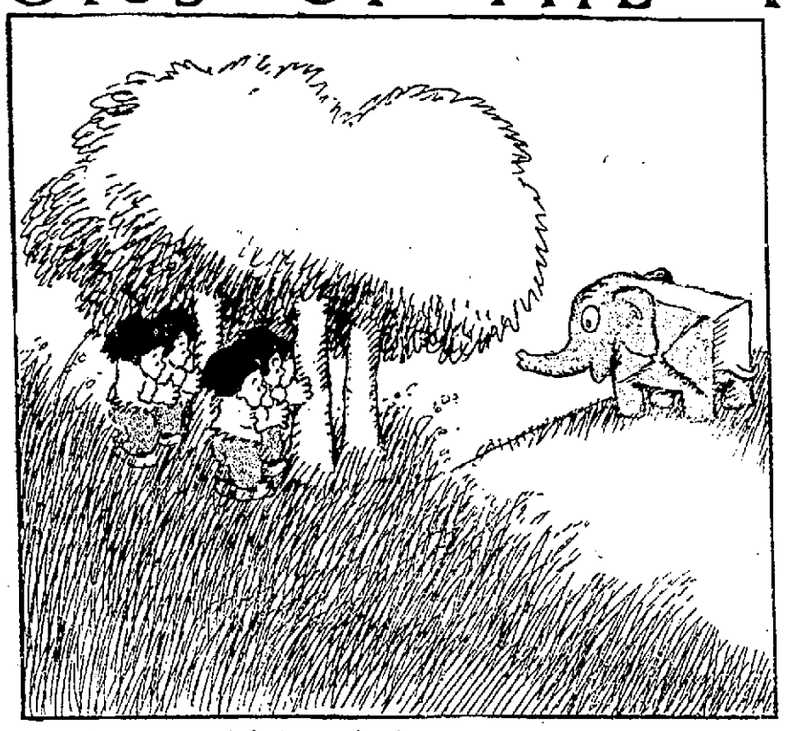
Probably this fly conversation is perfectly audible to the fly ears, which, as every schoolboy knows who has tried to move his hand slowly upon the insects, are very acute.

The hope has been expressed that since the heretofore inaudible whispers of flies have been detected and recorded some inventor may construct a microphone which will enable us to make out the language of the bacteria and microbes, and so surprise them in the horrible secret of their mode of operations.

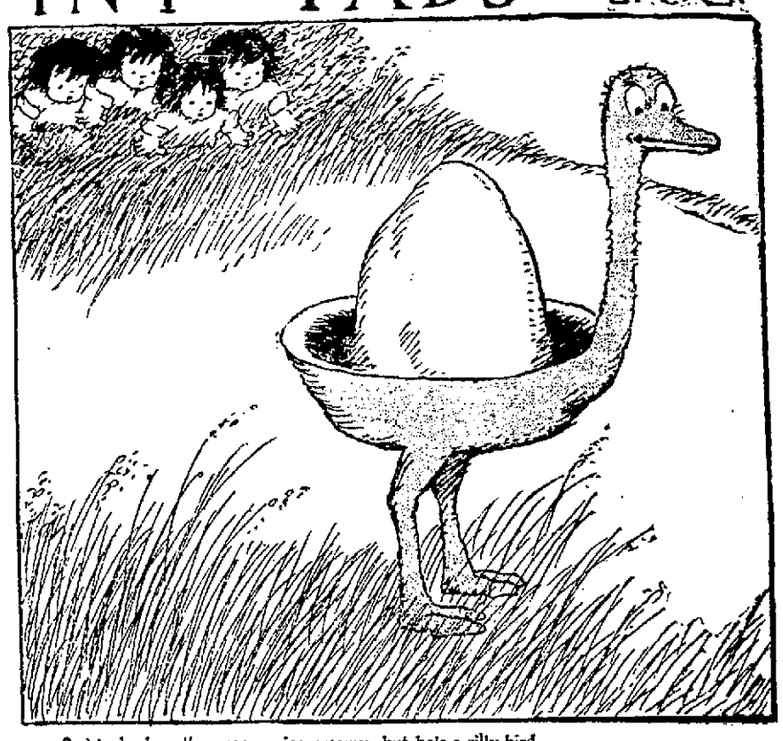
THE TERRORS OF THE TINY TADS



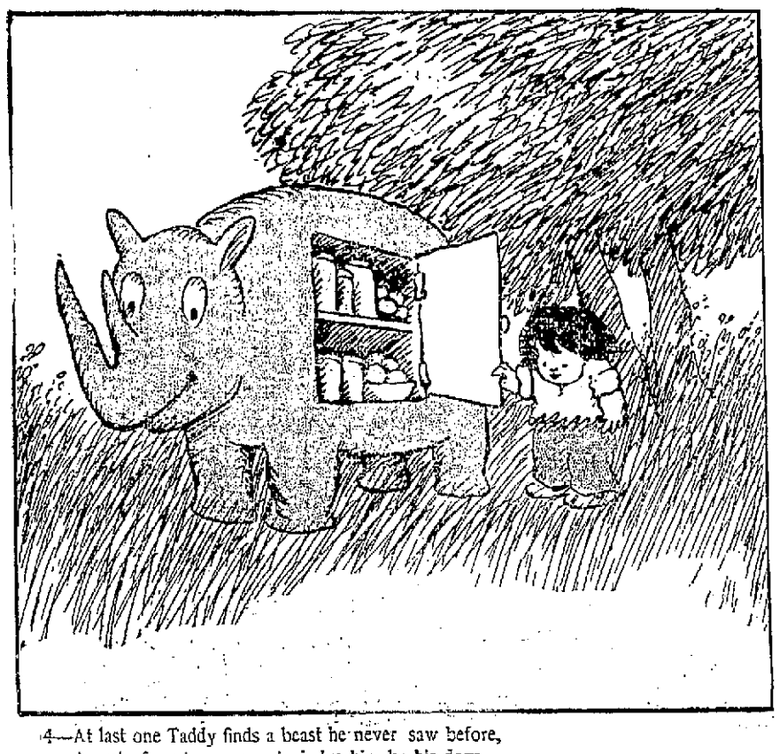
1—The Tiny Tads are hungry, they must find something to eat,
Some kind of jam or jelly or some other thing that's sweet.



2—They see a caramelephant wrapped up in waxy paper,
But when they try to capture him he starts to prance and caper.



3—And when they see an ice creamu, but he's a silly bird,
For when they ask him for a bite he answers not a word.



4—At last one Taddy finds a beast he never saw before,
A sort of pantrynoceros, to judge him by his door.

5—This creature lets him have preserves and cake and also cheese.
"My comrades will be glad," says he, "to see me bringing these!"

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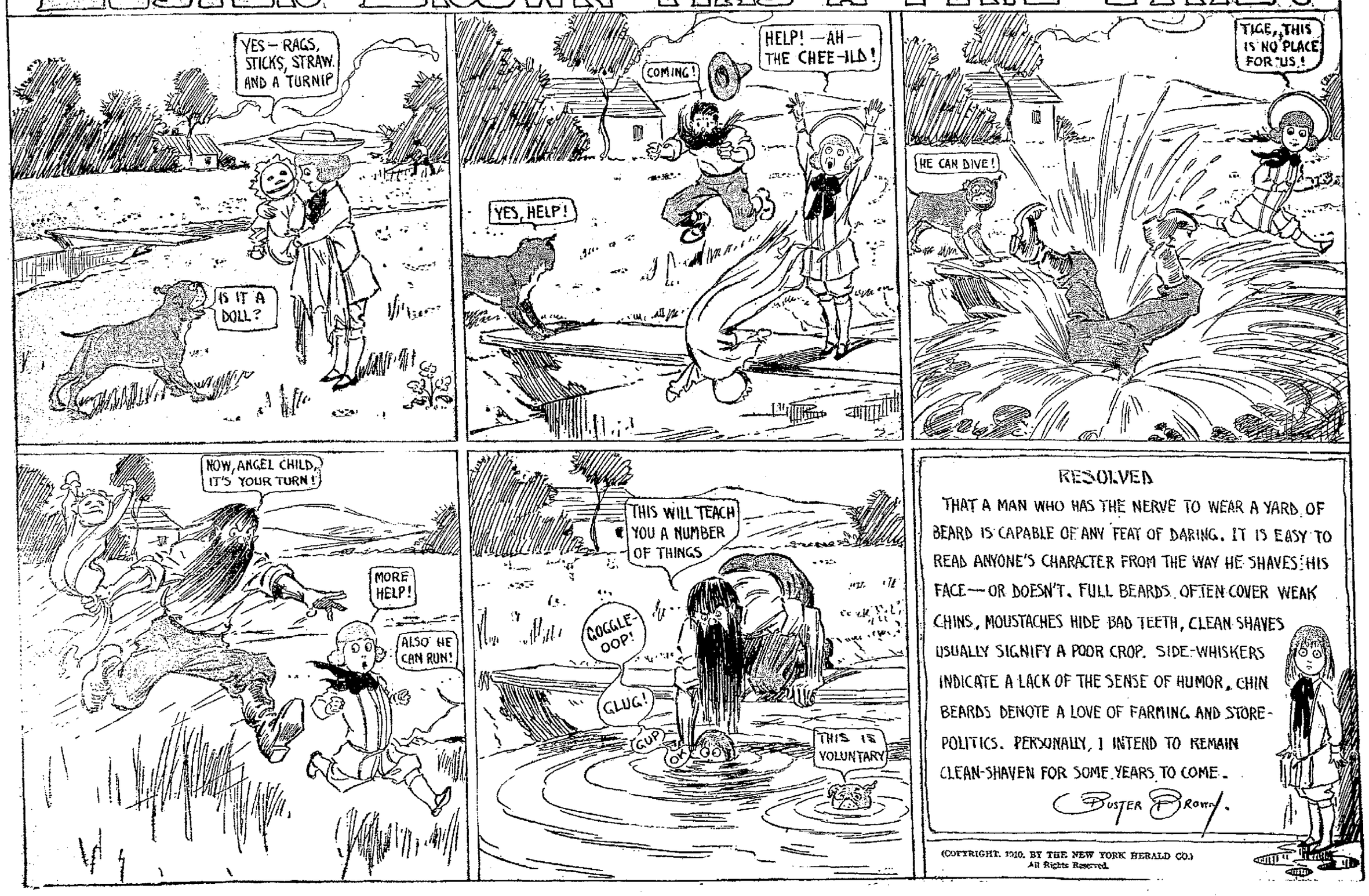
6—They eat and eat until they feel their buttons giving way.
"It's just an appetightening around our waists," they say.

BUSTER BROWN HAS A FINE TIME.



RESOLVED

THAT A MAN WHO HAS THE NERVE TO WEAR A YARD OF BEARD IS CAPABLE OF ANY FEAT OF DARING. IT IS EASY TO READ ANYONE'S CHARACTER FROM THE WAY HE SHAVES HIS FACE—OR DOESN'T. FULL BEARDS OFTEN COVER WEAK CHINS, MOUSTACHES HIDE BAD TEETH, CLEAN SHAVES USUALLY SIGNIFY A POOR CROP. SIDE-WHISKERS INDICATE A LACK OF THE SENSE OF HUMOR, CHIN BEARDS DENOTE A LOVE OF FARMING AND STORE-POLITICS. PERSONALLY, I INTEND TO REMAIN CLEAN-SHAVEN FOR SOME YEARS TO COME.

Buster Brown.

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THE WIDOW WISE

Verses by Paul West ▾ Drawings by W. H. Loomis

1.—Philander Phlit was wealthy and a "lady's man", indeed,
Though Fate, 'twould seem, had chosen him a single life to lead;
But even Fate must yield her sway to lovely woman's eyes,
And Phlit at last was captured by the charming Widow Wise.

2.—Don't think he'd never been engaged! He had, full many a time.
But something always intervened before the marriage chime.
The Widow's friends remarked this fact, but, smilingly, said she,
"He's never met a girl he's really, truly loved—but me!"

3.—Philander saw that he had won, and waited for the chance
When he could pop the question old and "cinch" the sweet romance;
So he asked the charming Widow out for dinner and the show,
And she, it hardly need be said, was very quick to go.

4.—Just as they entered Sherry's, in the stylish, gorgeous crowd
A tall brunette who passed them smiled and at Philander bowed.
"Who is she?" asked the Widow as the lady strolled away.
"Oh," said Philander, "that was just a former fiancee!"

5.—Then, as they took their places, at a table just beyond,
The Widow saw inspecting them a very charming blond,
Who turned away the moment that she caught Philander's eye.
"Er—that's an ancient flame," said he, "of days long since gone by."

6.—"Ah," thought the Widow proudly, "I am flattered; I can see
That he forgets such pretty girls for little, simple me."
But suddenly she noted, as she let her glances stray,
That other ladies seemed to know her gallant fiance.

7.—"All old-time loves! Engaged? Oh, yes," he said when she demurred.
"I thought I loved them? Yes, of course; but now it seems absurd.
'Tis you alone that I'll adore until my dying day.
Come, marry me, fair Widow!" But the Widow answered "Nay!

8.—Perhaps you mean it now," she said, "however, when I see
The host of girls you've thought you loved, it rather worries me.
Who knows but still some other face some day might please your eyes.
NO! FLY AWAY, MY BUTTERFLY!" exclaimed the Widow Wise.

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WOLF JOHN

By Leo Crane

IT was a wild-wood, but that sort of wild-wood in which one sometimes finds a handkerchief or a bit of ribbon from a woman's hair. It was within calling distance of the outposts of civilization. That was apparent. Something had had a softening influence on the very twigs of this once primeval place. It could no longer be called a wilderness, since there was a path through it, a definitely marked pathway, though not used enough to render it adamant against the rains, and narrowly timid. Certain daring Wolf John, as he came through the wood, noticed these evidences of mankind. They were not pleasing to him. He did not care for man, nor for the idle ambitions of men. Necessity sometimes, as it did now, drove him to communicate with them for brief intervals, yet he only did this because of stern necessity unwillingly, quite surely in his manner. Therefore the white men of the settlements called him Wolf John.

SHE FELT HIS WARM LIPS ON HER FACE.

His mother had been an Indian, which gave to him a stolid shrewdness; his father had been a white man, which made him sensitive. That the one had been a savage and the other a dissolute outcast had, of course, impressed Wolf John with a restless and yet an ambitious nature—that roving ambition which bids men seek for a relief from it. Wolf John had the crude mental sturdiness of one race, with the mental appreciation of another. He found himself to be misunderstood by his people of the wilderness; he found that he could not understand these people of the clearings.

He came through the wood. Cleaned, and with his hair trimmed to decency, he would not have been bad to look upon. His brow was high, his eyes large and beautiful, his mouth not large, but penciled with the markings of a plaintive and would-be gentle disposition.

A short distance down the pathway he started as if nervously, and uttered a low exclamation of surprise. But this was not because of his having been observed unkindly—rather that he had seen. There, in the softer ground, was imprinted the unmistakable mark of a bear. Wolf John noted the little incisions made by the keen toe-claws. The mark was fresh. Wolf John could now hear the harsh cry of the mill. He looked to his gun. Then a little cry of terror sounded. Wolf John ran down the pathway, turning with it to enter a tiny clearing into which the sunlight fell through a thinning fence of saplings. A woman had a moment before entered this glade from the opposite side. She was now immovable from fear, her eyes dilated, her mouth half open, her whole poise expressing a terror. Wolf John saw a heavy-shoulderer, lurching body, an ungainly thing, which would have been grotesque had it not been so to be feared. This beast was between them. It was running with a loping stride, snuffing, toward the woman, and seeing the frightened helplessness of her, Wolf John threw up his gun and fired, aiming behind the shoulder. With a low growl of intense rage the bear swung around, its long knifelike claws ripping into the moist earth, its teeth showing plainly white, its little vicious eyes blood red. There was no time in which the man could reload. Wolf John cast the gun aside as he tried to evade the beast's rush toward him. A swinging paw blow ripped the covering from his thigh, just tearing the flesh, and with a terrible daring the half-breed plunged his long knife into the animal's throat. A knife is a poor, feeble thing against the rage and fangs of a grizzly bear. The next stroke of the paw tore away his heavy jacket and shirt, cutting into the flesh of his shoulder, crushing his arm, opening it to the bone. Wolf John weakly stabbed at the animal as he fell, a world swimming before his eyes in which stood immovable a woman. He remembered nothing more than this, after he felt the hot teeth of the animal sink into his arm, though the woman was his last impression. He did not hear a second shot from the thicket. A man may not engage a grizzly bear with a knife and retain interest in other matters. The two men who came up despatched the animal with an ax. They hurried Wolf John to the settlement, carrying him with all the tenderness possible in a rapid stride, for they saw his danger. They were met by Dave Larsen, an old man and the father of the girl, she having come home nearly crazed by fright.

"He is goot, dat fellow," said Dave, leading the way to his own house.

A long time after this Wolf John came to a realization of his adventure and his resulting position. His very last impression had been the feeling of hot teeth lacerating his arm and the sight of a woman standing transfixed by the horror of the sight. Now, the first in this new existence was the picture of this woman, sweet, placid, without the traceries of terror. For the first time in his life he knew the ministering solicitude of a woman, a woman of the clearings, a white woman. When she came into the room he always followed her movements with his eyes, silently absorbing her, this new creature to him, and when she went out at the door he was lonely and sad until she had again appeared. This was Dave's daughter. She was a plump girl of twenty-three, wearing her light-brown hair in thick braided tresses, for living in the wood she was beyond even the fashions of lumbermen's daughters, and there was much of simplicity remaining to her. She, in her turn, was mildly interested by this strange creature, this half-wild man with the great sadly shaded eyes from which came so many questions. Wolf John found that they had cut off his long hair, that he lay on a white man's bed, that there was a satisfying, a refreshing feeling in the coarse white sheets. His old garments had disappeared. He was clothed in some queer stuff, a woman's faded gown, though he did not know what it was. A long time Wolf John was sick.

After a while Wolf John sit up in a big chair and look out to where flowers were blooming in a patch of garden. He could smell the fragrance of them, and from day to day see the blossoms unfolding. He would look from their simple beauty to the woman's face, and he would rest his head on the high chair-back, sighing, regretting that so long he had been denied these things of the clearings. What were wild fern to these scarlet coronets, what were the squaws he had known to this fair-skinned, gracefully moving woman? When

After this his development was very swift. A peculiar animal-like sensitiveness bade him watch her every look for fear in his uncouth ignorance he would offend by the smallest mannerism. As he grew strong old tastes, habits, desires, struggled for the mastery, and with these he had to fight, for he now knew them to be unworthy. One day, when he had walked into

They had given to him shirts and a rough suit of clothes. Wolf John learned that these people looked on cleanliness as some sort of virtue. He wondered if he could ever cleanse himself of those years in the brush, cleanse himself to a condition of purity where he might touch this woman's hand. A man may try. Without knowing how successful he was, Wolf John was gradually transformed into a clean, handsome fellow, quiet, unobtrusive, almost gentle.

That old life in the wood, with its grime and savagery and its subtle fascination, came back to him stronger with each day's regained strength. He felt its pull on his restless spirit, but from day to day he put off the moment of yielding, promising himself that each week would be his last among these people, not knowing that with each succeeding day he welded new links of gratitude, of kindly feeling, of crude undeveloped love. It was old Dave Larsen who roused him to a sense of his position by suggesting that he had nearly recovered, by inviting him to remain with them and to share their labor in the mill. Wolf John considered this proposition. There lay his forest, deep, silent, trackless and true. That old fear of man's insincerity and self he had not been quite able to battle down. He warned himself not to be enslaved in the ways of these people, to be off while there was yet time to the wilderness where lived his friends of wing and claw. A long time Wolf John pondered and struggled. The life of the clearings, did it repay to one all it demanded? Was it that he was charmed with his new existence? What had prevailed upon him to wear strange clothes, to brush his hair, to be clean, to speak without oaths? Was it the life within the sound of shrieking saws and the sight of much labor? Wolf John looked over into the patch of flowers by the house wall. He smiled sadly. He sought old Dave Larsen and refused to remain with them.

"I am as a fish in a new stream," he said. "The waters are so very pleasant, but I know not the way. There is my forest. There are many skins and furs to have. Some day I will return and will bring them to you for the care you make for me. You are kind, but I know the forest to be my country."

Dave sought to reassure him, saying that he owed nothing, insisting that they were still in his debt for the life of the girl, explaining in a bluff way that his suggestion had been made in the kindliest of spirit. He said they all liked Wolf John and did not care to see him go. Wolf John smiled, shook the man's hand, and made off.

It was in the little clearing where he had first seen her that he again encountered the girl.

"You are going away?" she asked, her eyes wide at the sight of his old gun and the rolled pack on his shoulder.

"My ways are not your ways," he answered.

"You were not happy with us?"

"Happy—yes, so happy; but a man must go his own way. A forest and a clearing are different things. They stare at each other. When there is a clearing in the forest, it is a prisoner among trees. When a tree is in the clearing it is alone."

"We would like you to stay," she said to him, sincerely.

"Ah, but your people are not my people," he replied.

"You once told me you had no people," she challenged, staring at him as if she had discovered a lie on his lips.

Wolf John waved his hand around at the trees.

"These are my people. I know their ways. I was rude, ... in your sight. I was the forestbred, unchanged, ..."

"I—I am sorry you're going, then," she said, looking down at her gingham dress. "You . . . . you must come back sometimes—and, you must never come with your clothe like that . . . . again," she finished with a little laugh.

"No," said Wolf John, frowning. "Now that you have taught me to be clean and to speak a good tongue, perhaps—perhaps I will not be received by my forest; perhaps it will not know my voice. I was near to being a man of the clearings. . . . ."

"Come . . . . go back with me," she invited, holding out her hand.

"I go—not to be happy, but to be less unhappy, maybe . . . ."

"Why leave the clearing, then?"

Wolf John looked at her earnestly. It seemed that a confession was suddenly wrenched from him, something he had long kept for his own, a prisoner in his breast.

"I go not from the clearing—but from you."

"But I have asked you to stay." Had she known all her words meant to him perhaps the girl would have remained silent; would have allowed him to go. Yet she felt some sort of defiance, some spirit of conquest, in winning this man by the only means she possessed. Other men had been all too willing.

He stepped toward her quickly, catching her arm and swinging her about so that he might the better see into her face. His lips were parted in a half-sob of passion.

"I said, I go because of you . . . . you. I want you . . . . you—I luv you. If I come back again . . . . if I bring furs, will you go with me? I luv you."

She tried to tear herself away from him, but found that the man, and the savage in the man, were stronger, and that irresistibly she had been swept into his embrace.

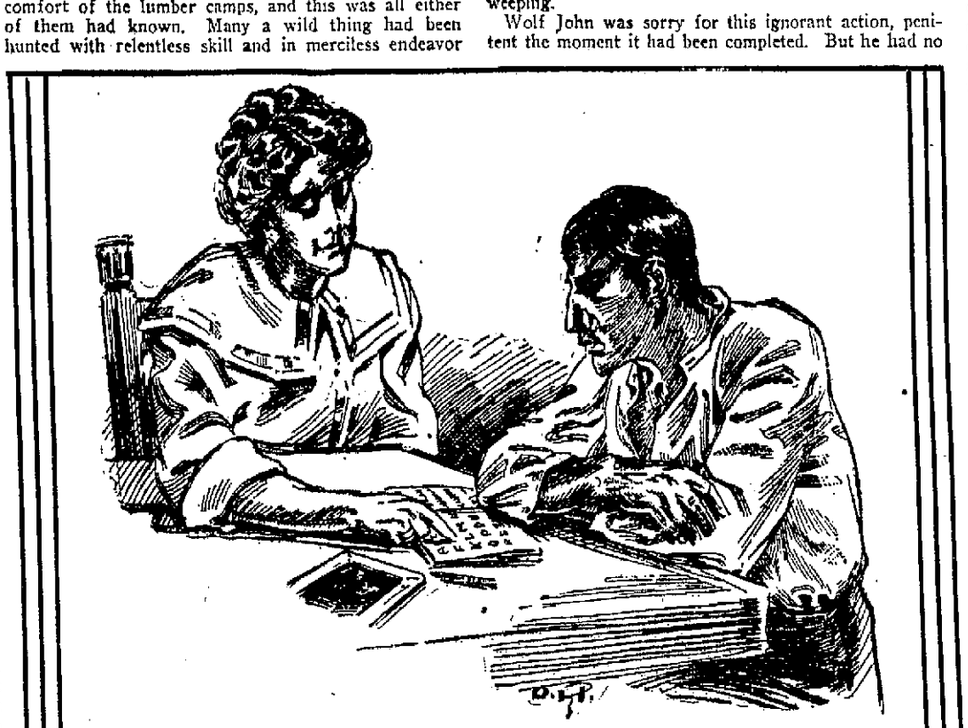
"Will you . . . . will you . . . . will you . . . ." she heard him beg of her. She felt his warm lips on her face.

And then he had gone away up the path and into the wood. She vaguely remembered that she had made to him some sort of promise.

Part II.

FOR five months the clearing did not see Wolf John. Then, in the first days of another spring he came again. He had made himself presentable. This he had accomplished by purchases at another settlement. He had even a white shirt, which was an extravagance, and a tie to go with it; he wore boots, which were not so comfortable as the old moccasins, but which were of better appearance in the clearing. Already had he absorbed something of the white man's pride and insincerity. But, then, a lover is always proud, and always deceives the loved one.

There was much argument with Dave. There was a terrible scene with a man named Olaf. But of these troubles Wolf John knew little. He prepared for the new life by building a little house off in the wood, after clearing a trifle of ground. It was furnished with the comfort of the lumber camps, and this was all either of them had known. Many a wild thing had been hunted with relentless skill and in merciless endeavor that this house might stand with its comforts. Wolf John realized that the forest had contributed not without a struggle to his ambitions. For the girl they had not less than she wished, to him it was more than he had ever before dreamed. They were married.



SHE TAUGHT HIM THE SIGNS OF LETTERS

They lived together in the little house, both making sacrifices. He ceased his roaming expeditions; she lived apart from all that which she had known of life. Like the touching of forest and clearing, indeed, were they. A long time she endeavored to thoroughly win him over out of his deep thickets, out of the shadow. She taught him the signs of the letters; they went miles through the wood to a church; Wolf John learned many vague mysterious things. Gradually the old gnawing feeling to be away and free left him. One day he surprised her by clearing a mass of thicket and breaking the ground at the side of the house.

"What are you about?" asked his wife.

"You shall have a garden," he said.

They planted seeds. Wolf John watched for the first green pointed shoots to appear. He helped train the vines upward. He waited impatiently for the blooms. With the first rose he laughed in blithe happiness. He had reached civilization.

* * * *

A year passed—a whole long year—bringing with it something of plaintive realization. Wolf John learned to his dismay that civilization, which had seemed so splendid to him in its first appearance, only spoke through the girl. Had it not been for her, were it not for her, he would be in the depths of the forest, unclaimed, unregenerate. He thought painfully of these terribly true things. The forest, deeply, restlessly, mysteriously, called to him, telling him that its grand, ever-changing life of freedom he had bartered for a kennel in monotony. Wolf John tried to laugh at such ideas, calling them foolish, and he thrust them away, believing happiness to be had for the winning. And as long as he was confident of the woman's smiles, he faced the struggle bravely. But one cannot drag a wolf from the lair and make of him a house dog in a single year. A transition of this sort in the animal requires one or more generations, and while in the man a lesser time may suffice, at least there must be a period of definite reduction and reconstruction, aided by kindness and intense love, a space in which the old life must be softened, dimmed, and the new one made more lovingly alluring. Wolf John was ready to acquire, but he acquired slowly.

The life in the forest, was not alone monotonous for the man. The girl had ever known the society of her kind. Rude and uncouth as had been the people of the settlement, yet they were her people, and above all kindred they were "people," conversant, engaging, a community—which is civilizing. But here in the forest there was for her an atmosphere of peace and silence. Her life with this man she had promised to love was a thing of moods, and she had never known moods. She had known men, not problems. She could excuse the man, but she could not excuse that which he vaguely wondered at himself. She could not be expected to understand that his taciturn days were those on which he fought back and defeated temptation. Wolf John had neither the inclination nor the words in which to impart the whole grievous pain of these struggles; she had not the feeling to either suspect or to understand them.

Gradually she nerved herself to view the life laid out for her. Day by day she alarmed herself into a nervous emotional state, seeing the futility of endeavoring to refine a long habituated personality. That which she had gone forward to reduce was now a terrible task. Every action of the man's was magnified highly in her sight.

At length, highly wrought in this emotional state of imagination, she began a campaign of unceasing irritability, upbraiding him, accusing him, suspecting him of a thousand things, the major portion of which in his simplicity he could not have conceived. Some of the

But one day this torment, this discussion grew to proportions not even he could stand patiently.

"You are a savage!" she cried out at him.

Wolf John paused in his expostulation. His hands dropped to his sides and the words which he had endeavored to conjure up were never uttered. Wolf John was for the moment paralyzed. Then rage possessed him. He was a savage. Of course it was true. He had tried, tried; with what agony had he not endeavored to make of himself that which he knew he should be? But he was a savage. He had been a savage always. What mattered it that he had tried to redeem himself through this woman's cutivated sweetness? He was a savage. The knowledge branded him fiercely. With a low growl, the protest of a savage, he struck her. He had meant the blow to be heavy, severe, in the fashion of a savage. But perhaps the finer instincts of that dissolute wretch who had been his father caught his brain and arm. For that moment at least he was not a savage. The blow swept from a madly clenched fist to an open hand, to a pair of finger-tips, sweeping her cheek, burning it. The insane strength of it had been mastered. One moment she looked at him in fear and then went off by herself, weeping.

Wolf John was sorry for this ignorant action, penitent the moment it had been completed. But he had no means of expressing this abject contritive save through his eyes, and she would not look at him. Indeed, men of his sort are seldom believed when their heart-felt confession are made, and Wolf John stood condemned in his own heart, for he loved her.

That night he was alone. She had left the house. He went through the garden and down the woodland path, calling her. When he returned to the little house a great all-embracing atmosphere of loneliness had engulfed it. He could not endure the silence. Wolf John started for the settlement, knowing she would be there. He was met by old Dave Larson, who violently threatened and berated him.

"You skunk of the woods, you're not fit to have a wife . . . ."

"For God's sake . . . ." began Wolf John plaintively, the fear possessing him. But it was not a physical fear of this old man who upbraided him; rather a moral cowardice of one seeing the terrors of a future.

"You've made a fine chob of dis," went the other.

Wolf John accepted his very reproach in a consistent humility. At length he said:

"Where is she?"

"Gone over by Red Spring mit her people, und . . . und she say she not comin' back."

"She will not come back . . . to me . . . ." asked Wolf John, his lips dry and the words coming from them as if brittle.

"No—she's done with you," said old Dave mercilessly.

Wolf John spun on his heel and went into the wood. A long time, hours, hours, he walked there, aimlessly, absently, noting nothing, but having with him a misery, a terrible feeling of helplessness. It was as if someone had cut off his hands. Then it grew dusk. Shadows darkened the trees into vague forms. Wolf John regarded this as a child might. He was afraid. He must go home. Home—Wolf John's heart ached. He had lost the perfect sense of self-sufficiency. For the first time he realized that he had brought himself to recognize, to acknowledge a locality. Home—it was a stake about which he had circled, an animal, tied with a woman's kiss.

As he neared the house he looked to find it changed in some essential particular. But the house was the same, a fine wisp of smoke from its little chimney drifting, the vines clambering about it, the garden abloom. Visibly it was the same. But there sat within it a monster, a terribly existing thing, almost a presence, great because of its endless totality. The very clock dragged its ticks in fear of this something which usurped everything, this demon of utter lonliness. Never before had Wolf John shuddered at the silence. He dreaded the coming of night. He was alone, accursed.

The next few days passed over him miserably. He cooked his food, now and then, more as a pastime than for any other reason. He did not grow ravenously hungry, he ate without noting the differences of taste. It was food. Day after day he watched and waited for her. A hundred times he started down the old pathway toward the settlement, a hundred times he caught himself repeating old Dave's words; that many times he returned—home. The fact that he was alone weighed upon Wolf John as a mighty burden. He was careless of everything save a nervous watchfulness, he having an abnormally imaginative sight and hearing. He was not unlike a hunted animal. His features became drawn and lean as the nervous tension increased. His eyes

Then he took up his gun and spent a whole day in the forest, tramping, trudging, his head bowed down, his limbs moving tirelessly. He came home, though, unconsciously threading familiar paths. There was a perfect silence in the clearing. The sun was sinking behind the trees, just a wee bit of ruddy gold touching the housetop. A bird flew up from the roof and winged away, its pinions flapping solemnly, accentuating the stillness. Wolf John found that some animal had been plowing up the garden. It was quite ruined. He looked at it. He made no effort to repair the damage. In the night a heavy rain finished the work of destruction. This same rain found a weak place in the roof and dripped in to dampen the wall. The high wind wrecked the chimney and blew a lot of sand and rubbish into the house through a broken window. Wolf John noticed these happenings and the results of them. He did nothing. He was rather an uncouth object himself now. His beard had grown, his clothes were soiled, his boots had not been cleansed of mud. He no longer cared. The house was in a pitiable state from neglect. The garden was dead.

Suddenly, as if seized by the inspiration of a single deadly idea, Wolf John, with determinedly set features, began a series of preparations. He packed all the things of value into two great chests and locked them. When night came on he got out his old leggings and lumberman's jacket, rolled his pack, shouldered his gun and started for the settlement.

There was a light in Dave Larsen's house; there came sounds of merriment, singing, the song of a violin, a woman's voice. Wolf John listened. Yes, they were happy. He had never quite understood this life of the clearings. He tied the keys to a chunk of wood and threw them into the house, a window-pane crashing as the *block* struck it.

Then Wolf John turned away into the forest. Oddly, familiarly, he settled the pack on his back, and evenly, as if he had never missed a stride, he buckled down to the long, gliding lope of the forest bred. The night was dark; but his eyes were able to pierce its density. The thickets welcomed him with many an olden cry, the branches swished above as if they would caress him. Wolf John left behind him the clearing. He had peered at its problem, he had tried to believe and to understand, he had not been able to make it out. He no longer questioned or argued. He slipped stolidly into the old footprints. He had no more visions of sunlit valleys, of scarlet-decked gardens, of firesides. Save for a shudder now and then at the thought of brown braids and a gingham gown he had no comment to make.

He drifted silently, willingly, into that from which he had tried to escape, worn out by the terrible effort, knowing the uselessness of life and the bitterness of civilization. Wolf John passed. He was no longer a half-breed. That which had made him sensitive had died. He was emotionless, without ambition. He WAS a savage.

FOR ONE MOMENT SHE LOOKED AT HIM IN FEAR

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NEXT WEEK A GAME FOR A GIRL By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON

NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE FARMER

SECOND GROWTH OF CLOVER FEEDING

There is an excellent profit in pasturing lambs on second growth clover for two months in the fall before putting them on grain rations for fattening.

Gains can be made on good pasture as low as one cent a pound in this way and that is cheap feeding.

Wether lambs can be had at reasonable prices. They can be turned into very good profit on all of the farms that have clover pasture or alfalfa. If put on second growth clover along in late August or September for two months and then fed alfalfa and corn or alfalfa alone they should put on from 40 to 50 pounds before going to the Christmas market.

Many farmers sell their lambs half fat because they cut second crop clover for seed or leave it for other stock during late fall and early winter months. There is certainly more money in pasturing lambs than in selling clover seed and if the second crop is kept for winter pasture about half its value is lost.

A good plan is to turn the lambs into the corn field after the corn is mature—they will find a lot of grass and tender weeds that have sprung up during the last cultivation and they will also eat all the leaves of the corn as high as they can reach.

Suppose they do break down an occasional stalk and eat the corn, it is going into mutton.

Rape sowed in the corn at the last cultivation is another source of cheap forage for sheep. Rape in small grain makes a wonderful growth after the grain is harvested and is second only to clover as a pasture crop for sheep. It also makes a good growth after potatoes or buckwheat have been harvested. In states where these two crops are grown extensively this point is worth considering.

ADVANTAGES OF THE SILO.

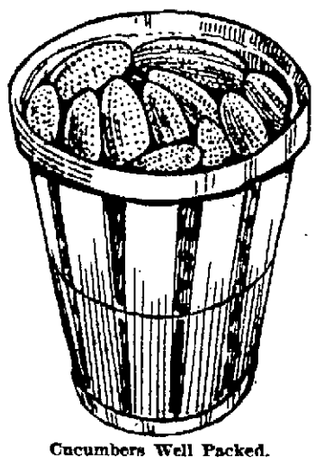
Missouri State Experiment Station summarizes the value of the silo as follows:

1. Silage keeps young stock thrifty and growing all winter.
2. It produces fat beef more cheaply than does dry feed.
3. It enables cows to produce milk and butter more economically.
4. Silage is more conveniently handled than dry fodder.
5. The silo prevents waste of corn stalks in the manure when silage is fed.
6. The silo will make palatable food of stuff that would not otherwise be eaten.
7. It enables the farmer to preserve food which matures at a rainy time of the year, when drying would be next to impossible.
8. It is the most economical method of supplying food for the stock during the hot, dry periods in summer, when the pasture is short.

A packer declares that the cost of picking a barrel of fruit on very large, high trees is 20 cents a barrel, while on low-headed trees the cost does not exceed 7 cents.

THE ART OF PACKING AND SELLING VEGETABLES

Quality and Uniformity of the Produce and Attractiveness of the Package the Secret of Success



Cucumbers Well Packed.

Purchasers soon learn where the best vegetables come from and are quick to demand the produce of farmers they can rely upon.

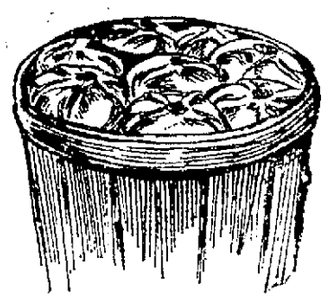
Growers should become familiar with the conditions and preferences of the market on which they expect to place their produce. The marketing of all kinds of farm stuff is one of the most important if not the most important part of the business.

If one is unable to visit the big markets one should write to commission merchants and ask for all the information possible regarding what is wanted in the way of selection and packing of fruit and vegetables. Commission dealers would rather handle good, salable stuff than poorly packed and unsightly produce, and are always ready to help growers to present their products in the most attractive manner.

It is also a good plan for amateur growers, who have not shipped to the general markets, to first visit the farms of successful growers and learn by observation how produce should be picked, graded, and packed in order to bring the best prices.

Uniformity is the chief requirement to be considered and vegetables should always be sent to market uniform in condition, quality and general appearance.

Markets are seldom over-stocked with good fruit and vegetables, but it is the poorly developed, unevenly ripened and badly selected products that injure the sale of the better articles.



Nicely Packed Cabbages.

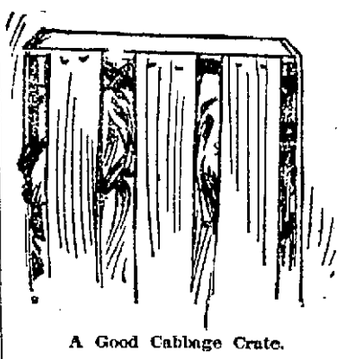
Produce of all kinds should be sorted so that in each package the specimens are as nearly alike as possible. The efficient grader has in mind the appearance of the whole package and not the individual specimen.

Many growers make the mistake of allowing their vegetables to become too ripe before picking, and as a result the produce, which looks fresh enough in the garden reaches the market overripe and often decayed.

Overripe vegetables should always be sold in a market which can be reached within a very short time after leaving the farm and very ripe vegetables should be consumed at home or canned.

All vegetables should be thoroughly cool and dry before being packed. Heat and moisture promote decay and this of course means loss. This is of the greatest importance and must not be neglected if the grower would get the best prices for his produce.

A loosely packed barrel or box, after having been transferred by wagon to railroad and from the city station to the market-place again by a wagon, will reach the buyer in a very unattractive condition. The contents will settle and shrink as a result of the jarring, and the package will be only partially full.



A Good Cabbage Crate.

Loose packing invariably causes bruises and general defacement of each specimen. Fruit or vegetables must not be packed too tightly or it will also be bruised and crowded out of shape. Every grower can spend a little money for brands or labels to excellent advantage. Labels are very cheap and so are stencils, and the man who puts up a first-class package of honest fruits or vegetables in uniform well-constructed packages need not fear that the money spent for attractive labels will be wasted.

SOIL SICKNESS IN THE GARDEN

By W. R. GILBERT.

Complaints are common from comparatively small and constantly cropped gardens anent the poorness of the produce. Even such a thing as a cabbage is so faint-hearted as to run away on lanky legs as no well-behaved cabbage should.

All this is very annoying to those who take infinite pains with their gardens and go to some expense in getting reliable seeds. All this may occur, and does occur, where ample manure of the barnyard is applied to keep the soil in fertile condition. It is in fact a kind of soil sickness which ordinary manure cannot overcome, but actually aggravates.

One sees far less of this in large gardens for the simple reason that the larger area gives a much wider range and rotation of cropping, yet even here comparisons may often be drawn between the produce of the large areas and vegetables under field cultivation to the distinct advantage of the latter.

There is fortunately an antidote for freshly ground or freshly slaked lime is an antitode for this. In liberal dressings it will prove a quick and lasting tonic to the sick soil, and not only should this be administered when spring opens, but as far as possible dressed through crops of cabbage and similar things during a dry day and lightly hoed in.

When lime can be readily obtained in the best condition there is really no excuse for the bad state of things depicted and even if an extra price has to be paid it is still the cheapest because the only satisfactory thing for the purpose and whatever may be spent in ordinary manure, if expended on time for several seasons would work wonders.

Doctors differ over the value of freshly ground lime, and the virtue of the newly slaked article, the ultra caustic properties of the former being by many considered an advantage. With that I agree, but consider the advantage is only temporary as with exposure to the air the slaking is thoroughly in evidence.

Well burned lime, not too long from the kiln, will be found to answer all purposes in this direction and it can be slaked in a barrel or in heaps by giving it a good sprinkling with water and covering with old sacks or something similar, when it should be immediately distributed.

Positive effects will be noticed the first season in the improved appearance of vegetation and negatively in the disappearance of much of the lower forms of insect and fungoid life in the garden.

Of the value to the fruit bushes directly by reducing their enemies and indirectly by stimulating healthful growth, I cannot speak too highly.

Did you ever think what a beautiful and long-flowering garden one might have with just the P's? Sweet peas, poppies, pansies, petunias, phlox, portulaca. With no more flowering plants than these one may have flowers every day from June 'till frost, all of them being easy to grow and continuous producers of brilliant flowers.

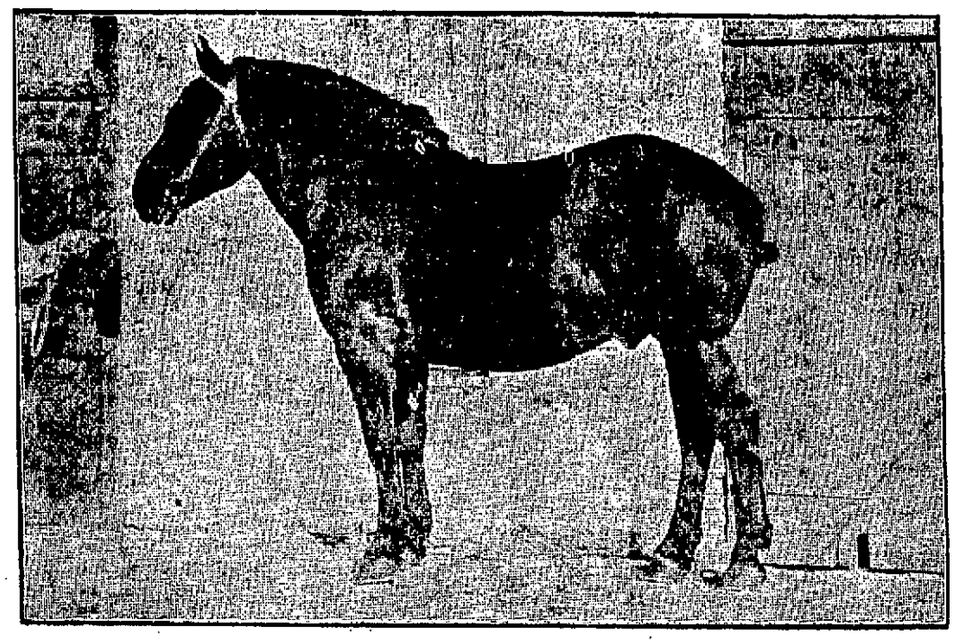
CHARCOAL FOR POULTRY

Charcoal is one of the best stomach correctives that can be given to man or beast and is a necessity for healthful chicken raising. When soft feed in the way of mashes are fed to the fowls, charcoal is very essential, for it corrects any tendency of the food to sour and greatly assists the process of digestion. It has been proven that all poultry will grow and fatten faster and the meat will be more delicious in flavor when charcoal is fed to them regularly; in fact, in all the large fattening plants charcoal is regularly fed to all the fowls in the fattening coops. Charcoal can be purchased at any poultry supply house, but can easily be manufactured at home. If you burn wood in your stove, there will be plenty of charcoal in the ashes to feed a large flock of fowls, if you don't burn wood, take some corn cobs and put in the oven till they are thoroughly charred. Corn and cobs may also be partly charred at times and fed to the hens with profit.

THINNED OUT THE TREES.

A farmer writes from Salina county, Nebraska: "Our apple orchard is on thin land and was badly neglected when we bought the place. After two years of heavy applications of stable manure we made that old orchard yield at the rate of 1500 bushels of apples per acre in one year." The trees were so close together, however, and the yield so large that they were greatly weakened. We then took the bull by the horns and cut out every other tree and are going to have splendid results this year."

PERCHERON WINNER



PLANTING EVERGREENS

A new Jersey farmer writes to know whether it will be safe to plant Evergreens in August.

The best time to plant Evergreens is early in the spring just when the new season's growth is starting. It is a mistake to plant too early and if the planting is delayed until June the trees are not apt to do well unless frequently watered and mulched during the summer months.

Some planting is done in August but we do not believe the inexperienced can make their trees grow when planted so late.

Nurseries frequently put out their Evergreens in July and August but more from necessity than choice because they are too busy during the spring months to do the work.

When Evergreens are planted late they should be thoroughly watered and a dust mulch maintained around the roots until winter sets in.

It is difficult to tell by the looks of the trees whether they survive during the late summer months or not as very often they retain their verdure some time after they are dead.

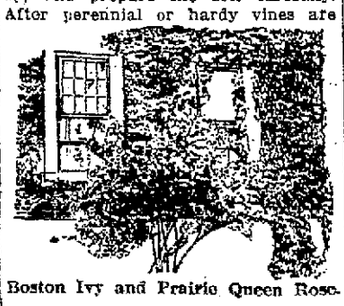
In the spring trees that die turn brown within two or three weeks. The time to plant Evergreens, is, in our opinion, in the spring and we see no reason why fall planting should be restorted to unless through necessity.

Dealers have a habit of cutting into both ends of the apple barrel before buying and this sometimes proves embarassing to the seller.

THE BEAUTY OF VINES

When in doubt as to what to plant, plant vines, is sound advice. Vines beautify, they are useful, they are easy to grow. They shade from the hot sun; they hide old, or obnoxious features; they encourage the birds to nest about the house; they are the drapery nature throws over and about with a lavish hand to soften and embellish.

When preparing to plant vines, be sure to spade deeply, manure heavily, and prepare the soil carefully. After perennial or hardy vines are established it is difficult to cultivate them, therefore, do all you can before planting them. When they begin to "spin," they must have supports, otherwise they will be stunted in growth and unsatisfactory.



Boston Ivy and Prairie Queen Rose.

There are so many beautiful vines among annuals, perennials and hardy vines that it is hard to decide, if the choice is at all restricted. If you wish to blot out an old building, cover it with vines. If you dislike the necessary fence, turn it into a thing of beauty by planting vines along its length.

A dead tree renews its youth if vines are allowed to clothe its branches. Let vines shade the porch and thus make it a cool and leafy retreat from the summers' sun. Curtain the shutterless south window with vines and let them grow about the home wherever posisble.

The back fence may be hidden by vines and the sides of a steep terrace or bank may be transformed into a thing of beauty by planting trailers along the top.—Josephine DeMarr.

USE OF THE ROAD DRAG

The surface of the average country road should be covered in one round with the drag. One horse should be driven on the inside of the wheel track and the other on the outside, the drag being set, by means of the chain, so that it is running at an angle of about 45 degrees with the wheel track, and working toward the center of the road. In the spring when the roads are more likely to be rutty and soft it is generally better to go over the road twice or more.

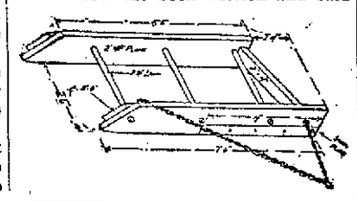
The drag should be floored with boards which are separated by open spaces of sufficient width so that the dirt which falls over will rattle through.

On roads with heavy traffic the drag should be used much oftener and with more care than on roads with light traffic.

The distance from the drag at which the team is hitched affects the cutting. A long hitch permits the blade to cut deeper than a short hitch, likewise a heavy doubletree will cause the cutting edge to settle deeper than a light one.

There are very few periods of the year when the use of the drag does not benefit the road, but it does the best work when the soil is moist and yet not too sticky. This is frequently within a half-day's time after a rain. When the earth is in this state it works the best, and the effects of working it are fully as beneficial as at any other time.

So much has been written and said pertaining to the great benefits from the use of the road drag that many people beginning the use of it become discouraged before they are well started. They should not feel thus as it often takes a whole season for the road to become properly puddled and baked to withstand the rains and traffic. After a road has been worked with a drag only a short time it is not well to expect it to stand up to heavy traffic during a continued damp spell without being affected. However, it will take far heavier traffic than most earth roads receive to more than scuff up the surface.



It is not well to consider the benefits from a good road as solely confined to heavy traffic, for there is no doubt but that the time saved to light vehicles and the greater pleasure derived from their use over good roads far surpasses the economy in heavy hauling.

SHED FOR THE FARM TOOLS

Every farmer should have a shed for his tools and the tools should be cleaned and placed in the shed as soon as one is through using them. Often this saves time and delay when the tool is wanted later on.

The paint brush should be used freely on the woodwork and other parts that become worn or scraped by use. This costs but little and adds years to the life of the tools. In fact it is best to give all machinery a new coat of paint every two years.

I know a farmer who follows this method of caring for his farm machinery. He is now using a binder he has owned for ten years and it is still doing good work and the repair bill for the ten years, has been only $6.00.

In the winter he goes over all his tools, and repairs, repaints, and gets them in shape for the next summer. The cost of his shed was $50, and his time while building it.

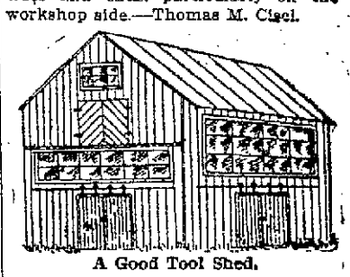
The tool-house need not be a costly building—a good roof with cheap siding will do, and any man should be able to put it up at odd times.

Some farmers use shade-trees for roofing their tools. The shade is but little protection, as the more moisture the more rust, and the shade will hold the moisture for days.

The cost of one new binder will pay for a good building, large enough to store the full equipment of a fair-sized farm.

In this shed may be placed the forge and work-bench, where small repairs to machinery and many a new and useful thing may be made during the winter months.

Put in plenty of windows on the sides and ends, particularly on the workshop side.—Thomas M. Cisel.



A Good Tool Shed.

DAISIES EVERY MONTH IN THE YEAR.

In the mild climate of California and some of the Southern states daisies bloom all the year round. In California these flowers grow very much larger than those of the East, as do all the Pacific Coast flowers.

Luther Burbank has developed the Shasta Daisy to a very large and beautiful flower and this is largely taking the place of the Marguerite or Paris Daisy which has long been a favorite with Californians.

In the colder climates of course it is impossible to keep daisies blooming every month but by planting different varieties some of them may be kept blooming nearly the entire summer. The Daisy is really not a domesticated flower as a great many are growing large flower plants are called.

In fact, the Ox Eyed Daisy which is plentiful all through New England and some of the Northern states is called White Weed.

The Chrysanthemum and Wild Asters are called Daisies and really belong to the same family.

While it would not be possible perhaps to have a Daisy hedge in bloom all the year, still by planting the various species of Daisies, Chrysanthemums and Asters, some bloom could be had from April to November in all except the extreme northern states.

Lawn clippings make an excellent mulch for large plants and shrubs.

MANURING GRASS LAND.

Excellent results may be obtained by applying summer manure to the thin spots on the meadow or newly seeded grass land immediately after harvesting.

The manure not only furnishes plant food to the grass and clover but it acts as a mulch and protects the tiny plants from the sun and heat.

When manure is applied to grass land great care should be exercised in spreading if the work is done by hand and when a manure spreader is used ten loads an acre is sufficient to secure maximum results.

One great mistake we make in the management of our grass lands is that of cutting the stubble too close and allowing the hot sun to burn every trace of organic matter out of the surface of the soil.

Grass roots must have protection from the hot summer sun and winter frosts if good meadows are secured and maintained from year to year.

In cutting small grain crops it will be much better for the seeding if the grain is cut six or eight inches high leaving the stubble to protect the grass or clover plants from the rays of the sun.

Turnips sown once in two weeks during the summer will furnish the vegetable in the best condition for table use during the entire season. The Snowball of Six Weeks is one of the best varieties.

GIVE THE BOY A CHANCE.

A son of my neighbor left the farm when he was 18 years old and came back from the city on a visit the other day. He has not succeeded very well in the city and has an intense love for farm life but lacks the capital to buy a farm and start right. I asked why he left the old homestead and he replied, "because it is all work and no profit." My brothers and I led a hard life. Father did not mean to be an unkind man but he seemed to have forgotten that he had ever been a boy himself. We were never allowed to go to a circus nor even to the County seat, except on rare occasions and then only for business reasons. We were not even allowed to play base ball because father thought it was time wasted. The few little, pitiful pleasures we had were all stolen and in time we began to hate the farm and everything connected with it. I am sorry that father did not see things in a different light, because if he had given us a boy's chance we would all have been with him yet."

C. S. M.

CURE FOR COLIC IN HORSES.

Procure some gunpowder containing saltpetre, which acts on the kidneys; also some charcoal and soda, which act upon the stomach and intestines, and drench the horse with this. Another way is to take saltpetre, alum, charcoal, and laudnum, equal parts, and drench the horse with the mixture. They are all perfectly safe except the laudnum, so be careful not to give over an ounce of the laudnum. Keep the horse well blanketed and in a warm place. Also see that he has plenty of water, but not too much, and feed. Driving the horse too hard or getting him overheated will cause colic.—H. A. Cooley, Georgia.

WORK IN THE ORCHARD

Cover crops should be sown early in August. Clover is one of the very best cover crops that can be utilized as its roots penetrate deep into the soil to conserve moisture and to store up nitrogen.

The best orchardists sow from twelve to fifteen pounds of red clover to the acre as soon after haying as convenient. If the soil is so rich that a very rank growth of clover is secured, mow the clover just before apple picking and allow it to remain on the ground and be plowed under early the following year.

Buckwheat is recommended by many apple growers for a cover crop. This should be sown in July. When rye is used do not sow until later; last of August or the first week of September.

Cover crops serve as a mulch for the ground, to retain moisture, arrest plant food that would be wasted by soil erosion and leaching and as a source of nitrogen supply as in the case of clover and the other legumes.

Another essential to good crops of fruit is mulching the trees. Straw, swale grass or refuse fodder are excellent for mulching trees. Use a liberal quantity.—M. J. K.

THE MIDSUMMER GARDEN.

Use the hoe more; the hose less. A dust mulch is a better aid in dry weather than the artificial shower.

If you must use the watering can, do it with a will. Give enough water that the moisture will penetrate to the roots instead of coaxing them to the surface, there to be the more susceptible to a protracted drought.

The man who knows all about the business of everybody else in the neighborhood seldom has any of his own.

GUARD AGAINST LIGHTNING.

It is a mistake to believe that lightning rods do not protect buildings. They do when properly put up and no farmer can afford to go without them unless he chooses to carry his own insurance. In any case the cost of lightning rods is so small compared to the protection they give that it is doubtful whether it is good policy to take any risks without them. Of course we cannot put lightning rods on hay and grain stacks but we can put the hay and grain in our barns and protect the buildings with lightning rods.

Speaking of lightning, all danger of death to farm animals coming in contact with fence wires heavily charged may be avoided by attaching a wire to the strands of the fence for two or three hundred feet, running one end of it into the ground about four feet deep. This will afford an outlet for the electricity and render the wire fences as safe as any other.

CHANGE OF PASTURES.

It is poor business keeping the hogs in the same lot year after year without renovating them. We have very little disease among our hogs and I attribute it to the fact that we plow up the lots at least once a year and often twice and change the hogs from one lot to another frequently. I believe this practice and allowing the hogs to have access to clover pasture and clean running water will reduce the mortality among these animals to the extent not dreamed of by the average farmer.

Drouthy up your way? Keep the cultivators and hoes going. A good layer of fine earth on the surface will keep down the moisture already in the ground.

WEIGHING AND TESTING MILK.

This is the only sure way to determine the difference in value between the good and inferior cow. Weighing and testing daily is only a business proposition. It is the only safe way of determining what price to ask for a cow in selling her, or of what to pay for her when buying. No intelligent farmer will sell a cow for thirty dollars that will make him a net profit of $40 or $50 a year. Neither will he keep a cow that doesn't pay him a profit if he knows it. Test and weigh the milk is the way to know.

A GREAT CONVENIENCE.

A cistern on the farm is one of the practical conveniences that should be furnished the women. Cisterns can be made by plastering against the sides of a hole in the ground with cement mortar, made of one part Portland cement and three parts good sharp sand. One coat can be put on in the morning and the second towards night. In digging give enough slant to the sides so there is no danger of caving. Bricks may be used to arch over the top.

HAVE PLENTY OF AIR

Do not plant shade trees too near the house. Give the air a chance to circulate around and through the house. Set the trees so as to shade windows during the hottest hours, if you want them shaded, but never close enough to prevent the air from entering the windows freely.

TO GET GOOD FRUIT.

Go over the blackberry and raspberry vines for signs of rust and insect disease. Cut out and burn every doubtful vine.

It is an easy matter to make a valuable tree out of a poor one by top-grafting.

Always plant small fruits on deep, rich aluvial soil, one which carries plenty of humus.

You must not forget that all berries are forest fruits and generally grow in the shade and are great lovers of moisture.

Young trees will grow later in the fall than older ones and the sap-run should be checked as early as possible.

SOME FLOWER NOTES.

Balsams show to best advantage when they are pruned to one straight stem. Pinch off every side branch and the single stalk left will be completely covered with a mass of bloom.

All flowers keep in bloom much longer, and the flowers are larger, if not allowed to form seeds. Pinch off every flower as soon as it begins to fade. This is especially true of sweet peas and pansies.

It is a mistaken idea that ivy vines keep walls damp. They keep them dry as the little suckers, which cling to the walls, suck the moisture from the walls instead of attracting it to them.

The water troughs should be deep enough to allow the ducks to plunge their heads entirely beneath the surface.

ANARCHY'S BLACK FLAG in a NEW CAMP

BARRE, the Marble City of Vermont, Chosen by the Apostles of Force as the Home of Their Propaganda Now That the Gates of Paterson Are Closed to Them

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ANARCHY has imprinted a patch of black upon the Green Mountain State, for, fading from Paterson, N. J., it has marked for its own Barre in Vermont.

Its centre has gradually shifted to this town of the marble cutters and granite gravers in the American Grampian Hills, and from prosaic New England are now sent manifestoes against kings, potentates and powers. One of these days some impressionable follower of the propaganda of the dead may send his name echoing around the earth as the slayer of a monarch on his throne, even as Bresci, starting from Paterson, found a mark for death in King Humbert of Italy.

All is peace to the outward sense in this Vermont town, where by day is heard the hum of industry and artisans ply their skill. Yet beneath the surface there is the machinery of anarchy at work. Groups of the cult of the black meet in secret conclave, an official newspaper is printed, leaders of the "cause" foregather, plot and counterplot are made against human government and bombs are cunningly fashioned. Here is a settlement with a dual life, for thrift and destruction are side by side and forces are at work which some day may wreak ruin in distant lands.

There is something uncanny and incongruous about Barre, for all its front of the practical world and all its semblance of being nothing more than a point favored by the dormant forces of nature to be the home of a profitable trade.

It has an atmosphere of unrest which the sweet airs which blow from the heights, the glimpses of not distant countrysides and the sight of the long, low sheds where artificers wield mallet and chisel cannot dispel.

Anarchy moved gradually to this Eden—as slowly it was displaced in Paterson. Among the first of its leaders to go there was Luigi Galleani, who was the editor for a time of La Question Sociale, organ of the "cause," which in the days of the silk mill strikes and in the agitation which followed the assassination in Italy and the crime of Czolgosz attained widespread notoriety. Galleani was concerned in the various movements and under his direction the paper was printed in Passaic, although the type for it was set in Paterson.

Attacks upon the New Jersey town, the often flippant comments of the newspapers, were causes of the campaigns against anarchy which culminated two years ago in a something akin to an hegira. That anarchists still remain in Paterson can hardly be denied, but there are now comparatively few, and Barre is distinguished as the home of the followers of the school which drew its philosophy from Proudhon and its precepts for action from Bakunin.

Cult's First Missioner.

Most concerned in the spread of the doctrines of anarchy to the Vermont town, although those who first met him ten years ago would have suspected no permanent result of the mission of that quiet mannered and scholarly man, was Dr. Nicolo Gigliotti.

He went there in 1900 from New York, where he was secretary of the Italian Federation of Thought and Labor, and his mission was from the national committee to those of his race in Barre and the vicinage. He arrived in the spring of the year and by talk and lecture he instilled the principles of theoretical anarchy. He spoke of the dreams of a Utopia which might be realized even in old Vermont, where, under the new order, the owners of the quarries might gladly share with the men, and without the interference of law and its minions an ideal state of society might come into being. An enthusiast and a dreamer he was, a man of peace, and when the story of the killing of King Humbert, on July 29, 1900, went circling around the globe, Dr. Gigliotti was among the first to write letters to the newspapers declaring that he was utterly opposed to the use of force.

His addresses were more of sermons than orations. He received visits from men who were known to be leaders of the anarchistic movements and many consultations were held, yet in his public speeches Dr. Gigliotti was always on the side of concord. Many of his disciples still remain in Barre, and among them are some of the most skilful workmen in marble and granite cutting now in the United States. Not many of them, however, can be said to be prominent in the colony at this time, and it is the habit of the belligerent wing of the anarchists to exhort them at times to renewed zeal.

Dr. Gigliotti was a graduate of an Italian university and a man of unusual intellectual attainments. After leaving Barre he was for a time in Erie, Pa., and from that city six years ago he wrote a letter in which he claimed as his own the sonnet "Opportunity," supposed to have been written by the late Senator John J. Ingalls, the opening of which is "Master of human destinies am I."

Dr. Gigliotti presented a rough English translation of the poem, which, he said, had furnished the inspiration for the sonnet which, written in Mr. Ingalls' hand, came into the possession of Colonel Roosevelt when President of the United States. The scholarly anarchist, who was practically an exile on account of his political opinions, and his wife, who is said to have been of noble birth, left their impress upon the colony at Barre.

Anarchists who were associated with him, although they lived under assumed names, were industrious and capable, and many of them were well educated and of good families. Those of the early part of the last decade at Barre were omnivorous readers and they believed that their views could be disseminated more rapidly by the printing press than by any other agency. So it came to pass that in 1902 the weekly paper, the Cronaca Sovversiva, was founded and S. Botelli was known as the publisher, although its affairs were involved in mystery. None of its articles was ever signed, and indeed the publisher, who still controls it, insisted that what contributions were received were from anonymous sources, and no inquiry was ever made as to the identity of the writers.

Strong Leader Arrives.

Luigi Galleani, who has done much to shape the destinies of the groups in Barre, came soon after certain riots in the silk mills in Paterson in 1906, in which it was alleged that he was implicated. Strong, aggressive, of magnetic manners and far more energetic than Dr. Gigliotti, he soon organized the anarchists into a formidable body. Under his direction Barre began to contribute more and more of its quota to the world movement of which its hidden councils were a part. Galleani took full charge of the Cronaca Sovversiva, and his trenchant pen made it a power among those of his ideas in the United States. Barre became famed in the councils of London and of Paris as one of the ganglia where were accumulated strength and nervous energy. Just when Galleani became editor is known only in esoteric circles. It was evident before many months, however, that his influence was extensive and intensive. He was just about to assume control as the acknowledged leader of the cult when he was arrested in 1907 charged with complicity in the Paterson silk mill riots. The story goes that he was casually recognized by a detective, although it is generally believed that some jealous associate had something to do with it, for Galleani up to this time had been living under an assumed name. He was extradited, and when he was removed by the officers on a train hundreds of his friends and sympathizers went with him to Montpelier Junction or tramped there for hours before his departure in order to get a parting glimpse of their hero. His arrest, if indeed it was inspired by those who wished to injure him, increased his influence and made him a popular idol.

Returns Like Roman Consul.

Just before the train pulled out a photographer tried to take a picture of the anarchist chief and narrowly escaped being killed by the mob, who thought,

Among Dr. Gigliotti's Disciples Are Some of the Most Skilful Workmen in Marble and Granite Cutting in the United States

evidently, that he was working for the police, although he was in the employ of a local newspaper. A fair sized riot was in swing when the car bearing the prisoner rumbled away from the junction.

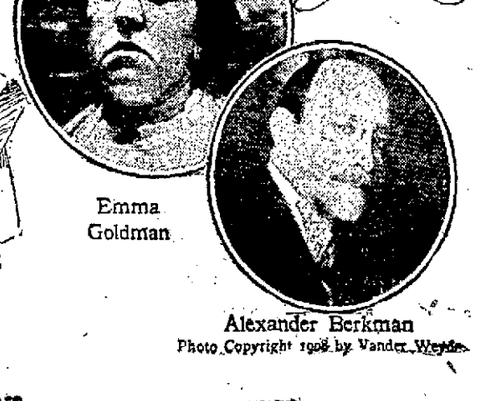
The Paterson jury could not agree, and Galleani, a free man, returned to Barre and entered in triumph like some Roman Consul from a war of conquest. He was from that day the acknowledged leader of the cult. He had come with the prestige of the editor of La Question Sociale, and he was consulted by many of the leaders of the anarchists throughout the country, while he carried on a voluminous correspondence with the heads of groups in the European cities. Around him gathered a coterie of his ilk, some of whom were living under assumed names, yet for all that their own titles were known among the followers of Bakunin throughout the world.

It was during the reign of Luigi Galleani, for he literally ruled despite the tenets of his cult concerning the exploitation of his fellow men, that the theoretical anarchists and the active ones were kept in closer touch. His editorials were merciless in denouncing those who disagreed with him. He urged that greater sums be contributed for the good of the "cause" and the artisans of Barre made a liberal response. It was told with great glee by a well known anarchist leader only a few weeks ago that there were many of the workmen who gave half their wages to spread the doctrines of anarchy.

It is one of the peculiarities of anarchistic leaders that they select cities and towns where there are many highly paid craftsmen when they wish to strengthen and entrench their forces. That was why Paterson, with its prosperous silk weavers and dyers and its iron workers and skilled locomotive builders, was especially sought, for anarchy, although it despises wealth, needs the sinews of war—and beer. Most of these anarchists of Barre are expert workmen, engaged in the carving of monuments and statues, and some of them earn $40 and $50 a week.

Many came to America with prejudices against governments of all kinds, and if they were not actually anarchists they speedily became converts on their arrival.

Galleani presented to Barre those apostles of anarchy Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman, who addressed the workers in public halls. Berkman was astonished at the devotion of the marble workers to the "cause," and both he and Miss Goldman returned often on missions. She tried to speak several times in the streets of Montpelier, but was deterred from so doing and went instead to one of the halls. She spoke largely of the philosophical anarchy, for she considers herself an individualist anarchist, whatever that may mean.



Emma Goldman

Alexander Berkman
Photo Copyright 1908 by Vander Weyde

One Man, Under the Influence of Liquor, Drew from His Pocket a Small Egg Shaped Bomb

Practical anarchy, however, was gaining strength in Barre and all that vicinity. It does not regard soldiers, sailors and police as necessary, for it contemplates an ideal state in which the property shall belong to all and none will have to be restrained. Hence the displeasure of the leaders fell especially upon the militia at Barre, with the result that several years ago a company of Vermont National Guard which was organized there had to disband because the young Italians, besides refusing to join it, made life unbearable for both the privates and the officers who did.

Like a Rule of Iron.

Opponents of all law, the anarchists who direct the destinies of so many of the skilled artificers of Barre are a law unto themselves. Of open acts of violence there are few instances, yet the hand of steel is there. There are secret councils which shape the lives of men in the same mold with inexorable decrees. The great body of Italians is practically in subjection, although to all appearances the New England town is permitted to go along under its duly elected officials. Those who come under the displeasure of the inner circle know better than to complain to the police. If any be warned that his presence in the place is not desired, he stands not on the order of his going. In one such case a man took a train within twenty minutes after the receipt of his cachet and did not stop until he was well beyond the borders of Vermont. He tarried for no baggage; he remained not even long enough to say goodby to his family.

A Conference Between Dr. Galleani, Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman

CRONACA SOVVERSIVA

Hebdomadario anarchico di propaganda rivoluzionaria

ATENTI
Italiani e Spagnoli
Spia Secreta
Spia Governo
Poliziotto senza placca
Rovina Famiglie
Porta mette la maschera

Heading of the Anarchist Paper Cronaca Sovversiva—Edited by Dr. Galleani

Placard Placed on Door of House of One Who Had Fallen Under the Condemnation of the Esoteric Circle

One of the favorite methods of dealing with one who does not meet with the approval of the anarchists, who rule in secret, is to denounce him as the spy of some government or as a tool of the despised police. The accusation may be whispered from one to the other, it may be proclaimed in open meeting or in some innuendo it may be conveyed in the official publication or nailed like a summons at the door of the intractable and hence undesirable inhabitant. Here is a placard which appeared in Italian on the door of the house of one who had fallen under the condemnation of the esoteric coterie:—

ITALIANS AND SPANIARDS!
LOOK OUT FOR BLANK!
SECRET SPY!
GOVERNMENT SPY!
POLICE WITHOUT A BADGE!
FAMILY WRECKER!
PUT A MASK ON BLANK!

No complaint was made by the recipient of this communication, and before anything was done, being a man of strength and courage and a diplomat, he was able to avert any evil consequences to himself. As a general thing, however, those who have been the subjects of warnings have lost no time in getting across the border. Occasional revolver shots or stiletto thrusts are indices as to what is going on in certain quarters where the anarchists are in control.

Practically all the Italians who go to Barre and its neighborhood are either anarchists of the Bakunin or the Kropatkin kind or socialists. The theoretical anarchists were considered by the authorities as less of a menace than the socialists, but now the militant anarchists are practically masters. Their leaders have more than the mere desire for power in their determined efforts to keep their followers in subjection, for they wish to keep the police as much in the dark as possible and to make Barre a safe refuge for those of the party who would be in temporary seclusion.

There is quiet in the colony just now, for Galleani has gone, and the rule is not quite so strongly administered as it was. He became involved in disputes concerning the management of the Cronaca. One of his critics, who had ventured to express his opinions to his face, was knocked down for his temerity. The editor paid his fine in court next morning without making any explanation or defence, and shortly after that he left Barre. Where he is now is purely a matter of conjecture to all except those who are in the secret councils. Under some other name he may be the missionary to some new community or he may now be engaged in aiding the cause in an Old World capital.

Would Seize the Quarries.

One of the principal sources of trouble to the employers of labor is the influence of the anarchists, for when any disputes are raised the discussion turns to the seizing of the marble quarries and bringing about that millennium condition, by fair means or foul, by which the workers shall own all the resources and manage capital as they will. The use of weapons is hinted at in many quarters, and the probable fate of objectionable persons who interfere with the plans of the anarchists is frankly discussed.

Barre was on the brink of a riot during the strike of the granite cutters last winter. The strike began over a comparatively trivial matter and might have been settled easily but for a little stubbornness on both sides. When negotiations had reached the stage that definite proposals were submitted they were voted down by the men. The Italians have a majority in the stone cutters' union. Many of them were in favor of accepting the offers made by the bosses, but their leaders would not allow a vote to be taken by ballot in the union meetings. Forced to vote under the eyes of these leaders, the Italians, willing to compromise, were obliged to vote against compromise. Feeling against the bosses and employers was steadily fomented. Placards were posted on telegraph and telephone poles about the city denouncing the bosses, and the Cronaca Sovversiva printed an alleged communication, in which the writer said that he would not be content with posting on telegraph poles the word "denounce" but "would write it on the blade of a sharp knife."

Open demonstration went no further than that, though the Cronaca frequently vilified some of the American and Scotch workmen who were working to end the strike. The Italians held meetings regularly, which were dominated by the anarchists, and the feeling among that class of the population, stimulated by an unusual quantity of drinks, steadily became stronger and more dangerous. A secret meeting was held one afternoon, addressed by a speaker from Massachusetts, who advocated the use of such force as might be necessary to secure their rights. He told his hearers that they were not working for an increase of wages, not for temporary advantage, but for their children and for posterity, and that if they followed his advice and took advantage of their opportunities they or their children might control the quarries and sheds instead of the oppressive bosses with whom they were engaged in a struggle.

Egg Shaped Bombs.

Previous to this meeting dynamite bombs had been brought into town in boxes supposed to contain merchandise and stored in the cellar of a conspirator. One or two of them were abstracted, however, and one man, to whom some had been given for distribution, displayed one in a poolroom. Under the influence of liquor he was boasting to his companions and suddenly drew from his pocket one of the bombs. The others hastily crowded around him, and the observer, who was not in their class, removed himself from the vicinity. These bombs were egg shaped, small enough to be carried in the hand without attracting attention and the outer shell appeared to be of some substance like papier maché.

Everything was in readiness for an outbreak that might have surpassed the Haymarket affair, but by a shrewd piece of generalship a ballot was forced at the next meeting of the union. The Italians who did not believe in force could vote in secret, and the proposals were accepted and the strike was ended before the advocates of force had an opportunity to resort to it. These facts, known only to a few, show that this city is in a situation as dangerous as the vineyards on Mount Vesuvius, and that some of the Italians here constitute as much of a menace as the famed volcano of their native land.

Baseball Antidote.

Sinister as are the influences of anarchy, there are two forces in Barre which counteract them. One is the spread of the knowledge of American ideals of government, the other baseball. The older men are inclined to follow up their Old World associations, but the younger element mingle with the native Vermonters of their own age and take up the great national game, and in this healthy exercise dark and dangerous misgivings are often scattered. On the other hand the fathers are likely to find that in this country there is a chance for all men, and through the knowledge which they gradually assimilate they may be induced to take an active interest in American politics and government and even become citizens. For all that, however, anarchy has become well intrenched in the small Vermont municipality, and for many a year it will hold that citadel for its own.

The Confessions of a Farmer

BEING an Intimate Glimpse of Some of the Joys and Pains That Are Mingled When a City Man Attempts a Bucolic Existence

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"IF I c'd find a place where I'd be used good and wouldn't be drur hard I might."

This in reply to my breathlessly eager "Oh, do you want work?"

"Yer see," he explained, apologizing for his considering work at all, "I'm all right now. I've got a couple of old horses that I hire out to summer boarders. But when the summer boarders is gone it might be comfortable to have a kitchen stove to sit by. I hear you calkilate to stay here all winter."

"Yes, we do, but we want some one immediately. This is the busy season, you know, on the farm."

The applicant, if so definite a word can be applied to so casual a person, tilted the garden chair in which he had seated himself back against the house where the shade of the old maple was deepest, and after a little desultory conversation on general topics said he guessed it must be gettin' near dinner time and he'd better be goin'. No, he didn't think he would take a job just now.

More accurately or more succinctly to state the position of the hired man as we have found him in the country would have been impossible. Several other natives hearing that we were ransacking the countryside for laborers looked in to talk over the subject as a matter of public interest, but only one could be ensnared by even the most diplomatic of tentative negotiations.

This man, Wallace, appeared one day with some cheap second hand gas fixtures.

"I didn't know but you might want to buy 'em," he said, "or at least trade somethin' for 'em."

"We have no gas."

"You might trade 'em for somethin' else. I might come back and give you somethin' else for 'em some day."

We were not in the trading business, we assured him with finality, but we were looking for farm help. Would he come?

Wallace had sunk to the ground during the conversation and lay sprawled at full length on the grass while he considered this novel proposition. We learned afterward that he could never stand during the fatigue of talking more than two minutes at a time. He did not look a promisingly energetic farm laborer, but we had got to the point where we were willing to cry, as the spinster did in answer to the owl, "Oh, Lord, anybody!"

Our enthusiasm for country living, even our serious purpose of scientific farming, was threatened with extinction for lack of help. Although we ourselves worked with frenzied energy we could not, unaided, keep down the thriving weeds, cultivate our large acred fields and generous garden or gather in the crops were we lucky enough to have any.

The stacks of magazines devoted to the whole range of country activities, utilitarian and ornamental; the constantly accumulating pamphlets sent out by a government eager to foster interest in the ancient and basic industry of husbandry, and shelf upon shelf of prose and poetry in praise of agriculture, from classics to the latest effusion on raising tomatoes on an ash heap and letting pigs and poultry make the living while the owner sits idly by—all these had long since palled and now offended us with their stench of decayed hopes.

We lived in a disorder hitherto foreign to us. Daintiness had vanished from our table. We ate food that could be set forth with the minimum of labor and consumed it in primitive fashion, but with the shame of the fallen.

Prophecies That Fail.

The prophecies of our friends in regard to maids of all work and "couples" had been fulfilled—more than fulfilled—the measure had been pressed down and had run over; but those are stories by themselves. This one concerns the greatest of our trilogy of labor difficulties, and the most vital, because you can live in slipshod fashion without a servant and you can let the lawn go uncut and the weeds grow up in the vegetable and flower gardens without serious monetary loss, but lacking a hired man you cannot make a living from the soil, even if you have taken a course in an agricultural college and read all the government bulletins. We were not dilettante farmers. We had conned well the instructive couplet

"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?"

and we were not above putting our hand to the plough and our feet in the furrow. All we asked for, literally, was help.

We may confess in passing to one other weak point in our complete farmer outfit—we did not have money enough. We had bought the farm with a mortgage on it and had acquired what we considered an adequate equipment of stock, tools and implements. We did not know the meaning of the word adequate when used in that connection. We have been borrowing ever since we took possession to buy more utensils and to repair those we had and to take care of ditching, fencing and other unreckoned improvements.

Also, we had bought an Eastern farm, which a now active propaganda will assure you is just as good as one away out West, besides being cheaper and nearer Broadway.

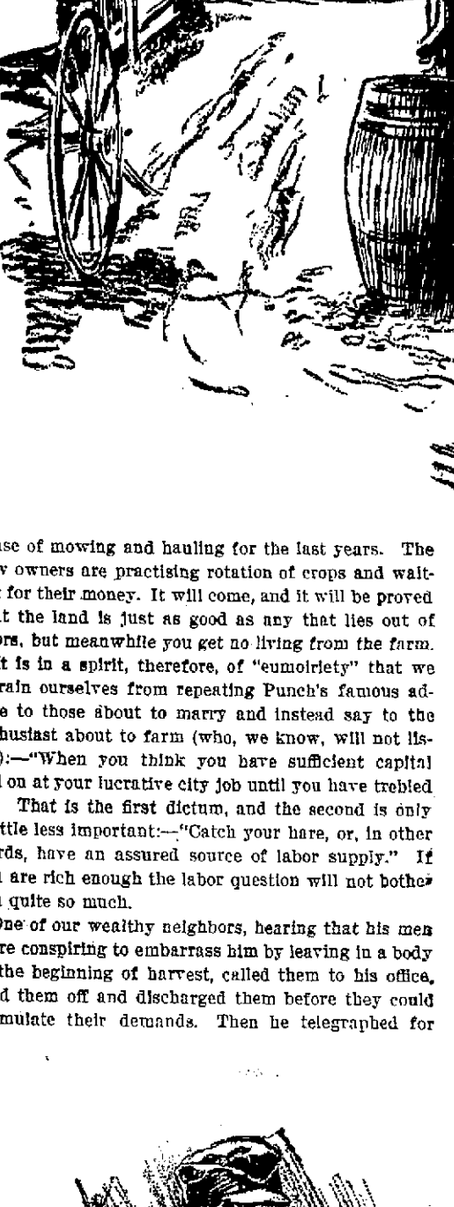
Well, it is not quite so near Broadway since they have raised the commutation rates, and as for its being as good, that is much like the poor man in this Republic asserting that he is just as good as the millionnaire. Of course he is, and the nation would fight to prove it, but as a matter of fact he walks while the rich man whizzes past in his automobile and soon will be sailing overhead, only a little lower than the angels.

The poor man must be grateful for an inspected tenement or space to lie down in one. The man of millions has houses in two continents and several climates. It isn't quite the same.

So with these Eastern farms which, tradition says, used to raise much excellent grain and, science says, will again. True, but there is a hiatus. The grain growing years, when the crops had become more slender with succeeding seasons, had been followed by hay and again by hay, which was not fed on the farm but was carted off, that being the only known way to get ready money. It had hardly been worth the expense of mowing and hauling for the last years. The new owners are practising rotation of crops and waiting for their money. It will come, and it will be proved that the land is just as good as any that lies out of doors, but meanwhile you get no living from the farm.

It is in a spirit, therefore, of "eumoiriety" that we refrain ourselves from repeating Punch's famous advice to those about to marry and instead say to the enthusiast about to farm (who, we know, will not listen):—"When you think you have sufficient capital toil on at your lucrative city job until you have trebled it." That is the first dictum, and the second is only a little less important:—"Catch your hare, or, in other words, have an assured source of labor supply." If you are rich enough the labor question will not bother you quite so much.

One of our wealthy neighbors, hearing that his men were conspiring to embarrass him by leaving in a body at the beginning of harvest, called them to his office, paid them off and discharged them before they could formulate their demands. Then he telegraphed for



Then the Agency Sent Us Henry III.

negroes who could drive mules and work in the harvest field to be sent from another part of the State where he had a big contracting job.

But you and I, ordinary mortal, have no such resources. Our harvest in like circumstances would be lost.

Some Sound Advice.

Speaking of rich men, if you haven't already bought your farm, think below the surface when the real estate man urges you to buy in the neighborhood of the "estates of millionnaires." There is a pleasant tinkling to the phrase, but you may be hoping that the millionnaires will buy you out before you have been there long, and the rich are very deliberate in such matters. Whatever labor there is in the neighborhood will seek employment on the millionnaires' estate, where the hours are likely to be short, the work light and the company congenial. Moreover, when you are swilling the pigs and currying the horses it is a little "riling" to have your neighbor roll by in his well appointed equipage with the sardonic liveried flunkies. One misses, too, the homeliness of the little farms. The grandeur of the big places hardly compensates for their absence.

Since we have been paying so heavily for the privilege of doing all the work upon the farm and have only succeeded in increasing the family debt we have pondered a good deal over how grandfather did it. Doubtless you, intending farmer, have banked heavily on the success that your forefathers made out of tilling the soil.

By delving into the family records I find that grandfather was a giant with muscles of iron and that he had a family of sons only a little less heroic in mould, and, above all, that there were Germans in those days to be picked up at Castle Garden and transported to the farm who were mighty workers and content with a wage that we should not dare to offer the weakest immigrant who lands upon our shores in these degenerate days.

The virgin soil needed neither foods, tonics nor medicines. There were no bills for fertilizers or lime, neither were there any for expensive labor saving machines, labor being the one thing that was not saved in those good old days.

When grandfather sold his crops and stock he put the money into the bank to buy new farms or into government bonds, from which I remember as a child seeing him in extreme old age placidly cutting coupons. The only trouble grandfather ever seemed to have with farm help was that within a few years his Germans saved enough money to buy their own farms, but he was so enamored of thrift that he cheerfully let them go, lending them money at a high rate of interest, saw them established on their own land and made a trip to Castle Garden for more German peasants.

Other times, other conditions.

Wallace, for a season our only helper, was as far removed from those plodding German farm hands of grandfather's day as his bank account outswelled ours. "As lazy as Wallace" was a saying of the neighborhood, yet there were two kinds of farm work in which he excelled. There was poetry of motion in the way he handled the scythe, and he could bring every drop of milk from the most reluctant cow with a swift precision that seemed to me a sort of sleight of hand performance.

But his real business in life was trading, from which it was foolish to try to divorce him. He accompanied me on trips into the "back country" for cattle, pigs and horses, and invariably would secrete broken watches, disabled firearms, discarded ear trumpets and other miscellany from his weird junk shop and find the occasion to dicker wherever we stopped. Sometimes he would get in exchange such bulky articles as wornout oil stoves, chairs with missing legs or machinery with the essential parts wanting, and I would return looking as if I had gone into the junk business.

At other times Wallace would privately borrow one of our horses and go back after some of his plunder. Once he was gone far into the night, but this was due to the difficulty he experienced in getting home a horse that had been turned out to die, and for which he had traded a broken down accordion.

With all of his vagaries he was so much better than no man that we were shocked and grieved when he came to take his leave of us, which was quite without warning. He himself was in gloomiest mood. In reply to our "Why?" he answered, "I've got to get married." I took it as a merry jest and laughed my relief, but Wallace's despondency deepened. "Oh, look here, Wallace, you don't have to do anything of that sort," I assured him.

Then he told me that his brother had arranged it all and had got him a place which would pay very well contingently upon his marrying.

"But the girl—does she know how unwilling you are?"

"I ain't said nothin' to her. Brother he fixed it all up with her, and he's been wantin' me to go and see her, but I won't. I won't go 'long her road any more for fear she'll come out. I started up there the other day and turned back 'cause I see a sunbonnet that looked like hers. Twa'n't though. I found out afterwards." Thus Wallace left us, driven unwillingly into matrimony.

I had always felt that the employment agency offered the only solution for our difficulties, and after Wallace departed I betook myself to one which had an unholy alliance with a saloon and a contracting business, but where I had been assured that I could procure farm laborers, German at that, which, in memory of grandfather's success, I was partial to. It was as villainous looking a group as I ever set eyes on that I found there, but I picked out the least offensive looking man among them and took him off to the country. He was the first of a line of Henrys and lasted a month. He had some education, especially in chemistry, and as he repeated formulas to me glibly I intrusted him with the mixing of chemicals for a complete fertilizer. The result was disastrous. He threw rules to the winds and simply put the various substances together haphazard.

With one dollar, which was all that we gave him at a time, he could get drunker and stay drunk longer than any one we have ever had, and only we know how much that means.

Henry II. was with us a little longer, but he had been a policeman in his country and left us because we did not obey him with sufficient servility.

Then the agency sent us Henry III., a ferret faced, thick chested, long armed, brawny braggart, cranky as could be, but a stayer at work, delighting to set a hot pace for others to follow, proud of his horses and keeping them in the best of condition and getting every ounce of work out of them without abusing them. While the farm work crowded he was on his mettle, but with the slackening in the fall he became more crotchety and less useful. On Thanksgiving Day he broke out in a drunken rage, smashed things to bits in his room and gave notice, which we assured him was unnecessary.

Our fourth Henry, stupid, strong, ravenous and brutish, remained nine months and then stole away in the night for no reason except that he had stayed long enough, as far as we know.

Between the terms of the four Henrys and part of the time supplementing their services we have had short term men varying in inefficiency and unreliability, but none of them to be depended upon to stay more than a few weeks. Some were sailors tasting a little life on land. Some were working to get from one place to another, others to earn the money for a carouse or a prolonged loaf. Most of them were foreign. I recall only one American.

He looked and acted like a school teacher, spoke English accurately and was decent in manners and habits. I was greatly surprised to find that he could swear with the rawest one day when I found him in an ungovernable rage with some of the animals in the barn.

Why Men Leave.

One man worked a day and walked off, leaving his team in the field. A three day fellow was ill all the time, because, as he explained, "I have been on a spree for two weeks and am not strong enough to work."

On a Saturday evening in harvest time a sturdy tramp applied for work and was taken in and lodged and fed over Sunday, but as soon as he had eaten his breakfast on Monday he went on his way, not having done a stroke of work.

A city youth who had decided to become a farmer left at the end of three days because he was asked to handle bags of fertilizer. He did not know that there was work like that on the farm.

One day a fifteen-year-old Jew, neatly dressed and with a good looking suit case in hand, stopped and asked, "Do you want a boy?" "What can you do? Have you ever worked on a farm?" "No; I don't know anything about it, except what I've read in books." "Well, it's hard work, but if you want to have a try at it you can stop." The boy had left the high school in New York, he said, and, having read "The Lure of the Land" and other fascinating books on country life, decided to lead it, but an hour of weeding in the garden next day destroyed his illusions and we saw him taking his way down the dusty road in the direction of New York.

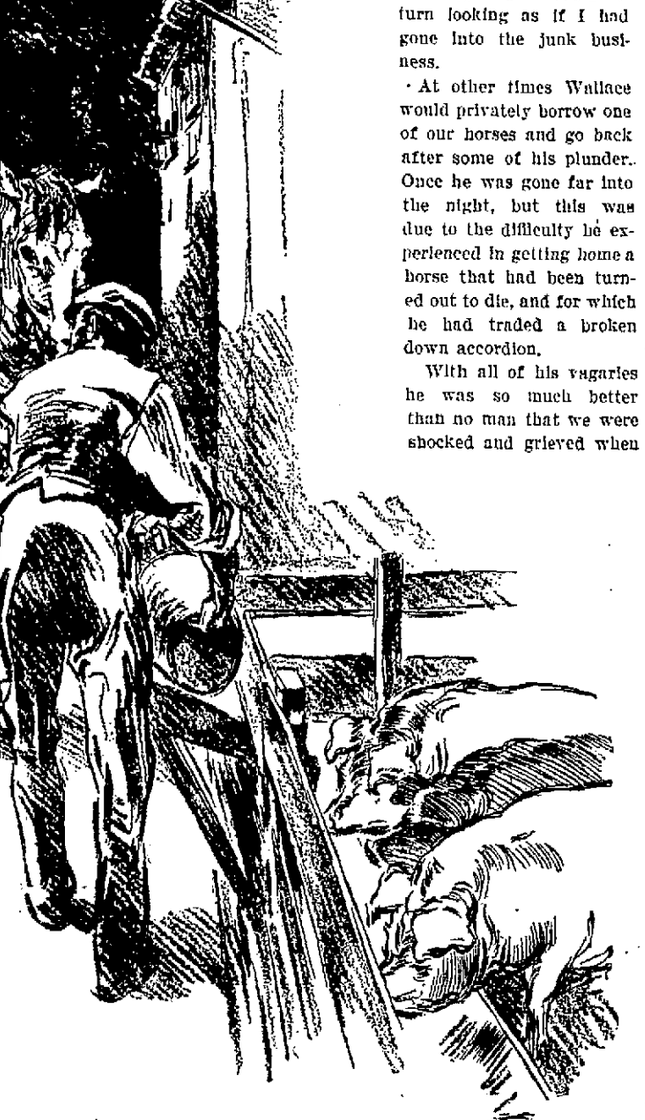
One find whose loss at least a part of the family is still regretting was a large, handsome, blond German, who had learned English in the Berlitz school of his native city, had done what few of his countrymen that have worked for us have, served his time in the navy, been honorably discharged and had medals from his admiral and the Kaiser. He was a fine gardener and equally competent in the kitchen. He was engaged as a "couple," but the wife did not appear. Friedrich kept promising that she would come and meanwhile kept us in good humor by acting in dual capacity. The other German man who was with us at the time informed us at last that Friedrich's alleged wife was only married to him "by the left hand," and that she did not want to come to the country. Moreover, the legal wife would be coming over from Germany one of these days. These unsettling conditions and Friedrich's demand for increased wages led to our separation.

There were others, some of them forgotten, although it is less than three years since we bought the farm, and then there are those excellent men that we did not get, the Swede that could do all the work as if it were child's play that we hunted the country over for unavailingly, and the able and willing man who wanted to get settled on a farm for the rest of his days.

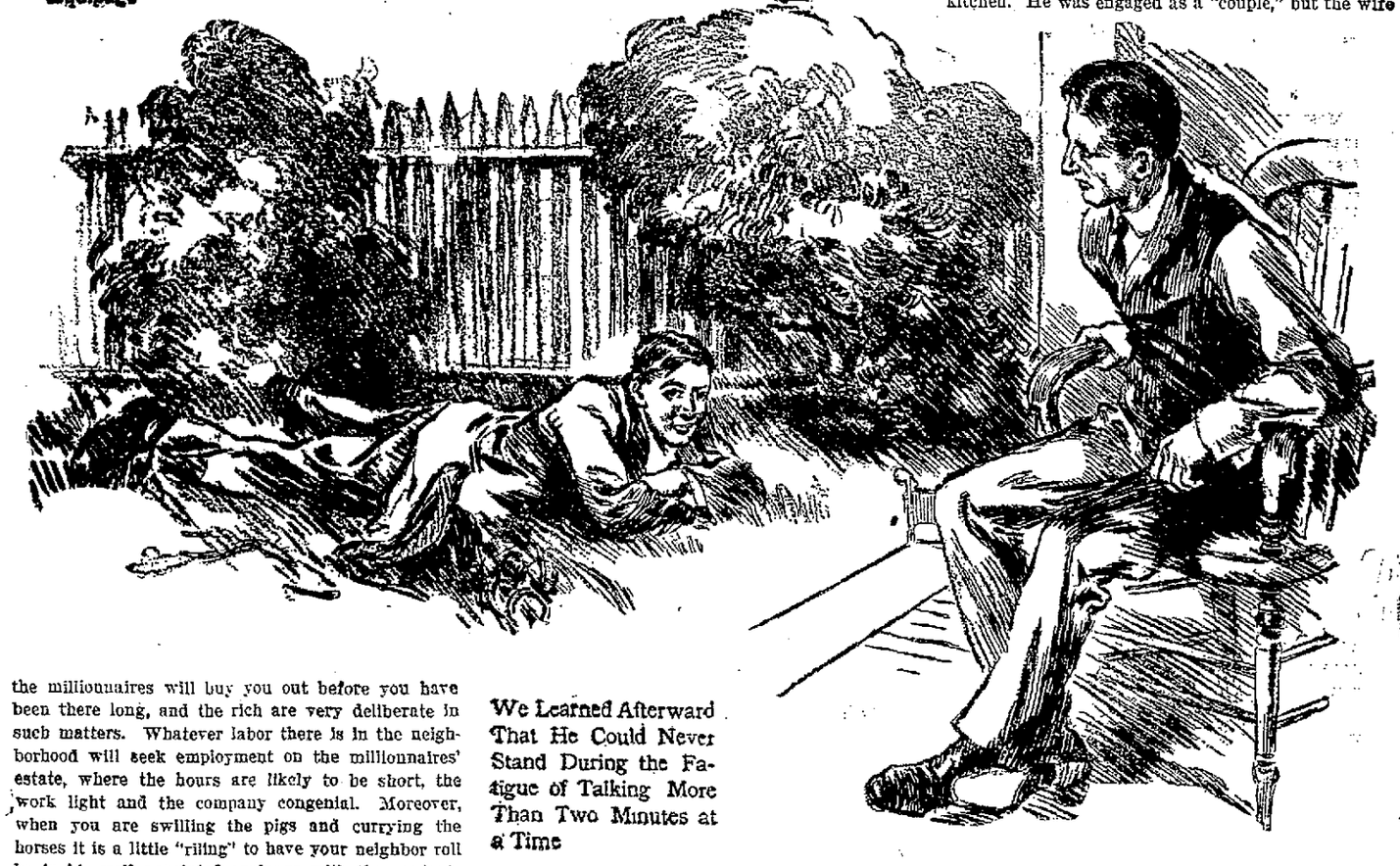
Said our neighbor, a native who recently sold his place to a "city sucker":—"This livin' in the country's just workin' like a nigger all summer and settin' in the house and havin' rheumatism in the winter."

We don't think any one, white or black, could work harder than we have in the summer and yet we have found delight in the improving fields and have lifted our eyes to the hills beyond with reinspired hope, and turning the other way have been gladdened by the river running past our farm and other men's farms, refreshing their souls as well as their grassy meadows and thirsty cattle—and our farm is not for sale.

Last, we have a competent, faithful hired man, but we won't tell his name or nationality, for you, Mr. Determined-to-be-a-Farmer, can't have him; nor can you get one like him, although you think you can.



When You Are Swilling the Pigs and Currying the Horses It Is a Little "Riling" to Have Your Neighbor Roll By in His Well Appointed Equipage



We Learned Afterward That He Could Never Stand During the Fatigue of Talking More Than Two Minutes at a Time

A MESSAGE BY FIRE.

By CULLEN BRYANT SNELL.

JOE Murray and Wilbur Howard pushed away from the landing and hoisted their sail sail to the warm morning breeze.

They exchanged laughing good-bys and good wishes with a little group of friends on the landing, and shouted back a promise to return for the Fourth and share in the big celebration.

Their trim little boat was soon sailing briskly over the bright waters of the lake, one of America's great inland seas, and headed straight for Oak Island.

"Joe, this is simply immense," cried Will, after they had settled themselves comfortably. "We've actually started on our camping trip, after talking of it all winter at school."

"Mighty glad your folks let you come, Will. I'll show you one of the prettiest camping spots you ever saw, and we'll have a bully time these two weeks."

Will had much to tell of scenes in his home state, farther west, especially of Indian life, of wigwams, birch canoes, buckskin clothing and moccasins, and much else that appealed to Joe's imagination.

They proposed to live like Indians during these two weeks; but any real Indian would have been astonished to find his wigwam filled with the stock of choice provisions and modern camp conveniences which Joe had provided for this trip.

Shifting winds delayed them, and it was mid-afternoon when they finally ran the boat on the little sand beach.

"Here we are," cried Joe. "Haul up the boat and let's get out what stuff we need for the night; it's so late the rest will have to wait till morning."

They were soon lugging their first load up the hill. When they broke through a thicket into an open space set with grand trees, Will looked around at the beautiful natural lawn, the little spring of clear water, the distant views toward the mainland and out upon the great lake, and exclaimed, "Well, this is the finest camping place I ever saw." His enthusiasm led him to say much more that was very gratifying to Joe, who was delighted to find that his chosen camping site was appreciated.

By the time they had brought a second load from the boat; had pitched the roomy walled tent, prepared their bunks and cooked supper, they were hungry and tired. That first camp supper did taste good. They lingered long over it and then, leaving the dish-washing till morning, stretched out in their bunks.

Through the open tent flaps they watched the moon. She had been beaming on them from a clear heaven; now she peeked through a flecked sky which conveyed no warning to the happy campers. They were not weather prophets.

For a time they talked. The pauses became longer and numerous; the crackle and flare of the camp fire grew softer and softer; the call of the whip-poor-will and hum of insect voices grew indistinct, and then,—two healthy, growing boys breathed deeply and slowly the sweet night air. There is no sleep like that of the camp!

"What was that!" cried Joe and Will the same instant, both sitting bolt upright in the black darkness. Their breath was held as they turned their heads to listen. Moments passed in utter stillness, one, two,—then a dazzling blaze, a roaring thunder-crash, and a staggering rush of wind.

"Quick, Joe, light the lantern. Jerk the goods into the tent. It'll pour guns in a minute!"

"Find that ax, Will, hustle! Drive the tent stakes in farther or she'll never hold up in such a gale. There, I told you. She's pulling loose. Here, quick, grab this line. Pull her down. Don't let the wind get under, we never could hold her. Drive this stake here, drive it, I say—There, now that next rope, I can fasten it. Drive the other stakes. All down, are they? Here, quick, get inside: grab this flap. I can't hold it; pull her over, pull, Howard, pull,—there, I've got her fast. Whew!"

The tent was shaking in the blasts of wind and torrents of rain; incessant lightnings and thunders rent the air. The scant clothing on the boys was drenched. They hurried into dry clothes and sought the shelter and comfort of their bunks: but got no more sleep for an hour, when the storm had blown over, and all was again calm and silent, save for the chirping of insects, and the drip, drip, drip of water from the trees.

A few hours later they looked out on a perfect summer morning, but were startled to see a great tree that had stood nearby now a fallen and shattered wreck. It was that lightning stroke that had crashed upon their sleep and roused them from their bunks.

Their fears during the storm for the safety of the goods left in the boat drove them now, before breakfast, down the hillside to the beach. Together they rushed out of the bushes on to the sand and there stopped in sad dismay. The boat itself was gone!

The beach had been swept from end to end by great waves which were cut in two by the southwestern point of the island, and which had then raced past it on opposite sides. Hurriedly the two campers went along the upper shore in the vain hope of finding the boat, but it was gone, completely gone, and with it their main supply of provisions, some clothing and many parts of their camp equipment. They were left with their tent, sufficient clothing for warm weather, their guns, a little ammunition and a very few articles of food, enough only for two or three days.

The day was not a cheerful one for them but the gravity of their situation was not fully realized till later. At first they felt that somehow they would get safely off the island but soon it dawned on them that visitors there were very rare indeed and few boats passed within hailing distance.

On the first afternoon they did see a small fishing-boat sail by beyond ear-shot, and made earnest efforts to beckon the occupants to the island; but the three fishermen merely waved their hands in reply and passed on.

On the second day the boys wandered aimlessly about and watched for passing boats but none appeared. On the third day they talked long and solemnly. Their food would not last over two days even with the scant allowance agreed upon for each meal; they must use even less, very much less. They had coffee enough for a month and matches in plenty. The only oil was in the lantern and that must be saved for making night signals if a boat passed close by.

They must hunt for game, though there probably was none on the island; and they must try to catch fish, though all the fishing-tackle was lost with the boat.

On the fourth day they were hungry and irritable, but Will shot a mud-hen swimming near the shore, and no mallard duck or Thanksgiving turkey ever tasted so good.

On the fifth day an excursion boat steamed by, just close enough for the boys to hear the music of the band. They frantically beckoned and shouted and waved a sheet fastened on a pole. They saw a hundred handkerchiefs flutter a laughing response as the steamer moved swiftly on thinking that some jolly campers were "saluting" her.

Their condition on the sixth day was pitiable.

They had lost heart, and felt faint from hunger, and could think of no possible source of relief. A

few days more and their danger would be extreme, as it even now was very real. As they ate their tantalizing little supper and drank each an extra cup of black coffee to keep up their nerve, they could scarcely keep from blubbering outright as the weight of homesickness and sense of danger pressed on them anew.

They felt especially discouraged because of the complete failure that day of their attempts to catch fish with bent pins for hooks. There were no fish near enough to the shore, or they might have had better luck.

That night their sleep was very broken. Joe lay awake for hours, thinking desperately. At daybreak he suddenly yelled out: "Wake up, Will, wake up. I've got it. I believe I've got it, sure."

"Got what?" cried Will. "Got some grub?"

"No, got an idea. To-morrow is the Fourth; we'll call for help."

"What do you mean, Joe? Are you out of your head?" asked Will in alarm.

Joe assured him he was not out of his head, and soon explained his scheme. It meant a lot of hard work, and it might fail; but it must be tried.

They took their guns at once to hunt in the early morning.

Their plans raised their spirits and gave them new strength, and by great caution and perseverance they succeeded in shooting another mudhen and several small song-birds. They ate all of these as soon as cooked, and felt as if they had eaten almost a full meal, though several times the amount would quickly have disappeared had it been at hand. Then they fell to work.

They were exhausted at nightfall but worked desperately all through the next day, the Fourth, and used the last of their food, only a few mouthfuls to sustain their energy.

As the day passed their steps lagged more and more and they frequently sat down to rest. But the work must be finished before dark, and at sunset they declared it done. There was not a bite to eat, but they drank some cold coffee they had brought from camp and threw themselves down on the hillside to rest. They were tired, oh, so tired: every bone and muscle ached: they could scarcely raise their heads: their plan might not work after all. Nevertheless, they must keep awake, though it cost them a very painful effort to do so, or they would be unable to carry out their plan. They gazed constantly in the direction of home, watching, watching during what seemed an interminable time. An hour after dark Joe rose up shouting: "There she goes; there's the boys. See that light?" and miles across the water there flared ever larger and brighter the great annual Fourth of July bonfire in which all the boys and young men of the town took such delight.

The bonfire was roaring gloriously on the hilltop behind the town. At least fifty young patriots surrounded it and added to the glory of the fire by a constant discharge of fire-crackers and rockets.

"Henry where's Joe?" called a lusty voice. "Yes, where's Joe? Where's Joe?" repeated a dozen voices.

"Give it up," said Henry. "He said he'd sail back and spend the day with us, sure. He went camping on Oak Island, you know, with that school-chum of his."

Everybody knew this and all eyes turned instinctively toward that far-off bit of land.

"Heigh-ho; what's that? See there; Joe's answering," cried a noisy chorus.

And sure enough, 'way out across the water an answering flame was seen, then another, another, and yet others. The watchers were all agog. Why so many bonfires? Joe was lavish in his celebration.

But the fires grew and spread and seemed to run together in long thin lines.

"Why, there's a letter E," shouted a voice.

"And there's another letter, and another and another,—it spells H-E-L-P," yelled the excited crowd; and then for a moment in astonished silence they gazed across the water at that tragic bonfire, that message written in flaming letters, each many feet in length, which the starving campers had worked so hard to prepare.

"Joe's in trouble," called a leader. "Come on fellows, let's give him a signal." A town caretaker was standing near, holding the great flag he had removed from the hilltop flag-staff. Taking the flag, two of the tallest fellows held it up so as to hide the fire from the view of the boys on the island. It was then dropped and the signal repeated several times. A rush for the town had already begun; Mr. Murray was notified, a small steam-launch was pressed into service, and Joe's anxious father and a number of friends were soon speeding toward the island, wondering what the trouble might be.

It was midnight when the launch returned.

Anxious friends had long been waiting at the landing, and had provided a carriage and even a stretcher, thinking that one of the boys might be seriously injured. They felt greatly relieved when they heard, 'All safe; nobody's hurt; we've got them both," called cheerfully across the water by Mr. Murray.

"Hold on, hold on," Joe exclaimed, two minutes after landing. "I can't answer so many questions at once. The storm on that first night carried off our boat with nearly all our provisions and other truck left on board. But tell me first, boys, could you read my printing easily at that distance?"

"Yes, it was plain, Joe. That was a great idea of yours: but how in the world did you do it? Where did you get the stuff for all those fires?"

"I knew that steep, rocky hillside on the island could be seen from our hilltop, here at home," replied Joe, "and that you fellows would be up there after dark at the bonfire, and could probably read our signal if we could only make it large enough. To do it was the biggest day's work we ever did. I don't think we'd have succeeded if we had not found a quantity of hay that Dan McLeod cut on the marsh there for his little logging camp on the island last winter. Luckily for us he didn't use it all. We had to carry it in our blankets quite a distance to the hillside, where we spread it in long windrows to form the letters. The hillside was bare rock, so there was nothing else there to burn and so destroy the shape of the letters when you saw them. Then we cut hemlock boughs, and all the small dead wood within easy reach, and gathered in our blankets all the dry rubbish we could find in the woods and piled it all over the hay to make the letters last longer.

"When we saw your fire we did some hustling to light the big letters in fifty or more places at once. Then we saw you hide your fire a half dozen times; but we didn't feel sure our scheme had succeeded till we saw the lights of the launch approaching. We were happy just then, I tell you.

"But now, good-night, boys. We haven't had a square meal for six days, unless you count a small box of crackers we found on the launch. We are awfully stiff and sore besides, and must get home. Yes, thank you, we'll use the carriage: it was mighty good in you to think of it. I'm thankful we don't need the stretcher. Good-night, fellows, good-night."

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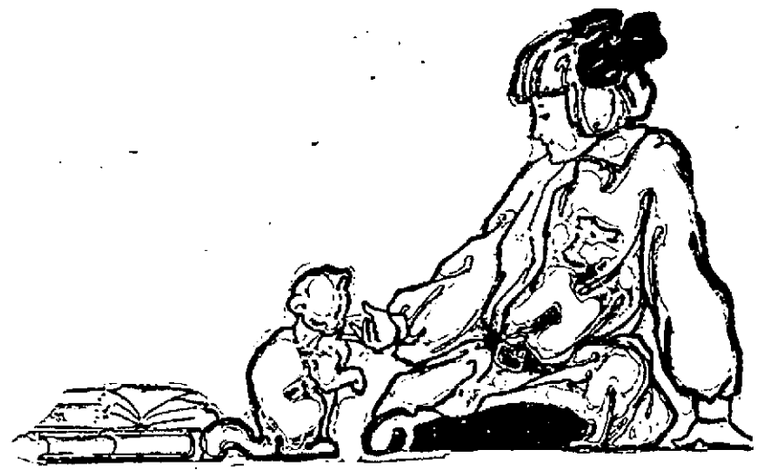

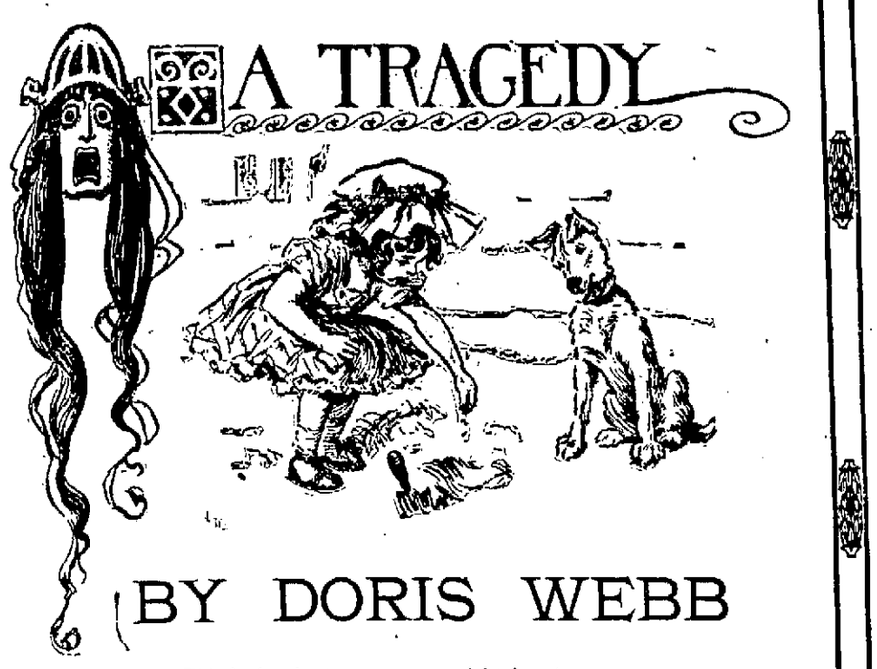

A TRAGEDY

BY DORIS WEBB

This is the short, sweet, sorrowful tale
Of Jessica Jenkins Jones;
She planted a packet of seeds with pride
While her dog looked on with his head on the side
And thought, "She's burying bones."

When Jessica left, he dug like mad
In search of the luscious bones,
So Jessica's garden it does n't gro
And Jessica's dog is cross, and s
Is Jessica Jenkins Jones.

THE GARDEN

BY KATE HUDSON

In sun-kissed islands, leagues and leagues away,
There lies a garden bright with flowers gay,
And in the garden grows a stately tree;

Beneath the tree's green branches widely spread
And bearing flowers, white, pink and red,
An arbor stands built of carved ivory;

And in the arbor there 's table, made
'Of fragrant sandalwood and all inlaid
With rings and curlicues of ebony;

This matchless table does a basket hold
Fashioned of rubies set in ruddy gold
And fastened with a diamond-studded key;

And if you turn the key, and open wide
The golden casket, you will find inside
A parchment scroll, on which these words you 'll see:

" Oh, boy or girl, whate'er your name may be—
Vincent or Rupert, Maude or Marjorie,—
Be truthful, faithful, helpful full of glee;
Be kind, be good—and you will happy be. "